

# Current Literature

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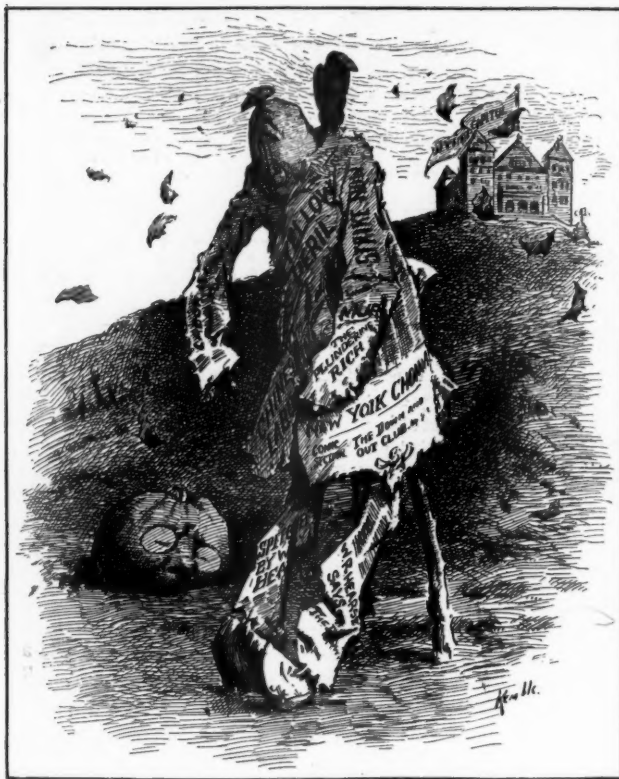
## A Review of the World

**H**AS an end been made to William Randolph Hearst as an aspirant for political honors? His defeat for governor of New York by about 60,000 plurality, while all the rest of the Democratic ticket was elected by a small margin, is variously interpreted. To Mr. Hearst's papers it signifies that the corporations concentrated all their opposition upon him. To Mr. Bryan it means that Mr. Hearst was "vindicated," inasmuch as it was "his heroic struggle" that brought success to the rest of the ticket, and the rest of the ticket "stood for the same principles for which he contended." Mr. Hearst's own defeat is construed by Mr. Bryan as the result of the personal opposition of McCarren, McClellan, Jerome and Croker. "His personal enemies," says Mr. Bryan, "have contributed to his defeat, but the triumph of his ideas still leaves him in a position to continue the fight for the protection of the public against the encroachments of predatory wealth." "As a matter of fact," remarks the *New York Press* (Rep.), "he [Hearst] has polled the biggest vote ever polled by a Democratic candidate for governor of New York, except in the famous presidential year of 1904." It thinks he could have won as an independent candidate.

**O**N THE other hand the *New York World* (Dem.) points out that "in New York City, where Mr. Hearst is better known than elsewhere, he ran nearly 60,000 behind his associates. Instead of being a source of strength he was a burden too heavy for the rest of the ticket to carry." The one thing really clear, it thinks, is that he has been soundly beaten on the issue of his personality; and not only in New York but elsewhere Hearstism, it thinks, was a blight on the party. In Massachusetts, where Moran was nominated for governor by the same convention that indorsed Hearst, the Republican plurality shows an increase of fifty per cent. over

last year, "in spite of the fact that up to the time Hearst dragged his Independence League into the contest there was a more than favorable prospect that a Democratic governor could be elected. . . . The returns from Illinois and California show similar results of Hearstism." "He remains a peril and a portent to the Democratic party," says the *Philadelphia Press* (Rep.), "but not to the State of New York. Like Bryan, he can command and control Democratic party machinery, but he cannot poll the Democratic vote or command a majority in the State, and, like Bryan, he will be worse beaten every time he runs." The *Birmingham Age-Herald* (Dem.) thinks that Hearst's defeat "has cleared the way again for Mr. Bryan." The *New York Sun* (Rep.) thinks differently. It says: "Among the innumerable familiar figures that are seen emerging from their cyclonic sanctuaries there is no Bryan to be discovered. He has passed from the scene. He is as a blot of ink that is effaced by a larger blot of ink; both, in the mercy of Providence, already somewhat mitigated by the beneficence of the blotting-pad."

**I**T IS evident that the size of Mr. Hearst's vote is taken as a significant warning, whatever may be the political future of Mr. Hearst himself. That vote was obtained despite the widespread revolt of conservative Democrats, the open opposition of McCarren, Democratic leader of Brooklyn, and Richard Croker, former leader of Tammany Hall; and despite the tremendous indictment of Hearst as an instigator of assassination made by Secretary Root in the name of President Roosevelt in the closing days of the campaign. Mr. Bonaparte, Secretary of the Navy, and soon to be Attorney-General, regards the Hearst vote as "ominous," and as proving "that we must be prepared to deal with the questions he has been agitating in a spirit at once liberal and



"THE MELANCHOLY DAYS ARE COME, THE SADDEST OF THE YEAR"

—Kemble in *Collier's Weekly*.

conservative." From all directions come similar notes of warning. Says the *New York Times* (Dem.):

"There are sobering lessons enough in Mr. Hughes' victory to occupy the best minds of the country for a long time to come. Socialism stands just around the corner and it is the aim of socialism to beat it into the heads of labor that when the two make common cause their victory is won. Labor in this election has accepted Mr. Hearst. It has evidently paid little or no attention to what was said against him. It will continue to listen to his appeals. It will cease to listen only when the material out of which he constructs them has been destroyed, when the minds in which his ideas now find lodgment have been enlightened and put on their guard against him. The work to be done is one of sane and wise reform and of public enlightenment."

MR. HEARST "has been fully vindicated as a danger signal," remarks the *Charleston News and Courier* (Dem.), which thinks also that "the chatter about a third term for Mr.

Roosevelt will probably cease" now that Mr. Hughes has been raised "to the rank of a presidential possibility." "They greatly deceive themselves," the *Richmond Journal* remarks, "who suppose that the movement he [Hearst] represented is beaten or turned back." But in the very strength of this movement the *Baltimore News* (Ind.) sees evidence of the personal weakness of Mr. Hearst, for "he has manifestly failed to poll a vote anything like as large as would have been polled by any representative Democrat who had championed with sobriety the cause that Hearst represented in hysterical, inflammatory and demagogic fashion." The *New York Evening Post* (Ind.) takes the same view. "But for Hearst's intervention," it observes, "the chance of electing a Republican governor would have been absolutely nil. He saved the Republicans," it goes on to remark, "while ruining the bright opportunity of the Democrats and getting himself the most direct slap in the face that any candidate for governor ever received."

ON THE whole, the majority of the American papers are of the opinion that Mr. Hearst has by no means been ended as a potent political factor. Here and there are journals like the *New York Tribune* and the *Philadelphia Ledger* that think he is practically done for, but that is not the prevailing view even in newspaper offices where he is most cordially hated. "Practically repudiated by the party they sought to debase and misuse," says *The Ledger*, "the Hearsts and Morans and their kind cease to be a menace. Their appeals to ignorance and passion will gradually lose effect." If Mr. Hearst had been beaten, thinks *The Tribune*, as Bryan was, because of the unpopularity of an issue, he might appeal to the public again on some new and popular issue; but the defeat in his case is "for reasons as immutable as his personality." But the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* (Rep.) thinks that Hearst "is placed ahead of Bryan in the race for the Democratic presidential candi-



dacy." The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* (Democratic but anti-Hearst) thinks that his "pernicious activity" has been only curtailed, and there will be "as much mischief in Hearst barely beaten as in Hearst elected governor." It regrets that he was not politically killed, instead of being scotched. The *Chicago Post* (Ind.) thinks that he now becomes "more than ever a figure to be watched, a figure to be met at every one of his tricky turns by the genuine Americanism and patriotism of the nation, a figure to be banished finally and completely from American politics." These, and many others that might be quoted to the same effect, are all anti-Hearst papers. As for the comparatively few Hearst papers in the country, such as the *Buffalo Times* and *The Georgian* (Atlanta), they have not abated their loyalty because of his defeat, but still hail him as a possible savior from the ills of corporation abuse.

SIMILAR ideas are extensively entertained in London, which followed the Hearst campaign with an unusual degree of interest. Hearst is defeated but not crushed as a presidential candidate, says the *London Saturday Review*. The *London Spectator* thinks he



THE NEXT MISTRESS OF THE GUBERNATORIAL MANSION AT ALBANY

Mrs. Charles E. Hughes has shunned all newspaper notoriety, and not until her husband was elected governor was she willing that her picture should be published. She was Miss Antoinette Carter, of Brooklyn.



OF COURSE MR. BRYAN IS INCONSOLABLE

BRYAN (to Democratic donkey): "I've half a mind to lam the life out of you for throwing that good man Hearst!"

—Morris in *Spokane Spokesman-Review*.

"remains a vigorous and dangerous force in American politics." Says the *London Times*:

"The State and the Union have been saved for the present from the consequences which would have been likely to follow a victory for Hearst, but unless the warning which the vote of so many thousands of electors for such a man contains is taken to heart in season those consequences may only be deferred. It is the monstrous and ostentatious employment of money as an engine of oppression and wrong among a people who are intelligent and devoted to freedom which alone has made the career of Hearst possible, and which will assuredly make the career of him or another of his kind one day successful unless the unmitigated sway and flagrant worship of the dollar be checked."

Much the same view is expressed in Canada by the *Toronto Globe*. Speaking of Hearst and his papers, it says:

"That the spirit of revolt among the American people should accept such mouthpieces and such a champion shows that discontent is deep, that antagonism is bitter, and that among a dangerously large class despair has destroyed all sense of political responsibility."

**M**R. HEARST'S own comments on the results, either in person or through the editorial utterances of his papers, are very brief. On the morning after election he issued this personal statement:

"I am enlisted in this fight against the control

of government by the trusts and corrupt corporations, and I will fight it out to the end. But I will serve in the lead or in the ranks, just exactly as the people desire, and as earnestly and loyally in one place as in the other. The people have decided to retain the Republican party in power. I will make my fight in the ranks, therefore, and, as a private citizen, do my best to promote the interests of my fellow citizens."

Later on, he declared that he would never again be a candidate for any office. And his *Evening Journal* said on the day after the election:

"You will be pleased to learn, friendly readers, that this column of the *Evening Journal* will try to forget politics and politicians for a while. A majority of the votes, or a majority of The Dollars (it seems to be about the same thing in this happy land,) have declared for a continuation of Trust government. We have expressed our opinion as to the probable result of such a government. There is nothing to do but look on, and—regretfully—see the people get another lesson.

"They will get it."

Mr. Hearst's personal expenditure for the campaign was over \$256,000.

**M**R. HUGHES as a presidential possibility elicits some attention. The fact that he was President Roosevelt's personal choice for candidate is thought to make him a possible residuary legatee of the President, placing



INCONSOLABLE (Almost)

—McDougall in Philadelphia *North American*.

him in the same category with Secretaries Taft and Root. It is an open secret that the President was expected to stand for re-election had Mr. Hearst been elected governor of New York. That situation being averted, speculation as to his successor is again becoming more active. The hold which Senators Foraker and Dick maintain in Ohio is regarded as a serious obstacle to the selection of Mr. Taft, and the prominence which Mr. Root has had as a corporation lawyer is held by many to be a very grave difficulty in his way. Says the *New York Press* (Rep.): "It is understood that the Administration's purpose has been to provide a residuary legatee for the White House in the person of a Mr. Root or Mr. Cortelyou. We guess the people of New York and Mr. Charles Evans Hughes have settled this matter of succession." And the *Springfield Republican* says:

"The outcome thus forces into national prominence a new personality on the republican side that may be made large with possibilities for the party leadership next presidential year. A strong, fearless, progressive, reformatory administration of New York state by Mr. Hughes will bring him into such consideration for the national republican nomination two years from now as may overshadow Secretary Taft. It will all depend upon Mr. Hughes."

**F**ROM a journalistic point of view, the recent elections were not a success. They have failed to furnish even one first-class topic for newspaper and magazine discussion. The situation in the country at large remains substantially what it was, and if the Republican majority in Congress has been cut down from 112 last year to about 60 this year, that was not unexpected and seemed almost to be desired by the Republicans themselves. If there is any general observation to be made of the results of the voting in the country at large it is that the country "stands pat" on the Roosevelt program. Even Mr. Bryan, who sees in the election returns "a trend in favor of the Democratic party" so marked as "to make it probable that the Democrats will control the Congress to be elected in 1908," bases his hope of such an event on the fact that Mr. Roosevelt goes out of office March 4, 1909, and, consequently, "standing by the President" cannot be made an effective cry in the next congressional campaign as Mr. Bryan concedes that it was made this year. "The Democratic gains in Congress," he admits "have not been as great as the [Democratic] party expected." Forecasting the result some time before elec-



ON THE HOME STRETCH

—Wilshire's Magazine (Socialist).

tion, the *New York Tribune* said: "On the face of the apportionment of 1901 the Republican majority should be between thirty and forty. This year, with the Democratic party disheartened and disorganized, a majority of sixty would not be surprising." This latter majority is about what was obtained. "The result of the Congressional elections," says the *New York World* (Dem.) "seems to be as complete an indorsement of him [Roosevelt] and his policies as he could wish."

**T**HE next Congress will be deprived of the services of several Republicans who set themselves in opposition to the Roosevelt program. Joseph W. Babcock, of Wisconsin, who was leader of the "insurgents" in the late session, must hereafter do his insurrecting on the outside. James W. Wadsworth, of New York, who has held his seat in the House for eighteen years, and who did his best last spring to block the legislation for more rigid inspection of the meat-packers, has been sent packing for his mistake. The independent Republican

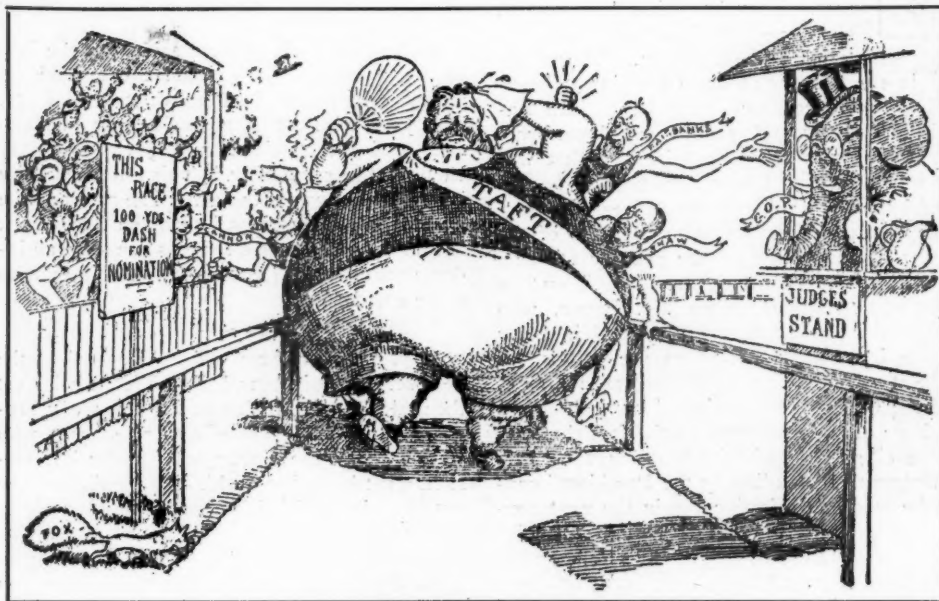
who has defeated him took a cow for his emblem on the ballot and in that sign conquered. The advent of the Federation of Labor into politics has produced no startling results. Cannon goes back with a large off-year majority. Sherman had little difficulty in securing his re-election. So of Gardner (New Jersey), Mudd (Maryland), and Lilley (Connecticut). Longworth, of Ohio, the President's son-in-law, won handily, the reputed opposition to him by the Federation being disclaimed by Mr. Gompers. The Socialist party, which had hopes at one time of electing a member of the House in New York or Chicago, must continue to live on its hopes. "Small improvement was made in the character of the House," says the *New York Press* (Rep.), whose ideas of improvement are of the radical type, "but even less is promised for the Senate. . . . It is the same old Senate, slightly tempered by indictment and prosecution, and it will do things in pretty much the same old way."

ON March 4 next the terms of thirty Senators will expire, fifteen of them being Republicans and an equal number being Democrats. "It is reasonable to expect," says the Washington correspondent of the *New York World* (Dem.), "that nineteen of these thirty seats will be filled by Republicans and eleven by

Democrats." That would give the Republican party a two-thirds majority in the upper house (sixty-one Republicans to twenty-nine Democrats) and enable the party to pass the San Domingo treaty or do anything else as long as it kept its forces intact. Twelve of the Senators who take their seats March 4 will do so as a result of the movement for the selection of Senators by popular choice. In these twelve cases nominations were made at the party primaries. All but two of the Senators so nominated—Cullom, of Illinois, and Mulkey, of Oregon—come from Southern States where there is no serious political contest outside the Democratic primaries. Commenting on the Democratic congressional campaign, the *New York Tribune* remarks:

"The party, in fact, is too busy now with other political problems to think seriously of capturing Congress or even to desire a victory which would involve the acceptance of any national responsibilities. No such situation has arisen in the memory of the present generation, and the curious self-effacement of the Democratic party as a national organization this year may perhaps be taken as a sign that its vitality is exhausted and that it is destined to suffer before long some radical transformation, if not in name, at least in character."

The *Philadelphia Ledger* (Rep.), however, sees signs of change in both parties—premonitions of a division that must ultimately occur,



THE PRESIDENTIAL HANDICAP

—Louisville Herald.

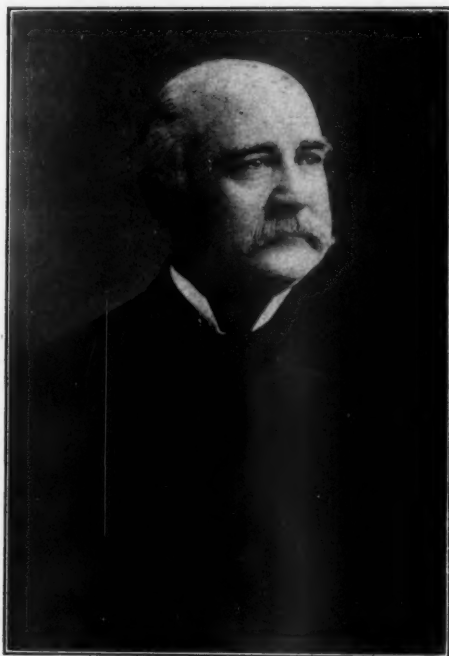




Photograph by Brown Brothers, Copyright 1906, by New York Times,

#### AN ELECTION NIGHT SCENE IN NEW YORK CITY

The tall structure is *The Times* building. The shaft of light from the top is directed to the east, indicating the election of Hughes. In the crowd below are tens of thousands of men massed in Times Square to read the election bulletins. On the reader's left, Broadway stretches to the south, brilliantly illumined by electric lights. On the right is Seventh Avenue. The line of light down the middle of each street is caused by the continuous line of moving trolley-cars.



BOOKSELLER—MAYOR—GOVERNOR

Edwin S. Stuart's personal popularity and reputation helped to overcome the bitter opposition to the Republican machine and to insure his election as governor of Pennsylvania.

for "it is not conceivable that we can long continue with only one party, or with two parties, professing the same ideas."

AS FOR the question of tariff revision in the next Congress, the *Boston Herald* (Ind.), which ardently desires revision, sees but one hope for it:

"So far as the question of tariff revision is involved, the hope of those who favor it will rest largely with the President. Under the rule of the caucus and the speaker, the small minority of Republicans who favor immediate limited revision will be unable to accomplish anything unless the President shall take the lead. If he comes to believe, as it is not impossible that he may, that it will be good policy to take this issue away from the Democrats before 1908, as he has already deprived them of the anti-trust and railroad regulation issues, he could no doubt secure enough Republican and Democratic support to put through a measure of relief from some of the worst of the tariff exactions. It would be one of those cases where justice is the best policies. And Mr. Roosevelt has shown himself capable of playing that high sort of politics successfully, even against the open and the covert opposition of once powerful but now subordinated party leaders."

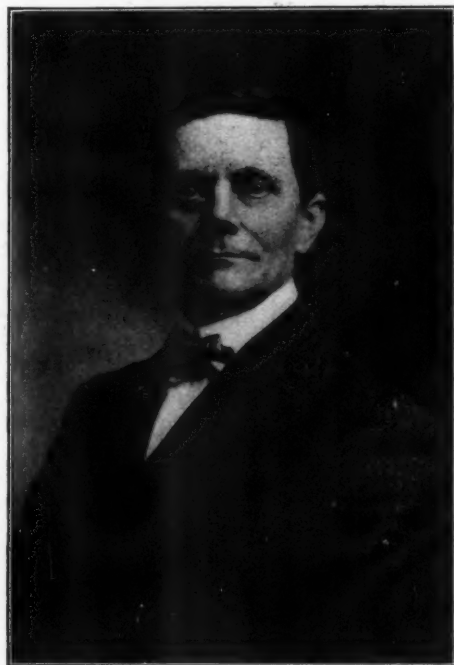
The *New York Evening Post* confesses to

"distinct disappointment." It sees nothing in the elections to induce the President to resurrect his long-buried tariff reform message. "The two most devout worshipers of the Dingley tariff," it says, "Messrs. Cannon and Dalgzell, have been triumphantly re-elected and there is nothing in the result to make them abate their adoration for their idol."

..



SIDE from the contest in New York State, there were no State elections that excited general national interest. The trend in all the Northern States was toward a decrease in Republican pluralities from the phenomenal vote registered two years ago. It is in this decrease that Mr. Bryan discerns a tide running in the direction of the Democracy. Yet every State legislature in the North remains Republican and every governor elected last month is a Republican with two exceptions. In Rhode Island James H. Higgins, the Democratic candidate, defeated Governor Utter, and in Minnesota Governor John A. Johnson, Democrat, was re-elected. In each of those States, however, the rest of the Republican ticket was

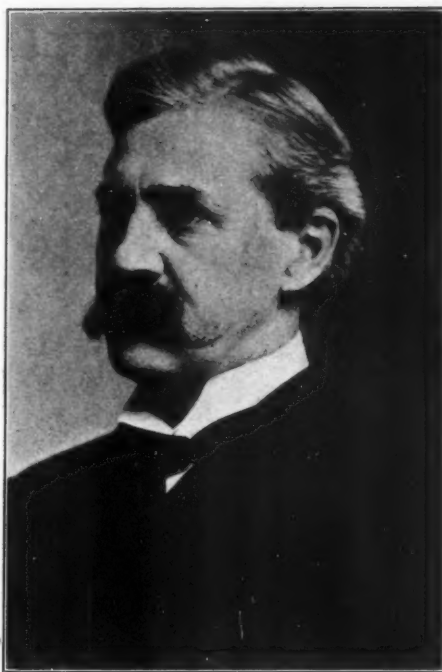


HOCH OF KANSAS

Re-elected governor by a small plurality after a bitter fight with Standard Oil interests.

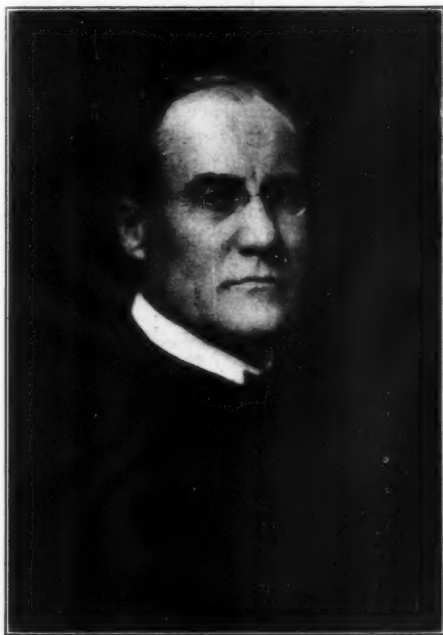
successful. In Kansas, Governor Hoch, Republican, is re-elected by a narrow margin, the rest of the Republican ticket being elected by handsome pluralities. In New Jersey, the Republicans retain a slight majority of the legislature. Interest there centers on the fight against Senator Dryden's re-election to the United States Senate. As five or six Republican members of the next legislature declare that they will not vote for him, a lively hope of his defeat is entertained. He is an insurance president and his corporate connections have aroused the hostility of all the radicals in the party, Senator La Follette coming all the way from Wisconsin in the late campaign to help defeat him.

IN THE State of Pennsylvania the "reformers" were deeply disappointed by their failure to elect Emery. The regular Republican candidate, Edwin S. Stuart, elected by a plurality of about 75,000, is "conceded by the warmest friends of Mr. Emery"—we are quoting the *New York Times* (Dem.)—to be "a man of high character and of considerable ability; the kind of a man, in fact, that the machine would never have thought of naming in ordinary times." The local election in Phil-



THE EXPONENT OF THE "IOWA IDEA" IN  
TARIFF REFORM

Albert B. Cummins has just been re-elected governor of Iowa on a "stand-pat" platform, tho he is an ardent tariff reformer.



PREACHER—CHANCELLOR—GOVERNOR

Rev. Dr. Henry A. Buchtel, chancellor of the University of Denver, has been elected governor of Colorado. The radicals call him a corporation candidate.

adelphia was also marked by a victory of the regular organization. Mayor Weaver, whose fight against the bosses of his party brought him last year into national prominence, deserted the reform party in the middle of the campaign, charging that it was a "newspaper combine" and "a vicious coterie of would-be bosses." The general opinion of the press is that he has by this act become—to use the phrase of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*—"excessively dead." In Wisconsin, Governor James O. Davidson, whose renomination was generally accepted as a defeat for Senator La Follette and a triumph for Senator Spooner, was re-elected by a large plurality. In Idaho, where the administration at Washington was so deeply interested as to send Secretary Taft to make a speech, Governor Gooding (Republican) is re-elected and the legislature is Republican. New Hampshire's vote was so close that no candidate seems to have received a clear majority over all, and the selection of a governor will be thrown into the legislature, which is Republican. Governor Guild is re-elected in Massachusetts by a handsome ma-



ONE OF THE TWO DEMOCRATIC GOVERNORS  
IN THE NORTH ELECTED LAST MONTH

John H. Higgins will soon take the oath of office in Rhode Island, a fact due to the revolt against the blind "boss" of the Republican party, Chas. R. Brayton.

jority over John B. Moran, candidate of three parties. Oklahoma, however, where constitutional delegates were elected, begins its career as a State by going Democratic, much to the chagrin of the Republican leaders. They attribute the result to the Prohibition issue. In Arizona a big majority voted against union with New Mexico in one State, so that New Mexico and Arizona will remain Territories. As for the rest of the country, it is sufficient to say that every other Northern State that voted (including Nebraska) went Republican, and every Southern State that voted (including Missouri) went Democratic.



WITHIN the five and a half years since he entered the White House, President Roosevelt has had (or will have had when the new Cabinet changes take effect) two Secretaries of State, three Secretaries of the Treasury, two Secretaries of War, two Secretaries of the Interior, five Secretaries of the Navy, one Secretary of Agriculture, five Postmasters-General, three Attorneys-General, and three Secretaries of

Commerce and Labor. One sole survivor (beside the President himself) of all the changes remains—James Wilson, the gentleman who tells us such things as how to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before, and how to inoculate the day's churning with bacteria that will insure first-class butter. The number of changes made by the President have broken all records. In his Cabinet of nine, six changes were announced last month, three of them consisting of shiftings from one place to another, and three consisting of new accessions. Root, Taft and Wilson "stand pat," so to speak. Shaw, Moody and Hitchcock drop out, their places being taken respectively by Cortelyou, Bonaparte and Garfield. The three new men are Oscar S. Straus, James R. Garfield and George von L. Meyer.

THESE rather sweeping changes have excited very considerable comment, most of it expressive of satisfaction. The *Philadelphia Ledger*, however, sees no occasion for enthusiasm. It does not object to the men or their assignments, but such an extensive change, it thinks, "indicates a want of continuity in the direction and control of the great departments of the Federal Government that is, to say the least, regrettable. In the fact that New York State now has three men in the Cabinet, besides the President, the *Chicago Evening Post* sees evidence that the President thinks it better to study men than geography. "It seems to be his thought that two good men from one State are to be preferred to two possibly indifferent men from two States. The people won't quarrel with his conclusions." The *New York Times* considers the changes "reassuring." They "indicate a disposition to take conservative counsel. . . . To say that President Roosevelt is slowing up a bit might be the wrong way to put it. But these changes in his Cabinet indicate that, at least, he is not quickening his pace."

MOST of the adverse criticism of these Cabinet changes is called forth by the transfer of George B. Cortelyou to the Secretaryship of the Treasury. Mr. Cortelyou is the chairman of the Republican National Committee. He held that position two years ago, and it was at him that Judge Parker, Democratic candidate for President, directed his attack in regard to the collection of campaign funds from corporations. The money contributed by the big insurance societies for the



Republican campaign also went to his committee. He was then in charge of the Department of Commerce and Labor, and the suspicion was freely expressed that the knowledge obtained in that official capacity was used to "squeeze" the corporations. His transfer to the Treasury Department is criticized for the same reason. The *Baltimore Sun* (Dem.) remarks:

"There is no branch of the Government which would be so useful in securing campaign contributions as the Treasury Department. It has supervision of more than 6,000 national banks. The administration of the customs and internal revenue service is under its control. There is no other department of the Government which affords so many opportunities to the practical politician to strengthen his party by obtaining for it the favor of corporations. There is a widespread belief that the appointment of Mr. Cortelyou is not made with the view of depriving his party of any advantages which it might derive from the control of the Treasury Department by the experienced and resourceful politician who is now chairman of its Republican National Committee, and has been ever since Mr. Roosevelt's campaign in 1904. It may be possible that this belief is not well founded, but the President has only himself to blame for its existence."

The *New York Press* (Rep.) savagely disapproves of Mr. Cortelyou in any Cabinet post. The *Boston Herald* (Ind.) thinks he has shown "perfect fidelity to his trust and marked ability and adaptedness"; but a decent respect for public opinion requires that he should resign his position as chairman of the Republican National Committee. The *Florida Times* (Dem.) admits that nothing was done during the campaign of which he was in charge that had not been done before time and again by the Republican party. It had been for years the uninterrupted practise; but if President Roosevelt is to be a leader in reform, "he should have found some man for the position of Secretary of the Treasury who had not received money that the conscience of the country, if not the laws of the land, branded as stolen."

THE surprise in the Cabinet changes is the appointment of Oscar S. Straus to the Department of Commerce and Labor. This surprise is due not only to the fact that he is the first Jew ever appointed to a Cabinet post in this nation, but also to the fact that he is a "Cleveland Democrat." Like many other "Cleveland Democrats," however, he has voted the Republican ticket in recent national campaigns, and he has a particularly high personal regard for Mr. Roosevelt. "I have known four Presidents intimately," Mr. Straus said in



GOVERNOR PATTERSON OF TENNESSEE

He had a stiff fight to defeat the Republican candidate, H. Clay Evans.

1904, "but I have never met a public man more exacting in adjusting his judgment to what he considered the right side of the case. I do regard him, while a very quick thinker, as very conservative in arriving at his conclusions." Mr. Straus has had a career of wide and varied success. His father lost all he had in Germany, because of the part he played—along with Carl Schurz and Professor Kinkel—in the revolution of 1848. He came to this country in consequence and recuperated his fortunes rapidly. Oscar was sent to Columbia University, where he developed a literary bent that has stayed with him amid all his other activities. He is an author of several serious works. One is "The Origin of the Republican Form of Government in the United States." Another is "The Development of Religious Liberty in the United States." A third is "The Reform of the Diplomatic Service." He is an L.H.D. and LL.D., and has delivered lectures at Yale, Harvard and Annapolis.

MR. STRAUS entered the profession of law, and when the Chamber of Commerce of this city appointed a committee to investigate the subject of discriminations by railroads, his firm was retained by the committee.

That was back in 1878, and the result of that committee's work, aided by the labors of Mr. Straus and his partners, had a marked effect upon the course of railroad legislation, which led to the establishment of the Interstate Commerce Commission. But he broke down under the strain and abandoned the legal profession in consequence, entering his father's business house, L. Straus & Sons, with which he has been connected ever since. But his civic and philanthropic activities have been of the widest. He is vice-president of the National Civic Federation, and was for years president of the Social Science Association. He is president of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation. He is a trustee of the Baron de Hirsch fund and was the first president of the Jewish Historical Society. He was appointed minister to Turkey by President Cleveland and reappointed by President McKinley. He was appointed by President Roosevelt as a member of the Hague Court of Arbitration, and is one of the most ardent peace advocates in the country.

ONE theory held in Washington as to the motive for the appointment of Mr. Straus is that it was "in the nature of a pawn in the New York political game." *Collier's Weekly* attributes it to a higher motive. It says:

"Mr Straus becomes, by his position, the foremost American member of his race. Young Jews, ambitious to get forward in the world, will emulate the Cabinet member, not the sordid type of unscrupulous success. . . . To help forward as racial leaders men of the character of Mr. Straus is probably the longest step toward the Americanizing of our immigrants that could be taken by a single act. There are ten thousand men in the United States whom Mr. Roosevelt might have put in his Cabinet. In so far as his singling out of Mr. Straus had for its motive the furnishing of an ideal to a million Jews already here, and another million coming, it was an act of far-seeing statesmanship. And the appointment is all the more to the President's credit since he must have foreseen the resentment of many powerful old-line Republicans at the appointment to a Cabinet office of a man who was a Cleveland favorite and voted the Democratic ticket as late as nine years ago."

Needless to say, the Jewish journals comment on the appointment in terms of enthusiasm. Says the New York *American Hebrew*: "Whether so intended or not, President Roosevelt's action will be regarded by the diplomatic world as a well-deserved rebuke to those autocracies of Europe where a Jew's creed bars him from public office." *The Chronicle*, a Jewish journal of New York, is especially pleased since the appointment shows that a Jew in

America does not have to repudiate his faith in order to receive such honor.

LITTLE noteworthy comment follows the selection for the Cabinet of Mr. Garfield (as Secretary of the Interior) and Mr. Meyer (as Postmaster-General). Mr. Garfield's selection is well received, but the dominant feeling caused by his appointment is one of regret over Mr. Hitchcock's retirement. Here is a tribute from a Democratic paper—the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*—to Mr. Hitchcock's administration of affairs:

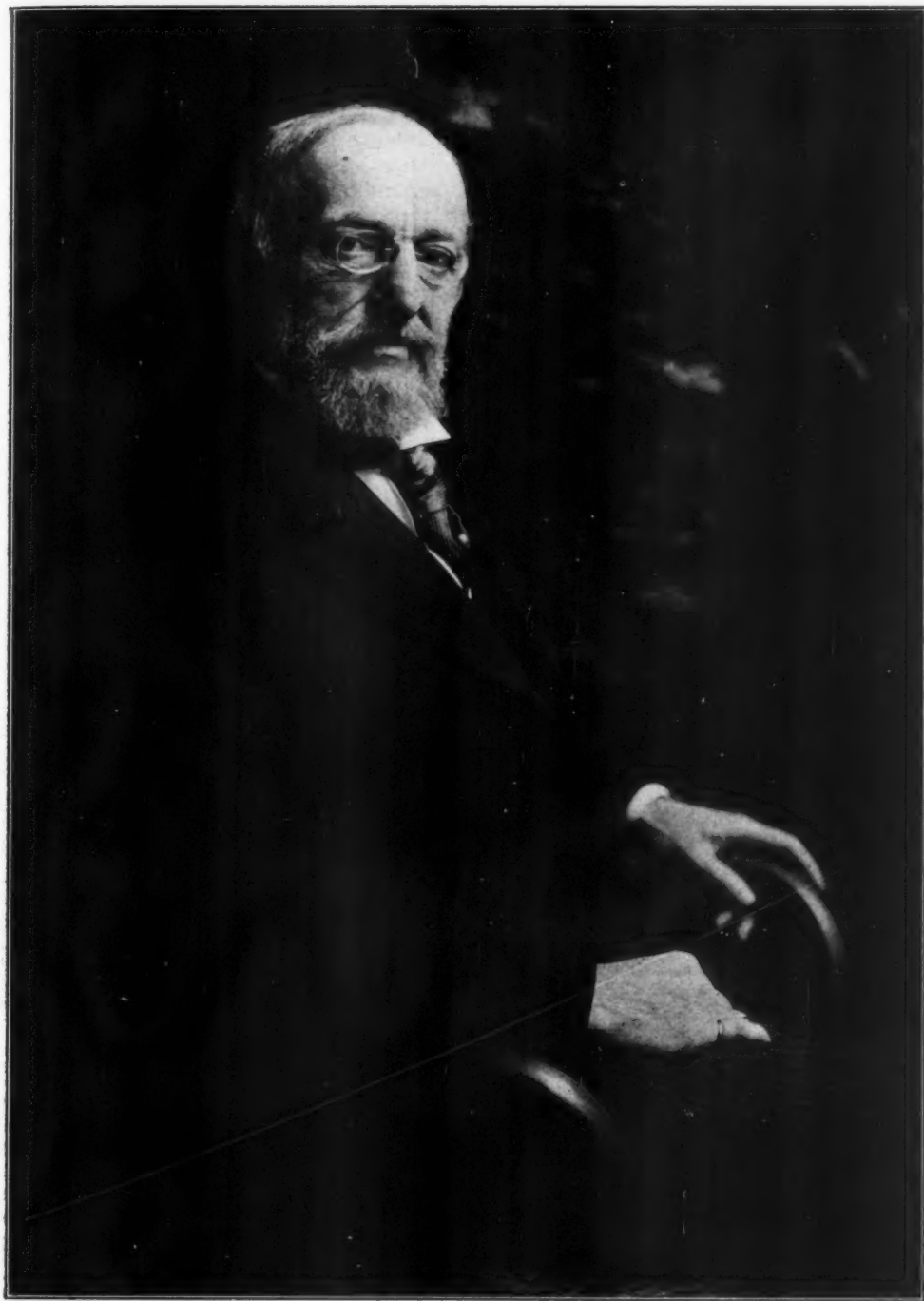
"The retirement of Secretary Hitchcock of the interior department will be viewed with regret by all citizens except those whom he has sent to jail or otherwise restrained from continuing their impudent raids upon what little is left of the public domain. For many years this unassuming but indefatigable public servant has stood between the people and their despoilers, and with no beating of drums or blowing of horns has conducted a campaign against the land thieves which approaches a triumphant conclusion. He has never received full credit for this service, but it has long been apparent to those who chose to see. His work, whether appreciated or not, will live after him, and is left in such shape that it can be easily carried to a conclusion by his successor."

The Boston *Herald* does not think that those who have learned to dread Secretary Hitchcock's keen scrutiny will gain much comfort from Mr. Garfield's appointment to succeed him. It says: "Mr. Garfield has done such fearless and excellent work in finding out the devious ways of violators of law, that good men will regard his promotion with favor."

As for Mr. Meyer, his appointment is attributed by the New York *Evening Post* to his wealth and social alliances; but it is assured that he will make "a plodding and diligent Postmaster-General." Mr. Meyer has been ambassador to Italy and to Russia, serving efficiently at St. Petersburg during the Russo-Japanese War and especially during the negotiations conducted by President Roosevelt for the restoration of peace. He hails from the "Sacred Cod district" of Massachusetts and is a political protégé of Senator Lodge.



GREAT legal contest has been initiated by Attorney-General Moody which may become one of the most important in the history of the nation. It is a contest between the Roosevelt Administration on one side, and the Standard Oil Company on the other. The contest begins in the form of a suit instituted by the Government for the dissolution of the Standard Oil



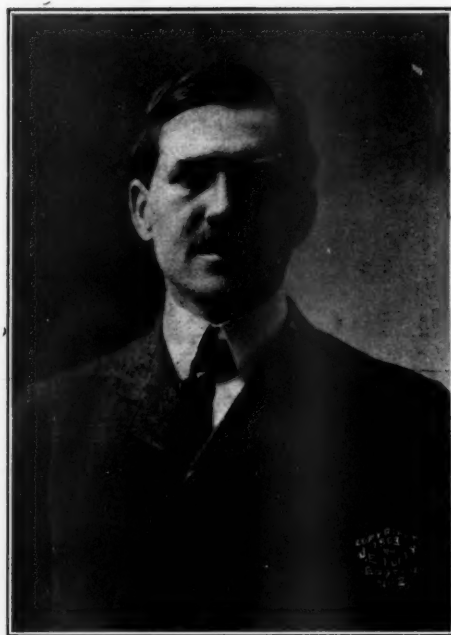
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#### THE FIRST JEW EVER CHOSEN FOR THE CABINET

Mr. Oscar S. Straus, L.H.D., LL.D., lawyer, author, merchant, diplomatist, philanthropist, becomes the Secretary of Commerce and labor, and will have charge of the Immigration Bureau, among other things. He is "a Cleveland Democrat and Roosevelt Republican," and his selection is commended by the press of all parties.

Company of New Jersey, the "holding company" formed a dozen years ago to take over the stocks of the companies (sixty-nine in number), whose consolidation by this means constitutes what is called the Standard Oil "Trust." The charge is that this holding company is one of a series of devices to maintain in large sections of the country a monopoly in violation of the Sherman anti-trust law of 1890. The officials of the company deny this, calling attention to the fact that there are 125 competitors of the Standard Oil, who are earning more than the latter in proportion to the capital invested. These officials, it is said,

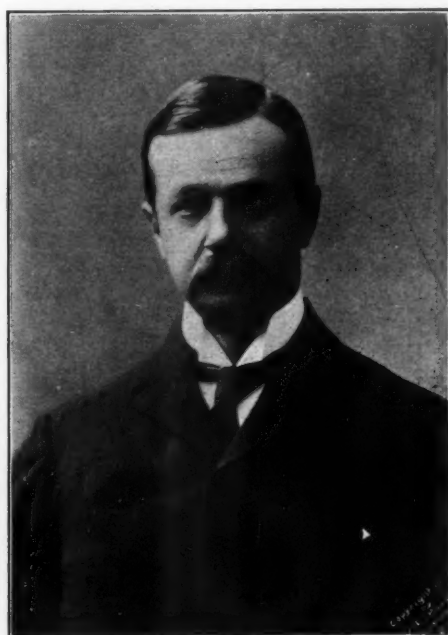
IT IS not too much to say that the eyes of the industrial and financial world will be on this contest as it develops. The Standard Oil Company is a corporation of world-wide activity. In the first week after this suit was begun the market value of the company's stock fell off 72 points. If the suit is successful on final adjudication, the officials of the company are likely to be prosecuted in criminal proceedings and, in addition to that, any persons damaged by the acts complained of may sue the company and recover threefold the amount of damages thus sustained. It is evident that a vital blow is intended at this the very heart



TO LOOK OUT FOR THE LAND THIEVES  
HEREAFTER

James R. Garfield, the distinguished son of a distinguished father, now becomes Secretary of the Interior in place of Ethan Allen Hitchcock, resigned.

have paid several personal visits of late to the President, presumably in the attempt to dissuade him from allowing this suit to be instituted. If that was indeed their purpose, their efforts have been in vain. The suit has been instituted in St. Louis, and comes in part as a result of the facts elicited last winter by Attorney-General Hadley, of the State of Missouri, and in part as a result of the investigation more recently made by Commissioner Garfield, of the Bureau of Corporations. It promises to be a fight of legal Titans.



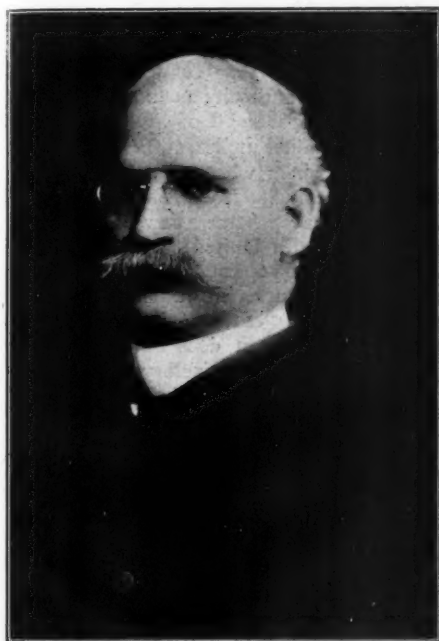
THE NEW POSTMASTER-GENERAL

George von L. Meyer, as Ambassador to Russia, helped the President to arrange for peace negotiations between Russia and Japan. "He is a wealthy New Englander, and hails from the Sacred Cod district."

of the present system of vast industrial combinations in America. President Roosevelt, remarks the *New York World*, "cannot set back the economic tendency of the times and abolish great corporations and prevent concentration of industry and capital," but he can "prove to a doubting and cynical public that the law applies with equal force to all, and neither grants privilege nor assures immunity to rich and talented lawbreakers." It may take years to reach a final decision of the case by the court of last resort; but pending that di-



cision, the court may issue such temporary restraining order as it considers just. In a statement issued by the secretary of the Standard Oil Company to its stockholders the statement is made that "the legal organization of your company is of essentially the same nature and character as that of the other important industrial interests of the country." This fact increases the importance of the suit. If a success, it may strike down the whole "trust" system in America and compel a readjustment of our financial and industrial system.



THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

Victor H. Metcalf was but forty-one years of age when he resigned his seat in Congress two years ago to enter President's Roosevelt's official family as Secretary of Commerce and Labor. He is a Californian (but born in New York State), and his report as a special commissioner on the exclusion of Japanese from the public schools of San Francisco is awaited with interest.



**W**HAT a grim joke it would be if the Czar of Russia in the not distant future were to find occasion to offer his services to bring about an end to war between the United States and Japan! The suggestion of such a thing seems far-fetched, and yet only the other day a member of the British Parliament addressed an interrogation to Earl Grey in all seriousness to ascertain whether, in the event of such a war, Great Britain would be forced by her treaty obligations with Japan to enter into hostile re-

lations with the United States. Washington correspondents represent our administration as worried over the situation that confronts it, and Secretary Metcalf was despatched to San Francisco to ascertain by personal inquiry the facts in the case and report to the Cabinet. And our newspapers are pointing out the ease with which Japan, with her army fresh from the victorious fields of Manchuria, could seize the Philippines and Hawaii, and invade our whole Pacific coast.



THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

The transfer of George B. Cortelyou to the Treasury department has occasioned vigorous protest because of his active connection with party politics as chairman of the Republican National Committee.

**T**HE occasion for this bellicose talk is created by the Board of Education in San Francisco. It has decreed that hereafter the Japanese, as well as the Chinese, children must be educated in separate schools, and cannot be admitted to the public schools attended by white children. The Japanese resent this as a racial insult. They are taking the matter into the Federal courts, and out of it is likely to grow a weighty constitutional question for the Supreme Court to decide, namely, to what extent a State's control of its domestic affairs may be superseded by treaties negotiated with foreign nations by the Federal Government.

In addition to this action, the Japanese ambassador at Washington, Count Aoki, has entered a protest claiming that the Board of Education is infringing on the rights accorded to Japan by the "most favored nation" clause of her treaty with us. And, further still, active efforts have been made in Japan to start a popular boycott on American trade until the little Japs in San Francisco are allowed to learn that "the cat is on the mat" and "the bug is on the rug" under conditions similar to those surrounding the pursuit of knowledge by German children and Italian children, or any other children of foreign parentage.

IT WAS but a short time before the President's departure for Panama that Viscount Suize Aoki, the first diplomatic representative to come from Tokio to Washington with the rank of ambassador, appeared at the Department of State one morning to let Secretary of State Elihu Root know that a teacher in the Pacific Heights Grammar School had sent Yasumaru home for being a little Japanese boy. That was the first time Mr. Root had ever heard of Yasumaru. But Tokio was ringing with his name. The little boy had already become a *casus belli* under the treaty of 1894 between the United States and Japan. To this effect argued the *Kokumin Shimbun*, one of the most influential of Japanese organs. It quoted the first clause of the treaty itself, which provides that citizens of either the United States or Japan have a right to all the privileges of the natives of the other. *The Nichi Nichi*, a daily long inspired by the Marquis Ito and supposed to be in touch with official, or at least responsible opinion, pointed to a contrast between America's attitude in the days of Perry—"who with the cannon's mouth proclaimed the doctrines of universal brotherhood and the common right of all nations to nature's gifts"—and the attitude of a section of Americans today who violently advocate the expulsion of all Orientals from the American continent. However, the *Jiji Shimpō*, the daily founded by the celebrated Fakuzawa and edited by the faculty of the university he established, refused to regard the expulsion of little Yasumaru from the grammar-school as an index to the great heart of the American people.

VISCOUNT AOKI is understood to have shown clippings from these influential organs of Japanese opinion to the Secretary of State, and additional extracts from the *Hochi* (furious at the belief that Japan's honor was

impugned) and the *Yorozu Choho* (which is to Tokio what Mr. Hearst's *Evening Journal* is to New York). Ambassador Luke E. Wright had also been favoring Mr. Root with Japanese newspaper extracts. They poured in by cable from Tokio and appear to have been pointedly anti-American. Long before Yasumaru had been sent home from school, however, the Secretary of State had realized that any friction with Japan at this time would seriously embarrass the trade of the United States with the Far East. Relations were already somewhat strained. As far back as last summer Washington had remonstrated with Tokio for the failure to open Manchuria to international commerce. Tokio's answer is described on high authority as "not exactly pleasing" to our Department of State. There had been the additional unpleasantness due to those Japanese poachers who attempted recently to land on the seal islands off Alaska. Before the poachers got away home a few had been killed in an affray with United States forces. Mr. Root asked Tokio to cause the arrest and punishment of the surviving poachers. The reply he received was "correct" from a diplomatic point of view, but it does not seem to have been particularly satisfactory in any other sense. It began now to be inferred that Yasumaru's teacher had sent him home at a very opportune time for Viscount Aoki. Tokio was not at all disinclined to have a grievance.

CALIFORNIA is not cowed. So far from it, her Representatives are getting ready to carry the opposition to the Japanese to much further length. Several bills will be introduced in the next session of Congress for the exclusion of the Japanese in a manner similar to that now applying to the Chinese. Treaty rights or no treaty rights, the San Franciscans are represented as saying, the Japanese will not be allowed in the white schools even if they go to war over the question. In the first place, the earthquake and fire destroyed twenty-seven schoolhouses in San Francisco, and the accommodations for the white children are in consequence sadly inadequate. Then in the next place a State law passed five years ago requires separate schools for all Mongolians, and the Board of Education decides that that applies to the Japanese and Koreans as well as Chinese. Then in the third place many of the so-called Japanese "school-children" are men from twenty to twenty-five years of age, and Californians object to their presence among their boys and girls on moral as well

as racial grounds. If the black children in Southern States may be forced into separate schools, say they, why may not California treat yellow children in the same way? The legal answer to that probably is that the blacks have no special treaty rights such as the Japanese have; but the Californians contend that any treaty is null and void that interferes with a State's constitutional rights to attend to her own domestic affairs.

**B**ACK of all this is the labor question. The Japanese are increasing on the Pacific coast, it is said, very rapidly. The padrone system, or something like it, prevails in Hawaii and there the Japanese laborers now exclude all other laborers on most of the large sugar plantations. In California they are invading various branches of industry, such as cutting, drying and packing fruit, clam and abalone digging, railroad building. In the cities they run non-union barber-shops and restaurants, and do non-union carpentry work. If San Francisco is anything, it is a union city. The mayor was president of a labor union. So was the chairman of the Board of Education. The Union Labor party almost controls the State legislature. This irruption of non-union labor, therefore, is forcibly and effectively resisted. An anti-Japanese and anti-Korean league has been formed that declares that unless the next national Republican convention adopts a Japanese exclusion plank in its platform, all the Pacific coast States and half the mountain States will go Democratic. In the meantime it calls for the enforcement of the State school law, and the Federal Administration is warned to keep its hands off.

**S**O INTENSE has the feeling become that half a dozen reports have been submitted by Japanese consuls complaining of violent treatment of Japanese residents of San Francisco. The windows of Japanese restaurants are stoned and agents are placed before the doors to intercede with patrons and induce them not to enter. A Japanese resident of New Haven, Conn., by the name of Z. Wataube, writes to the *New York Times*, saying that the change for a Japanese going from California to the Middle or Eastern States is "like that from hell to heaven." He writes: "A Japanese consul in dignified style, or any other respectable Japanese when walking in the street, will find himself confronted by the derisive calling of names from scores of the native 'whites.' Every Japanese is at best 'Hello, John!' or 'Hey, Charley!' Cases are very nu-

merous in which young, spirited Japanese were insulted, and more or less disastrous events ensued." Another Japanese, by the name of Kaju Nakamura, writes to the *New York Sun* as follows:

"My year's experience in California convinced me that the Americans of that State are entirely different from those of other States, and still more was I convinced by my nearly five years' experience in the Eastern and Southern parts of the United States and in Europe that the mass of Californians are nothing short of barbarians!

"If any Japanese goes around the streets of San Francisco he is not only scornfully called 'Jap,' a term despised by the Japanese, but he is stoned and blackeyed and often dragged around the streets. Your policeman in that State not only pays no attention to the poor fellow, but he also will kick him and drive him to the station like a dog!

"A few months ago the well-known Japanese scientists Drs. Omori and Nakamura, who came to San Francisco to study the disastrous catastrophe which recently befell that city, were several times stoned and injured by Americans; and the Mayor of San Francisco and the Governor of California, together with the leading scientists of California, were obliged to issue letters of apology to them."

**M**R. ROOT'S readiness to prod the school board in San Francisco contrasts markedly with the attitude of former Washington administrations in international incidents of a similar nature. Thus note the European dailies, including the *London Times* and the *Paris Temps*. During the past score of years mob fury, entailing death, has expended itself, we are reminded, upon subjects of China, Italy, Germany and Great Britain residing in the United States. Representations have been made to Washington by the respective governments concerned, and the reply has invariably been that, while Washington deplored the sanguinary event, it had no power to interfere in purely State affairs. "Compare that action with the action in the present case," says the *London Post*, "and it is obvious that something more than respect for treaty rights animates President Roosevelt." That something more is broadly hinted in more than one foreign newspaper to be the Japanese navy. It is growing at a greater relative rate than the navy of the United States. Washington must concentrate its squadrons with reference to defense of the Atlantic seaboard as well as of the Pacific. Tokio could seize the Philippines—an archipelago she covets—with far less difficulty than the capture of Port Arthur entailed. It is an interesting question, observes a writer in the *Paris Figaro*, whether the navy of the United States is to-day in a position to make good the

policy of the United States. At present rates of growth, it will be outclassed by the German navy in 1917. Yet the German navy is not superior to the Japanese navy in effective striking power for a campaign in the waters of the Pacific. Is that of the United States? The *Figaro* gives it up. But Tokio, it conjectures, has no doubt at all. It "smiles superior."

**L**AST month, for the first time in the history of the United States, the President was on foreign soil, the guest of a foreign potentate. President Amador of Panama had the privilege of receiving him and of calling him to his face what he had been calling him behind his back, namely, "that indefatigable struggler for humanity's progress and welfare, who has initiated a new era of fraternity and union between the American republics." It was on November 8 that President Roosevelt, disregarding the earnest entreaty of the New York *Sun* not to leave us, steamed away on the battleship *Louisiana*, carrying the big stick to the big ditch. Before starting, he went down into the engine-room, seized a shovel and helped the stokers stoke. Result: the *Louisiana* arrived at Colon November 14, half a day ahead of time! *Post hoc ergo propter hoc*. Chairman Shonts and President Amador had to be sent for to come and make speeches of welcome. The next day he began his tour of inspection. All suspected anarchists were first corralled lest they might run up against the strenuous President and get hurt, and screens were placed on all the windows and doors of the Tivoli Hotel where he stopped, to prevent



UNCLE SAM: "You're going to have company, but don't prink, he wants to see you just as you are."

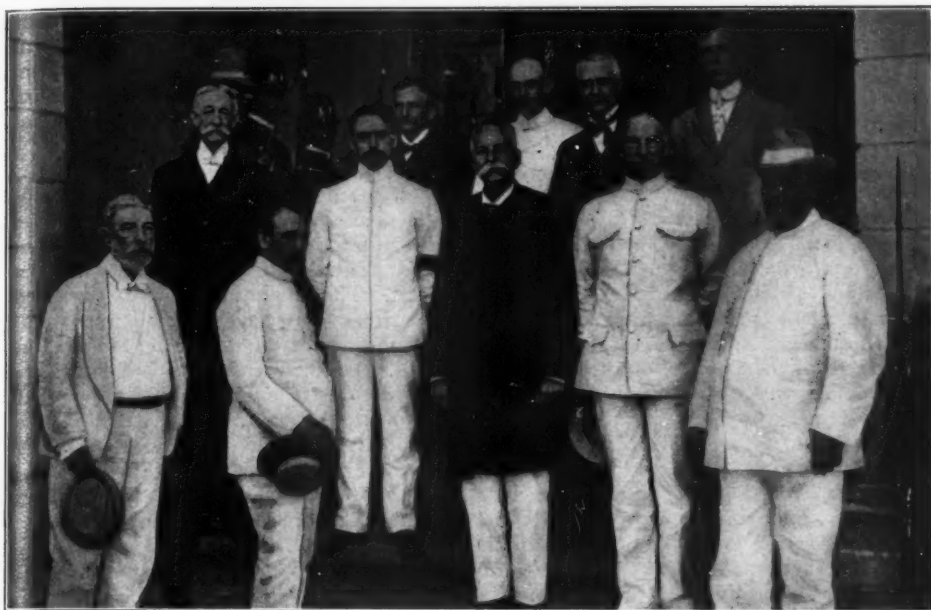
—Brinkerhoff in Toledo Blade.

undue familiarity on the part of mosquitoes bearing yellow-fever germs in their little tum-tums. For four days the President inspected, consulted, dined and was orated at. He saw pretty much everything there was to see, from Gatun, on the Atlantic, to La Boca, on the Pacific. He viewed the site where a large reservoir with 110 square miles of area is to be constructed to receive the waters from the Chagres River, and the site where Sosa Lake, eight square miles in area, is to be constructed at the mouth of the Rio Grande. He observed the degree of progress made on the locks and on the channel, inspected the sanatoriums and hospitals, saw the thirty steam shovels in action on Culebra cut and elsewhere, and greeted most of the 17,000 laborers who are reported to be at work daily.

**N**OT engineering problems alone confront the Canal Commission and engaged the mind of the President. The labor question is still a serious one. All over the world, so the commission reports, the demand for laborers is unprecedented and there is a universal dearth in the supply available. It is this condition of affairs that has led the commission to resort to Chinese coolie labor, contrary to the advice of Governor-General Magoon, the protests of American labor-unions, the opposition of the Chinese Government and the large-type editorials of the various Hearst newspapers. Governor Magoon's objection was to the employment of coolies directly by our Government, for "Chinese laborers will not do a stroke more than they are driven to do," and nothing less than the peonage system will get satisfactory results out of them. It is this fact, doubtless, that has led to the adoption of the contract system of labor, and proposals are now under consideration from various contractors to furnish coolie labor at prices running as low as nine cents an hour. The Chinese Government's opposition is supposed to be due to its resentment over our Chinese exclusion laws. That of the American labor-unions is from fear that Chinese labor at Panama will prove an entering wedge, forcing a modification of our laws regarding Chinese labor here.

The Hearst papers furnish harrowing pictures of American workmen who will stand in the bread-line this winter in New York at midnight, while coolies with uninviting physiognomies are stepping up to Uncle Sam's paymaster's office in Panama to get their money. The San Francisco *Chronicle* doesn't see the force of all this. It remarks:





Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

#### DIGGERS OF THE BIG DITCH

Some of the men in Panama who escorted the President. The gentleman in front in a frock coat is President Amador of Panama. On his left is Chairman Shonts, and next to him is Chas. E. Magoon, now in charge of Cuba. Second to President Amador's right is John F. Stevens, chief engineer.

"We do not want them [Chinese laborers] in America, no matter how valuable their labor, for our workingmen can only compete with them in certain classes of work by adopting their standard of life, which is unthinkable. But our workingmen will not go either to the canal zone or to any other tropical country, and we cannot imagine why any of them should object to the employment of Chinese to do work which they will not do, and in a country to which they will not go. The American workingman cannot drink a glass of beer or fill his pipe with tobacco without contributing to the cost of the isthmian canal, and one would suppose that since they pay so great a share of the cost, our workingmen would like to see the most effective labor employed, so only that it did not compete with their own labor or bring them into contact with an obnoxious race and a hateful civilization. At any rate, if we are to have the canal, some people other than Americans must build it."

an energy almost passionate, why these ships should make New York City alone their shipping port. "To select that city for the line of 12 steamers," says the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, "and to deny the other ports an equal opportunity is discrimination which has not been approved by a paper outside of New York and has not been wholly approved even by the New York press." It appeals to all the towns and cities of the Mississippi Valley to protest against this "outrage," and some of them have already responded. The Louisville Board of Trade, for instance, has unanimously protested to the Secretary of War, and the reply from Chairman Shonts to their protests is not considered satisfactory. On this subject, it is to be presumed, as well as on that of labor supply, President Roosevelt conversed carefully with the men in charge of the big ditch, and the results will doubtless appear in a few days in the message to Congress.

**A**NOTHER problem that confronts the commission is one that suggests very forcibly some of the trouble which we may expect to encounter when Mr. Bryan's suggestion of Government ownership and operation of the trunk-line railroads is carried out. The Canal Commission controls and operates a small fleet of ships carrying supplies from this country to Panama. The question has been raised, and in New Orleans especially is being discussed with



**N**O GLIMMER of what was in store for the Monroe doctrine dawned upon the mind of United States Ambassador Charlemagne Tower as he rode over to the University of Berlin to lis-

ten to the lecture of the first incumbent of the Roosevelt professorship at that seat of learning. Prof. John W. Burgess, of Columbia University, was to be installed as first occupant of a chair that symbolized Emperor William's desire for a cordial understanding with the United States. Germany and America were at last to banish all sources of friction by swapping university professors, and Berlin had got Burgess by the operation. Emperor William himself was on hand with the Empress. All the notabilities of the court pushed in. In five minutes after the professor arose the Monroe doctrine and the protective tariff had been pronounced "almost obsolete" and "nearly useless." He prefaced these observations with an account of just who he is. In the first place he is the warm personal friend of Theodore Roosevelt. The professor took his auditors back to the year of his appointment to the chair of Political and Social Science at Columbia. There dwelt in the great American metropolis at that time a boy. That boy had come one day to hear the professor lecture. Then he came again and yet again. At last the youth could restrain himself no longer. He rushed up to the professor's desk. "I am extraordinarily interested in the subject of your lec-

tures, professor," he cried. "I hope to be able to devote my life to their study and realization. My name is Theodore Roosevelt." (Sensation. German Empress waves her lace handkerchief. William II cries "Hoch!" United States ambassador claps his hands.)

THE words just quoted shot out of the mouth of Theodore Roosevelt, to use the phraseology of Professor Burgess, like cannonballs. Theodore Roosevelt had no time to waste. The presentiment of his great destiny had already dawned in his mind. He was already occupied in preparing himself for it. William II, his consort, the United States ambassador and the Prussian Minister of Education were next told about the share Professor Burgess had taken in the Civil War. That share, declared the professor, was active. He next referred to the final union of the German Empire. The professor had witnessed it, he said. To Ranke he referred feelingly; Ranke had taught him. With Curtius his intimacy had been delightful. Then there was the great Mommsen. Professor Burgess had been his pupil, too. He had been taught to generalize by Droysen. He had been taught to think by Zeller. He had



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

#### WHERE THE PRESIDENT STAYED WHEN HE STAYED ANYWHERE

The Hotel Tivoli, Ancon, Panama, had all its windows and doors carefully screened to keep mosquitoes from depositing yellow-fever germs in the presidential veins.

been taught to meditate by Treitschke. Then referring to the plan for an interchange of professors, he termed it "the most pregnant idea that has come forth in our time." Why? Because it "makes it possible to subject questions of the highest importance, which can scarcely be touched upon in a diplomatic way, to the most fundamental examination, and the most friendly consideration." And he proceeded to fulfil his mission by denouncing the Monroe doctrine and protection.

THE Prussian Minister of Education lost no time in letting everybody know that America's great Pan is dead. The Burgess lecture was printed and circulated with the explanation that it had the official American sanction. The Monroe doctrine was pronounced obsolete and useless by the man who had taught the young Rooseveltian mind how to shoot. But the Socialist Berlin *Vorwärts* dismissed the subject with indifference. It did not think Burgess was to be taken so very seriously. Nor did the business-like *Vossische Zeitung*. German official and semi-official organs did not, indeed, get the news as promptly as did American dailies. Even the London *Times* printed a version in which the obsolescence and uselessness of the Monroe doctrine had been edited out. Only the Bismarckian *Hamburger Nachrichten* took the professor at his own valuation. It briefly noted that university professors in the United States are not all of Burgess's mind. The *Kreuz Zeitung*, a Berlin daily edited by one of Emperor William's advisers in foreign affairs, noted the intellectual isolation of Professor Burgess in all that pertains to the Monroe doctrine. The radical *Frankfurter Zeitung* thinks the doctrine very much alive. Is not Great Britain applying a Monroe doctrine in the Persian Gulf? Has not Japan vindicated her Monroe doctrine in Korea? Is not Australia proclaiming a Monroe doctrine in the Pacific? America will not unlearn the lesson she has taught the world.

PROFESSOR BURGESS was to have been the orator of the day at the Thanksgiving dinner of the American colony in Berlin. This dinner is annually given under the auspices of the United States Embassy. But the American residents of Berlin were so incensed at the utterances of Professor Burgess that his name was dropped from the list of speakers. Mr. Roosevelt had taken the trouble to declare that he did not share the views expressed by Professor Burgess. Berlin thoroughly understands that the occupant of the Roosevelt chair



THE DISCOVERER OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE'S OBSOLESCENCE

Prof. John W. Burgess, of Columbia University, the first incumbent of the Roosevelt professorship in Berlin, excited two nations by telling his first audience in Germany that the Monroe doctrine and the protective tariff are nearly obsolete and useless.

was flying in the face of American sentiment when he spoke as he did. It is said on good authority that the United States ambassador took steps to eradicate any misapprehension that may have been left upon the German official mind regarding the real position of any one of the innumerable warm personal friends of President Roosevelt who may undertake to pronounce the Monroe doctrine obsolete. And a very prominent member of the American colony in Berlin is declared to have cabled Secretary of State Root that the language of Professor Burgess has caused the United States an injury that may prove irreparable. And a special cablegram to the New York *Sun* says that hope is even expressed in some quarters that Professor Burgess, if he is not recalled, will be socially ostracized this winter.

BUT if Professor Burgess were, perchance, to be recalled, he would find on returning home a buzz of half-amused indignation that might gall him fully as much as the more serious tone of the American colony in Berlin. It is notable that on the same day he was declaring the Monroe doctrine obsolescent, the real "spokesman of the Administration" was speak-



THEY DO NOT WANT MEN TO BOW AND  
SCRAPE BEFORE THEM

What these ladies say they desire is a genuine chivalry taking the form of a bestowal by the sterner fraction of the population of England of the right to vote upon the disfranchised fraction. Mrs. Cobden Sanderson, at the right in front, is the daughter of the illustrious English champion of free trade, Richard Cobden. She was arrested and jailed for demonstrating outside the House of Commons.

ing in a very different key. Secretary Taft it was, who, speaking at Baltimore, referred to the Monroe doctrine as follows:

"There seems to be one point upon which Democrats and Republicans agree. It is with regard to the Monroe Doctrine. They don't want any European countries interfering with our independence. The first thing to do is to assert the Monroe Doctrine, and if it is denied



SHE CLIMBED UP ON THE RAILINGS

Thereupon the London police begged Miss Christobel Pankhurst to get down. This she declined to do. Finally the constables carried Miss Pankhurst out of the lobby of the House of Commons. She belongs to the eminent Pankhurst family of Manchester, is a university graduate and lately attempted to induce the benchers of Lincoln's Inn to call her to the bar.

enforce it. That is why we need the army and navy."

Certainly reference to Democratic and Republican dailies sustains Secretary Taft's view rather than that of Professor Burgess. The *New York Times* calls the professor "a missionary of mischief," who lacks common sense and who, instead of delivering the message of America to Germany, as he should have done, "has delivered the very contrary of it." And *The Times* is both Democratic and anti-protection. The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* (Dem.) comes pretty near to the use of unparliamentary language. The professor, it says, "not only went far beyond his commission, but also took liberties with what Americans at home well know to be the truth."

**E**VEN the *New York Evening Post*, which lies awake at night to hate the protective tariff and which agrees that "morally" the Monroe doctrine is drooping, yet calls the professor's utterance "premature and even dangerous," because it meant to the Germans quite another thing from what it meant to him: He spoke academically. They took it as a declaration of a revolutionary change in American sentiment and policy. As a matter of fact, the Monroe doctrine is, if anything, more formidable than ever. The *Springfield Republican* speaks a word for the professor, on the ground that, however unpopular his views, he has established a valuable precedent of free thought and free speech in the Roosevelt professorship. One journal goes the full length of indorsing Professor Burgess *in toto*. "Professor Bur-



"SEX SHOULD BE NO DISQUALIFICATION"

Miss Theresa Billington, well known as the organizer of the female-suffrage movement in many of the English shires, is here addressing a crowd in London. She placed herself at the head of a committee of her supporters in London last month and tried to storm the House of Commons. She was dragged out into the fresh air.



gess is right," says the *Florida Times*; "the protective tariff and the Monroe doctrine are both outgrown and should be cast aside."

**S**CARCELY had the Lord Chancellor taken his seat upon the wool-sack in the House of Lords at the opening of the present session of Parliament a month ago when a daughter of Richard Cobden, leading a band of women young and old, but all distinguished in the British female-suffrage movement, made an effort at forcible entry into the House of Commons, crying, "We want votes!" At this signal, Mrs. Montefiore, England's representative at the international woman's conference, held recently in Copenhagen, whose refusal to pay taxes led to a famous siege of her house in London, stood upon the shoulders of others of her sex and cried: "Anything that has trousers can vote—so should we." Miss Christobel Pankhurst, of the eminent Pankhurst family of Manchester, herself a university graduate of distinction, who unsuccessfully attempted to induce the benchers of Lincoln's Inn to call her to the bar, climbed upon the railings in the lobby and began to make a speech. She said women do not want men to bow and scrape to them. What women want from men is the right to vote. There now ensued wavings of banners bearing devices expressive of female-suffrage sentiment. The police put in an appearance at this juncture and commanded the ladies to disperse. They immediately formed a ring around their speakers and prevented the officers of the law from approach-



THE HEROINE OF THE SUFFRAGE CAUSE

She is Mrs. Montefiore, lately released from a London prison for making a demonstration outside the House of Commons in favor of votes for women. She was put into a convict's suit and fed on cocoa and biscuit.

ing the railings and statues from which the orators were declaiming. Squads of constab-



"WE WANT VOTES"

A typical procession of the advocates of woman suffrage through the streets of London. The ladies seen here belong in many cases to families of the highest distinction in England. The paraders usually end their demonstration by visiting the home of a cabinet minister. On one recent occasion the cabinet minister refused to receive the ladies. They were arrested for disorderly conduct when they refused to go away.

bles were brought up, but the women knocked several of them down. By this time suffragists were clinging tenaciously to statues and other fixed objects, resisting all efforts to induce them to retire.

MEANWHILE, other ladies were striving to break into the inner lobby of the House of Commons. Crowds of members, attracted by the riotous scenes, effectually stopped their progress. But some of the women had to be caught by the skirts to prevent them from crawling under the barriers that separated them from the floor of the house. Miss Mary Gawthorp, who has figured so prominently in the politics of Wales and who is a distinguished educator, began to scream for help, crying out to the crowds of men about that they were cowards. Miss Theresa Billington, the well-known organizer of the female-suffrage movement in England, placed herself at the head of her supporters and charged the police. The ladies lost their hats, their coats and their jewelry, which lay scattered upon the ground as they were driven before the re-enforcements brought up by the authorities. Numbers of the women had to be lifted bodily in the arms of policemen, with whom they fought and kicked and struggled all the way to the station-house adjoining Scotland Yard. They explained their vehemence as the result of a curt message sent to them a few hours before by the Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. They professed to have come to the House of Commons in the capacity of a deputation. They had sent to Sir Henry a respectful request for his personal assurance that the government would deal with the subject of female suffrage in the present session of Parliament. Sir Henry sent back word that the time at the disposal of the government during the present session would be fully occupied with other matters and that a pledge had been given that no new business would be dealt with this session. The result was a squad of police bearing feminine burdens. Some of the suffragists continued their harangues to the spectators on woman's rights while clinging tightly to their captor's necks.

TEN of the women, some belonging to prominent families and not a few bearing names known all over England, were sent to jail for two months each. They refused to pay fines that would have brought them liberty, preferring, they explained, a prison cell, to

which they were driven in the police vans. The result is extremely gratifying to the *London Times*, which terms the proceedings of the suffragists "unseemly and disgraceful." Even that section of the Liberal British press which is, theoretically, favorable to woman suffrage, finds the extremes to which the ladies permitted themselves to be led "ill advised." As for the *London Times*, it is quite savage. "The conduct of the defendants at the police court," it observes in the leading article devoted to the subject, "was as outrageous as at the Houses of Parliament. They shouted and gesticulated, declared that they did not acknowledge the authority of that or any other court and appeared to have taken leave of common sense and of good manners." Of course, adds the great British daily, a large banner was waved—"they seem to have pathetic confidence in the mystical powers of a banner." Cheering the banner delighted them all to such an extent that they could not be induced to move and at last they had to be pulled out of the dock by policemen. Finally they landed in prison. "It is all excessively vulgar and silly," proceeds our unsympathetic commentator, "but it offers a very good object-lesson upon the unfitness of women to enter political life." The *London Times* concludes with the hope that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman—who has more than once on the platform favored woman suffrage—will take to heart "this timely reminder of the essential disabilities imposed by the feminine organization." The ten ladies spent their time in Holloway prison, where they were treated like ordinary criminals in every respect, sleeping on hard straw bedding and wearing the garb of convicts, until the spirit of martyrdom died within some of the bosoms. First one, then another, gave bonds to keep the peace. Meanwhile the female suffragists of England are divided as to the expediency of the tactics which gave these martyrs to the cause.

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**N**O FEWER than nineteen occupants of the bench of bishops attended the session of the British House of Lords at which the Archbishop of Canterbury last month branded the new English education bill as no mere suggestion of chaos, but the thing itself—a confusion of crude elements of irreligion, dashing, rumbling, howling against Christianity. The bill will, undoubtedly, be sent back to the House of Commons. But the Campbell-Bannerman ministry has publicly vowed to fling the bill

back to the Lords. The Archbishop of Canterbury means thereupon to go into conference with the "godless" ministry. The non-conformists are told that they must tolerate a moderate appropriation from public funds for the support of the sectarian schools they detest. The non-conformists reply that the Lords must recede from their present position of defiance. Otherwise the constitutional crisis so long predicted by many London dailies will have arrived. The new year would then bring a fiercely contested parliamentary election.

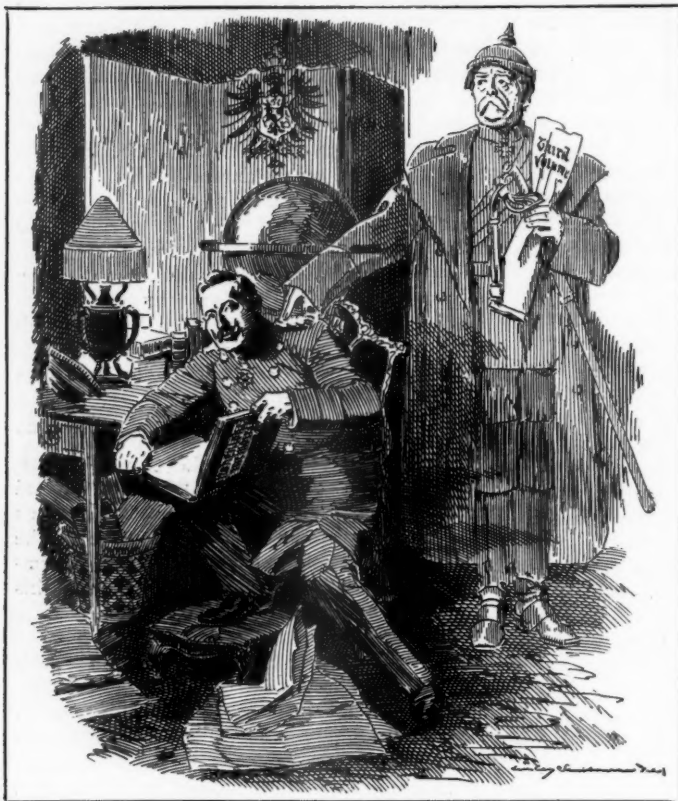
**N**O SEDATE formality of manner could hide from the listening House of Lords the swelling indignation of the venerable Archbishop of Canterbury as he got upon his feet for perhaps the tenth time to anathematize the bill which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman means to enact in the teeth of all the hostility of the peers of the realm. One conservative hereditary legislator had affirmed that the Lords have no mind to outrage the man in the street by making over this bill to accord with their own aristocratic ideas of the kind of education to be imparted to the children of the common people. To do such a thing might inflame democracy. The demagog would hail with delight so welcome an opportunity to insist that noble lords are anachronisms. And the peers do not want to be abolished. They will not, therefore, amend the education bill to death. They concede with grief that the majority of British voters demand modifications of the denominational school system set up by Mr. Balfour when he was Prime Minister in 1902. Nevertheless, they cannot bring themselves to think that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's bill, as it stands, reflects the sentiments of the nation. It reflects merely the prejudices of potent political factions clamoring in the name of the non-conformist conscience that they are the people of England.

**S**HOULD the passionate partizan fulfil his threat of appealing to the country on this issue, the Lords are untroubled by the prospect. Let Sir Henry hold his general election. The Lords defy him. All this was put with the geniality characteristic of the conversational debates which make the atmosphere of the House of Lords so urbanely aristocratic. The Archbishop of Canterbury himself disavowed any intention of treating a subject so portentous in its influence upon the well-being of the land from the point of view of the peculiar

interests of the ancient church in which his own dignity is the highest. But he wished the Campbell-Bannerman ministry to understand that the children of Great Britain must be "Christianly brought up." To this end he insists that the bill be amended. This revolutionary measure, added his Grace, has not been explained by its authors at all. It contains clauses which his Grace does not understand. Those clauses were put through the House of Commons in a hurry. The Commons were prevented from debating them by the application of the parliamentary guillotine. The Lords are prevented from amending them by constitutional tradition. His Grace of Canterbury declines to go from Herod to Pilate in this fashion. Nevertheless, replies the Prime Minister in effect, he must.



**S**UCH unforgiving wrath as burned in the bosom of William II when he read in page after page of the recently published Hohenlohe memoirs that he lacks consideration; that his mother was afraid of him; that he once thought Bismarck was going to hit him on the head, could expend itself only through a furious telegram. It was sent to Prince Philip von Hohenlohe-Schillingfurst, eldest son of the late Imperial Chancellor, in whose posthumous diary these and various other similar unpleasant details appear. "Have just read with amazement and indignation," so ran the telegram, "the published account of the most private conversations between your father and myself concerning Prince Bismarck's retirement." The publication, William went on to say, was tactless, indiscreet in the highest degree, entirely inopportune. It was unheard of that incidents which concern the reigning sovereign should be published without his consent. Thus Jove hurled his thunderbolt, and the prince in his castle of Podjebrad, near Prague, quaked. It was his brother's fault, he pleaded. That wealth of letters, of diaries, of documents, in which, with Boswellian brilliance, the late Prince Chlodwig of Hohenlohe, third Imperial Chancellor, had set down everybody's secrets, was bequeathed to his youngest son, Prince Alexander of Hohenlohe. Alexander acted as his father's secretary during the period of the third chancellorship. The late Prince Chlodwig was engaged in the revision of his reminiscences until the last week of his long life. Yet he left them unfinished. Prince Alexander, therefore, handed the mass of papers over to that eminent historian, Pro-



REST, REST, PERTURBING SPIRIT!

KAISER WILHELM: "Donnerwetter! I thought I'd seen the last of you!"  
 SHADE OF BISMARCK: "The last of me? Wait till you see my revelations!"  
 —London Punch.

fessor Curtius, who guilelessly entrusted them to a publisher. Philip blamed Alexander. Alexander blamed the professor. The professor blamed the publisher.

**B**ISMARCK in these pages enacts the part of a bellowing bull to the picador William II, who waves the red rag of his own personal policy until the infuriated foe has fallen. The young German Emperor had just come aching with good intentions to his throne. He was the working man's friend. But he could not alleviate the laborer's lot without assistance. He must summon an international conference. Every head in the council of state was swimming giddily at the prospect of a coming industrial paradise. Then Bismarck comes in and sneers. He has framed a Draconian law against the Socialists. He is told that the Reichstag will have none of it. Then Bismarck will dissolve the Reichstag.

They tell him there will be strikes, a whole proletariat roving through Berlin in a hubbub of red flags. Then Bismarck will bring up the infantry to pour its heavy fire upon the great unwashed. William winced at the suggestion and remarked deferentially that he was not his own grandfather. That good old man, William I, after reigning long and gloriously, might put bullets into strikers and still remain venerable. But William II was but a young chief of state whose rising sun must not be imbrued in his people's gore. The soul of the Iron Chancellor was too unpoetical for all this. Bismarck's revolt began. He secretly assured the diplomatic corps that no international conference on the labor question could make the wage-earner's life all beer and skittles. He even alluded sarcastically to the godlike hero on the imperial throne. "It was a question," as William II con-

fided years later to his third Chancellor—the Prince Hohenlohe of these memoirs—"whether the Hohenzollern dynasty or the Bismarck dynasty should rule." Bismarck went on with his Draconian law. William proceeded with his Utopia.

**T**HE Emperor and his advisers grew so delightfully intimate as they planned night after night to ameliorate the lot of the working man that Bismarck became jealous. He suddenly broke in upon them with a decree, dated many a year before, forbidding ministers to have audience of the Emperor unless the Chancellor was present. Bismarck next went into diplomacy on his own account. He wanted Austria left in the lurch. William II made up his mind to go with Austria, tho war with France and Russia were the result. The Czar comes vaguely into view here with longings to occupy Bulgaria. Would Germany, he asks, be neutral? Delighted, says Bismarck. Never!



shouts William. His Majesty was now convinced that the Iron Chancellor had been playing a lone hand for months—had even secretly warned St. Petersburg that the new German sovereign was anti-Russian. Bismarck threatened to resign. William quailed—at the thought that the threat might not be executed. In the course of one violent scene it seemed to him that his Chancellor meant to fling an inkwell at his head. Emperor William, who had long ere this ceased to play the lamb, now sent his aide-de-camp to Bismarck with a peremptory order to rescind that decree concerning audiences in the Chancellor's presence. This was an ultimatum. Bismarck was to rescind or resign. He had been saying for weeks that he would resign, but he always changed his mind. Now he went out of office. Bismarck's own version of these events lies unpublished in the vaults of the Bank of England.

ALL the ladies of the imperial family had been living through the long crisis with fluttering bosoms. "He is a rather boyish, inconsiderate young man," wrote Hohenlohe of William II a long time prior to these events, "of whom his mother is afraid. He also has rows with his father. His wife is said to have a softening influence upon him." Three months after William had ascended his throne his grandmother—widow of William I—was found by Prince Hohenlohe in the depths of woe. She could hardly speak through her tears. The memory of her lately deceased son—Emperor Frederick III, father of the reigning William II—was maligned everywhere. People about the court were saying that he had never been capable of ruling. Prince Herbert Bismarck, son of the Iron Chancellor, had had the impudence to tell the Prince of Wales—now Edward VII—that an emperor unable to carry on a conversation was not fitted to rule. The British prince is represented by Hohenlohe as disgusted with the arrogance of the two Bismarcks in those days. If he had not attached importance to the good relations between Great Britain and Germany, he would have thrown young Bismarck out of the room when he spoke "so impudently" of Frederick III's incapacity to reign. As for the Iron Chancellor, the grandmother of William II said he had ruled for twenty years unopposed and could not bear to encounter a show of will from his monarch. Bismarck had dealt with the dying Frederick cruelly. Visiting the Emperor's sick-room just before the latter's death, Bismarck seemed moved. "It



THE PRINCE OF WALES WANTED TO THROW HIM OUT OF THE ROOM

Herbert Bismarck, son of the Iron Chancellor, said to the Prince of Wales—now Edward VII—that a man who could not carry on a conversation ought not to rule a nation. This was an allusion to Frederick III, German Emperor, then suffering from cancer of the throat. The British prince wanted to kick young Bismarck out of the room, it is said in the Hohenlohe memoirs. However, he decided not to. He did not want to interrupt the continuity of good relations between Britain and Germany.

is most affecting," remarked Prince Radolin, when all was over. "Just now," replied the Chancellor, "I have no time for sentiment."

IMMEDIATELY after her husband's death, the widowed Empress Frederick asked for Bismarck. He, in the plenitude of power, sent word that he was too busy. But when later the Iron Chancellor had fallen from his high estate he dropped in to tea. He had time for sentiment now. He wallowed in it. The Empress Frederick subsequently received Prince Hohenlohe and "seemed not to approve of the manner of Bismarck's dismissal." Hohenlohe next visited Bismarck himself. The Iron Chancellor's resignation had come as a great surprise to Hohenlohe. "To me, too," said Bismarck. "Three weeks ago I had not thought it would end like this. I ought to have expected it, tho. The Emperor now means to govern alone." Hohenlohe spoke of the possibility that William II might one day recall Bismarck. That stern being answered that not for the

world would he live through three such weeks again. William later told Hohenlohe that he had put up with Bismarck's rudeness until human nature could endure no more. Doors had banged, tables had been pounded with fists and oaths had come in volleys until the Emperor thought he would yet receive a thrashing. "It was an awful time," commented the descendant of Frederick the Great.

**P**RINCE HOHENLOHE'S memoirs began to circulate as rapidly as a yellow journal after a crime of passion. All Europe saw at once that this Chlodwig, who had been Chancellor for six years, was no attic scribbler about high life at long range. "It is futile to deny," writes the Berlin correspondent of the London *Times*, "that the book is a great performance." An uncompromising frankness in the expression of his opinions enriches the prince's character studies of the owls and cuckoos, asses, apes and dogs at court. What portrait in the vast gallery of the elder Dumas can compare with Hohenlohe's William II? A blend of brute and brigand, dashed with poetical streaks, his abnormality is almost too fantastic in some of these glittering scenes. We go in with him to luncheon exactly as if he were a puppet in some historical novel. We laugh at the English when he laughs, we fool the Sultan, we build a big navy out of hand so as not to be caught as poor Spain was by those dreadful United States. William II is rude, yet royally so. We feel that it is an emperor who is kicking us. The point of his boot has nothing in common with the shoe tips of the vulgar herd. Very vivid, too, are the sketches of the jostling interests at the court of the Czar, with the band blaring all through dinner so that Nicholas II is scarcely audible as he complains that he has to bear the burden of empire alone. The nicest little Czar, this, that ever was. He told William to snatch a coaling station in the Far East. William snatched it thankfully. When the talk got this far Hohenlohe mentioned the Chusan Islands. The English were eying these islands. "Yes," laughed Nicholas, "they always want everything for themselves. When anybody takes anything, the English want to take more." The Czar was in fine fettle. There had been no serious Japanese trouble yet. He expressed immense sympathy for the Japanese; but let them have a care. He had no wish to hurt Japan, yet he would take no impertinence from that quarter. Verily, were these memoirs de-

pendent for their interest only upon the personal revelations of this mob of kings and queens and chancellors, they would be well worth the money expended in telegraphing them around the globe.

**O**F course they have created excitement in various European courts. English papers began drawing the conclusion that Emperor William's world policy has picked up everything that is hateful, repulsive and pettily deformed from sheer incapacity to uphold the Bismarckian tradition. French dailies exclaimed that a sudden invasion of the third republic was averted in 1875 by the mere flash of purpureal illuminations for a fancy ball, some jingle of cap and bells at the court of Berlin. Italian organs asked if the Triple Alliance be really subordinated on occasion by William II to the hysterical prejudices of royal valetudinarians with disordered organic functions. Is the centralized thing in the Prussian capital a genuine government or do we behold petulant wearers of motley dancing out their frenzies upon the broad back of Germany? "The court, indeed," comments the London *Tribune*, "seems to pass its time amid perpetual dreams of war, and the point of approach is always personal. The Germans themselves, whom this court misrepresents and misgoverns, may, perhaps, reflect that a court of this character is little better than our own Stuart régime, where the highest affairs of state turned on the whim of a royal mistress or the size of a foreign bribe." The spectacle, we are assured, of all these decorated generals, hot-tempered princes; weeping widows and raging chancellors—"each more egotistical than the other"—intriguing, scheming and betraying all the rest, while not one refuses to bow before the tyranny of irresponsible might, is enough to disgust a much less critical people than the Germans with an autocratic system of military sway.

**I**N Berlin, the discussion evoked refers mainly to the motives that have led to the publication of the memoirs. One theory is that it was due to a court intrigue. Another is that it is part of an attempt to encourage an anti-monarchical movement. It is all, "to speak frankly," complains the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*, organ of the solidly respectable business interests, "the greatest political scandal that has been known for a long time." There has flamed forth the hottest kind of journalistic discussion throughout Germany as to whether the Bismarck family should now drag forth the

third volume of the Iron Chancellor's memoirs from its grim repose in the Bank of England vaults. The closing chapters of this Bismarckian Iliad are to repose unread in the family archives, says the Berlin *National Zeitung*, as long as its Agamemnons and its Nestors live to ornament the world. Provision is made for one contingency, however. If there is put forth in disparagement of the Iron Chancellor any authoritative version of the heroic events in modern German history, Bismarck's own story must be despatched immediately to the printer. It is inferred, nevertheless, that William II means to protect himself from fresh exposures of his feet of clay. His protest against the publication of the Hohenlohe memoirs was simply a dike set up to stop impending floods of indiscretion from the dreaded Bismarckian source. It was at first believed that the Hohenlohe volumes were given to the world with the Emperor's blessing. He had been subtly reflecting upon the unbalanced state of his policy in Europe, and he would thus demonstrate his fidelity to Austria by revealing Bismarck's sympathies with Russia. For the time being, his Imperial Majesty looks askance at the present Chancellor of the German Empire, whose literary tastes are well known. Does he, too, keep a diary?



THE battle that must grow furious when the law separating church and state in France goes into effect this month inspires no apprehension in the new Premier of the third republic, Georges Clémenceau. "We offered you privileges," he exclaimed in one of his defiantes of the Vatican uttered in the presence of a great anticlerical gathering. "You haughtily rejected them. Let us talk no more!" The plaudits of his listeners were deafening at this point, and they grew still more so when Clémenceau hinted at the possibility of taking the offensive in the contest with the Pope. But a clerical daily in Paris consoles itself with the remark that history is full of glorious victories won by a smaller force in battle through boldness of movement and timely courage. In this battle, however, the Pope has sent his force of French bishops forth to fight contrary to the advice of the majority of them, observes the Paris correspondent of the London *Times*. A well-known French priest is quoted to the effect that some of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in the republic, "firmly convinced that the Vatican's



"THE MAN THE PAPACY DETESTS"

That is the characterization of George Clémenceau, Prime Minister of the French Republic, which seems most accurate to the well-informed London *Spectator*. Clémenceau is here shown at the extreme left in a favorite attitude as he emerges from a parliamentary division.

policy is unwise," follow the example of certain French generals at Sedan in leading their troops into an engagement which they regard as practically hopeless. "The question is how far these papal generals will be followed by the rank and file of the laity and whether the Pope's new army does not contain about as many officers as soldiers." The fundamental error upon which the attitude of the Pope and his advisers appears to be based, according to the same hostile authority, is that they continue practically to regard France as an exclusively Roman Catholic country and feel bound to treat it as such. The Pope has not yet realized the numerical weakness of the genuinely Roman Catholic element in France.

PIUS X is said to have run his eye down the list of names in the new Clémenceau ministry with the remark: "This means a new reign of terror." Indeed, as the London *Spectator* says of the new Premier, "the papacy detests him," and he is held to have revealed by the anticlerical tendencies of the men he has about him that he detests the papacy no less. His Minister of Foreign Affairs, Étienne Pichon, was trained in that witty anticlericalist school of journalism now dominant throughout the republic and of which Clémenceau is the founder. Pichon began life as a journalist on the staff of the Paris *Justice*, then edited by Clémenceau. As a reporter in the press gallery of the Senate, he sat side by side with Delcassé, destined in time to become

the greatest Minister of Foreign Affairs the third French republic has ever had, but in those days reporting the debates for the Paris *République Française*. It was Clémenceau's policy in that long ago to gather about him all the talent in the service of French journalism. He has put it now into his new ministry.

OF ALL the sensations of the Clémenceau ministry, the appointment of General Picquart to the War Department stunned Parisians most. It is the same Picquart to whom Dreyfus owes his vindication. It was he who, after assuming control of the secret service, lighted upon the famous little blue document so conclusive as to the guilt of Esterhazy. Colonel Picquart, as he then was, almost alone among his military colleagues, kept his head amid the feverish agitation of the time, and manifested his capacity to see the truth as it revealed itself when the vision of the staff-officers around him was distorted by caste prejudice. "Not only did he form a just opinion on the real value of the evidence before him," the *Aurore* reminds us, "but he had the moral courage to declare it and to adhere to it regardless of all interests save those of justice and of truth." Picquart was well aware how thoroly he was compromising his career in the army by insisting upon justice for Dreyfus. For years he was condemned to professional inactivity, but since last summer, when he was restored to the army, he has become in turn general of brigade, general of division and now Minister of War.

GR EAT as he is as a soldier, Picquart, say the Paris critics of Clémenceau, would never have been put into the ministry did he not combine with his anticlericalism the personal brilliance of the Premier's other associates in office. Picquart, avers General de Gallifet in the Paris *Gaulois*, is an artist, a literary man, a poet, a musician, who has missed his vocation in each capacity in order to become a splendid soldier. He is placid. He is calm. He is modest. He is studious. He is well informed. He is obstinate. "Fancy! I have seen him several times at maneuvers in ecstasies before a landscape." Picquart has a taste for misty distances, thinks De Gallifet; "they are his strong point." De Gallifet adds that he once had to command with severity: "My dear Picquart, give me a rest on the subject of misty distances!" He knows, however, concedes the critic, how to reconcile his artis-

tic temperament with the exigencies of a military career. It is affirmed in some German dailies that Picquart is the ablest living student of the tactical problems connected with infantry in the field. His articles on that subject in the *Revue de Paris* and other periodicals have been studied in every military academy in the world, including West Point. Yet General Picquart cannot endure the sight of blood. "There are things," reflects De Gallifet further in the *Gaulois*, "which console one for being unable to make up one's mind to die." One of them is the spectacle of Picquart as Minister of War—"curious, excessively queer." Luckily, they are all poetical in the Clémenceau ministry, all lovers of the stage, of music, and of letters.

CLÉMENCEAU is informed by clerical organs that he wholly mistakes the character of the sovereign pontiff if he counts upon overawing Pius X at this time. The Pope is quoted as declaring that the separation of church and state about to be put into effect throughout France is contrary to Catholic doctrine. Catholics are therefore forbidden to recognize it. "It is not I who have condemned the law," the Pope is made to say, "but Christ, of whom the Pope is but the vicar. It is Christ himself who has reprobated the law in giving the Catholic Church a constitution and a doctrine against which no human law can prevail." The practical workings of separation of church and state upon which Vatican objections are based is best exemplified by the trouble in a small village where there was a quarrel between the parish priest and his bishop. The inhabitants availed themselves of the separation law by organizing one of the "public worship associations" against which the Pope's face is set. The interdicted priest was set up in his former parish by this objectionable body. The clerical mayor led an attack upon the priest only to find himself voted out of office. The public worship association next reduced the fees connected with the ecclesiastical administration, says the Paris *Figaro*. At this the faithful from neighboring parishes flocked to the church notwithstanding the bishop's ban. In fact, avers the *Figaro*, were the bishop to appear in the village, he would be mobbed. Innumerable other incidents of the same sort indicate the coming confusion before the burning question of public worship associations is settled—as Clémenceau insists it will be settled, if need be—with the aid of the troops.



ALREADY the Pope's relations with the sacred college have been affected by the strain of the crisis in France. The older cardinals at the Vatican are represented in the *Paris Débats* as dissatisfied with the whole course of pontifical diplomacy. Nay, these elders of the church regret, says the *Temps*, the mistake they made in placing the tiara upon the head of a peasant with only piety and a spotless character to recommend him. The outcome of these sentiments is a significant accord between Cardinal Rampolla and those who opposed him in the conclave from which Giuseppe Sarto emerged as Pius X. "Everyone here," writes the best-informed of Vatican newspaper correspondents, "looks upon Cardinal Rampolla as the Pope of to-morrow." The Vatican has, rightly or wrongly, brought itself to a belief that the reign of its sovereign will end in some apoplectic stroke or failure of the heart that cannot be warded off for more than a few years at the longest. Were Pius X to disappear from the scene thus summarily, his successor would be chosen on the first ballot by an overwhelming majority. "The reactionary and irreconcilable pontificate of Pius would become a mere parenthesis and the church would find at her head a Leo XIV true to the enlightened traditions of the statesmanship of Leo XIII." Gone will be the influence of the cliques of German and Spanish prelates who have drawn the Vatican within the pale of the Triple Alliance. Cardinal Rampolla—or Leo XIV, to employ the title bestowed upon him by this conclave of newspaper correspondents—intends to uphold the world politics of the Dual Alliance at every stage of his pontificate. Nevertheless, observes the *Figaro*, the policy of a Pope who is not yet dead may prevail over the policy of a Pope who is not yet elected.

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SPAIN'S Cortes reassembled this winter to find the nation more involved than ever in the dispute with the Vatican which began months ago and has already occasioned scores of excommunications. Alfonso XIII astonished all classes of his subjects by the energy with which, from the very beginning, he came to the aid of the first Spanish ministry which has openly defied the Vatican since his Catholic Majesty was born. Such are the consequences, it is hinted in the land, of a marriage negotiated in a Protestant country by the traditional enemies of Spain. The friends of the youthful Queen Victoria have begun a cam-

paign in her defense. They argue that she has had nothing to do with the present struggle between Madrid and the Vatican and that it is not fair to make her a victim of the prejudices arising from it. His Catholic Majesty left the joys of newly wedded life in his San Sebastian retreat long enough to visit Madrid and sign the decree of the Lopez Dominguez ministry which makes a civil marriage as legal in his dominions as any wedding in church with nuptial mass and priestly blessing. It was to a distracted series of cabinet councils that Alfonso came. The latest of his many short-lived ministries had at its head that urbane and lettered military grandee, Marshal Lopez Dominguez, who reconstructed the cabinet last July with the aid of the most convinced anticlerical in Spain, Señor Canalejas. Canalejas has fought Roman Catholic religious orders in his native land for years. Quite unexpectedly he found himself last summer a factor in the policy of his country's government. The Dominguez ministry wished to convene the Cortes for this coming month. The marshal was supposed to be a figurehead serving only until the conservatives were prepared to resume the power they have not long laid down. Dominguez was known to be democratic—for Spain—in his policy. But his anticlericalism has only lately revealed itself in the form of much truculence to the papal nuncio, who was reminded, in the heat of the month's controversies, that so absolute a king of Spain as Ferdinand VII himself did not hesitate to expel the Vatican's diplomatic representative from the country when that step seemed necessary as a vindication of the national dignity.

AS LONG ago as last March, when the Moret ministry still governed in the King's name, the nuncio had raised this issue of mixed marriages. A proviso in the civil code dating many years back recognized two forms of marriage—one Catholic, the other "civil." Civil marriage was held legal and binding even when both parties happened to be Roman Catholics. Such a state of the law, says the Madrid *Heraldo*, tended to break down a "monopoly" most irksome to Roman Catholics who desired to dispense with a priest at their weddings, altho how persons unwilling to be married by a priest can be called Roman Catholics is more than the Madrid *Epoca* professes itself able to understand. However, the Vatican in 1900 induced the Marquis del Vado, the conservative minister of the day, to issue a "circular" to the effect that one, at

least, of the contracting parties must be a non-Catholic to render a civil marriage binding. To the Madrid *Heraldo* the Vadillo "circular" seems a thing null and void. In a constitutional country with a law-making parliament, it argues, a ukase by a mere minister cannot thus amend or abrogate a statute. It is replied to this that the minister acted in accordance with the provision in the constitution of Spain which makes the Roman Catholic religion that of the state. The anticlerical retort is that this very constitution forbids all discrimination against a Spaniard on account of his religious belief. The matter was already agitating the Dominguez ministry when it received a formal demand from the Vatican, transmitted through the nuncio at Madrid, that all civil marriages be declared null and void, unless it could be shown that neither of the contracting parties professed the Roman Catholic religion.

IT HAD already been contended by the nuncio in one of his official communications that, since Roman Catholicism was the religion of the state, every Spaniard must be presumed a Roman Catholic and subject to the ecclesiastical jurisdiction in the matter of marriage. Meanwhile the Vatican had instructed its representative to insist that the cemeteries be taken out of the hands of local municipal authorities and placed under ecclesiastical control. There has been fierce controversy over the cemeteries for some months. The clerical papers explain that when cemeteries are consecrated ground, the church reserves them for the burial of those only who have died in the faith. The municipal authorities are accused of defying this law of the church by interring heretics in consecrated soil. The Dominguez ministry professed itself incensed at what it deemed the "arrogance" of the demand respecting the cemeteries. On the subject of the marriages, it abrogated the Vadillo "circular." The result was to make the civil marriages of Spanish Roman Catholics binding by the law of the land, altho the Church refuses to recognize them. Matters had arrived at this stage when the King came down from San Sebastian and signed the decree of his Prime Minister. It was the first openly anticlerical act.

PIUS X was taken wholly by surprise at this proceeding on the part of his predecessor's godson, and his Majesty's mother, according to the Madrid *Pais*, shed tears. Señor Canalejas, the famous democratic and anticlerical leader in the Cortes, is understood to

have won Marshal Lopez Dominguez over to the bold course he adopted. Canalejas was not a member of the ministry. He had no official connection with its policy. But he pledged himself to support Dominguez in the Cortes when that body is called upon to deal with the matter this winter. This was not a matter of much moment to the conservative opposition until the King himself upset so many calculations by appearing in the highly original character of an anticlerical

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YILDIZ KIOSK opened its reluctant gates a few weeks ago to troops of cavalry escorting the first ambassador ever accredited by a President of the United States to the visible head on earth of that holy religion of which Mahomet is the prophet. Long had the Hon. John G. A. Leishman held in Constantinople the imposing but impotent dignity of an envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from the Government of the United States to that of the Sublime Porte. As ineligible, in that capacity, as an ordinary man to call upon the Commander of the Faithful without an invitation, Mr. Leishman has, for the best part of a year, concentrated his gaze upon the point at which patience ceases to be a virtue. Ill treatment of American citizens within the dominions of the Sultan was growing flagrant. Spoliation of educational and religious institutions supported by American funds throughout the Ottoman Empire proceeded apace. Mr. Leishman intimated to the Sublime Porte that his invitation from Yildiz Kiosk was overdue. He was favored with pessimistic accounts of the health of the Commander of the Faithful. Every suggestion of an interview with Mr. Leishman sent Abdul Hamid to bed. United States officials were refused, as before, their treaty privilege of visiting American captives in Constantinopolitan prisons. One citizen of this republic had been sentenced to death under circumstances that set the terms of a treaty at flat defiance. Mr. Leishman's protest had gone to the Minister of Foreign Affairs weeks before. That functionary had referred matters, it seems, to the Department of Public Worship. Thither the American legation staff repaired for fresh experience of the evasiveness for which the Sultan is famous.

ONE word from Abdul Hamid, Sultan and Khalif, would permit American hospitals, schools and churches to exist undespoiled in Turkey. A nod from Yildiz Kiosk would fa-

cilitate inquiry into the Sublime Porte's denial that certain of its prisoners hold American passports—a denial contradicted by evidence in possession of the United States Government. Evaded in a dozen attempts to gain an audience of the Sultan, referred by the Grand Vizier to the Sheikh-ul-Islam and by the Sheikh-ul-Islam to Abdul-Rahman Pacha, Mr. Leishman spent his days in resisting official instructions through which the Sublime Porte sought to close all American schools that failed to secure permits within an impossibly brief interval. He had likewise to demand the surrender of American prisoners in accordance with the Washington claim that our citizens are by treaty removed altogether from the jurisdiction of native courts. This claim is based upon a covenant made in 1830, but urged in cases of unsparing abuse of power alone, since our Department of State has been imposed upon in the past by men who acquire American citizenship as a bulwark behind which to organize revolution within the dominions of the Turk. The evidence upon which Mr. Leishman based his demand for surrender of a prisoner was, accordingly, carefully scrutinized. The Sublime Porte replied that its prisoner had been made an American citizen without the Sultan's consent. The surrender was not made. Mr. Leishman's answer was curt. A rupture of diplomatic relations was in sight.

**T**IME after time Mr. Leishman has made arrangements to close the United States Legation in Constantinople, to place the official archives under the protection of a friendly power and to quit the capital of the Khalif. He went so far as to refuse to negotiate with the Sublime Porte—the council of ministers, that is to say, constituting the nominal government of Turkey—and to threaten a direct appeal to that Yildiz Kiosk behind the walls of which the secluded Commander of the Faithful conducts the most personal despotism on earth. The menace did not greatly concern the Sublime Porte. Mr. Leishman then, to its dismay and the Sultan's horror—for a dozen diplomatists make Abdul Hamid's life a burden as it is—was elevated by Washington to the rank of ambassador. Audience of the Sultan is not an ambassador's privilege merely. It is his right. Abdul Hamid had pleaded his own poverty when Mr. Leishman's elevation was mooted. The Commander of the Faithful deemed himself too poor to afford an ambassador in Washington. His present representa-

tive in that capital has not received his stipend regularly for months. But the Sultan's resistance was as futile as his real wealth is vast. Some diplomatists at Constantinople supported the Sultan's resistance, it is said. Russian influences and Hohenzollern dynastic influences are suspected in Europe of employing gentle suasion in Washington to secure days of grace for Turkey. But Minister Leishman became Ambassador Leishman none the less. As the personal representative of the President of the United States, he could not be kept out of Yildiz Kiosk forever. To the American Embassy—no longer a despised legation—came Haideddin Bey with his suite and the state coach and the cavalry escort. Mr. Leishman was conveyed magnificently into the presence of a Commander of the Faithful who cannot have wept with joy at sight of him.

**C**ONSTANTINOPLE witnessed Ambassador Leishman's progress from the embassy to Yildiz with amazement. Abdul Hamid's illness, it was inferred at once, must have been exaggerated. Washington awaited Mr. Leishman's report with genuine curiosity. The ambassador's despatch must have reached the Department of State many days ago. Europe is convinced that it tells the old story of evasion. Many an ambassador has preceded Mr. Leishman to that small but richly furnished apartment where the audience is ordinarily had. Abdul Hamid is discovered in the uniform of a Turkish colonel, his gloved hand reposing upon the hilt of a sword. The long and pensive countenance wears its subtle smile. The dark, sad eyes fix themselves intently upon the visitor. That exquisite urbanity which sweetens the Khalif's manner always is said to transform the most suspicious diplomatist into a trusting friend. The custom is for the Sultan to seat himself alone upon a divan. Some few feet away the chief dragoman at Yildiz Kiosk occupies a chair. There is a sofa for the ambassador. Abdul Hamid begins the audience with words of welcome in most musical Turkish. The dragoman interprets. The ambassador answers. The dragoman interprets again. The Commander of the Faithful is believed to understand French perfectly. Some diplomatists suspect him of knowing English well. But in these ambassadorial audiences he sticks to his Turkish and his interpreter—to the subject never. Ambassador Leishman, conjecture the European dailies, got everything at Yildiz Kiosk except satisfaction.

# Persons in the Foreground

## A COMPOSITE PICTURE OF MRS. EDDY



LEVEN newspaper reporters sat in the big reception room at Pleasant View, the home of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy. The hall and the stairway were hid from their sight by curtains and folding-doors. The time was afternoon, the date October 30th.

There came a tap at the folding-door. "She is here," was the announcement. Then, according to one of the reporters (in the *New York Sun*), this is what transpired:

"The folding doors slid back, the curtains lifted—and a stately figure in white stood bowing at the door.

"Stately at first sight, but a very feeble old woman at the second.

"Her skin was dead white, her cheeks sunken, every ounce of spare fat was gone from her face.

"The long, pointed chin characteristic of Mrs. Eddy's face in youth was as beautiful as ever; so, indeed, were the large brown eyes and the long, finely cut nose.

"Over the face rose a mass of perfectly white hair, crowned by a white bonnet, and the woman was enfolded in a huge black velvet and ermine cloak.

"She was grasping the curtains with one hand, and Calvin Frye, her secretary, stood at the other elbow. Both hands were shaking and the head and lower lip constantly trembled a little, as with a slight palsy.

"The effect of her voice was startling. It had a slight senile quiver, but it was deep and level. The combination gave it an unearthly quality. It intensified the feeling—which all the reporters confessed to each other afterward—that this was not a woman, but an apparition."

The picture as described by the other reporters does not vary greatly. "Almost without exception," says the *Boston Traveler*, "the newspaper correspondents were of the opinion that Mrs. Eddy is a very feeble old woman in the last stages of physical and mental decay." "A physical wreck, tottering, pallid, like a vision from beyond the grave," is the description given by the *Boston Journal*. "A decrepit, enfeebled woman of eighty-five, a woman whose physical and mental condition was not what one might expect even at that advanced age," says the *Boston Herald*. The *New York American* says: "Her face showed little change in expression as she greeted her visitors, but she bowed low and with ceremonial precision, reminding one of the en-

trance of a great diva before an audience made up of fashion and wealth."

One more pen-picture—that of the *New York Times*:

"The portière flew back. There was Mrs. Eddy, standing at the foot of the stairs, arrayed in finery suitable for a Marquese. White plumes nodded in her hat, silk ribbons fluttered from her neck. She was as extravagantly dressed as any elderly lady in an English novelette, and she resembled one, too. Her whole costume was so obviously costly that it was in bad taste. People would have stared at her had her carriage driven down Fifth Avenue or through Central Park.

"Mrs. Eddy's cheeks were rouged. There is a hectic flush that sometimes comes with old age, but this color was not in the place where that flush usually appears. It was too high and too far forward. The rest of the face was deathly white, save under the eyes, where there was a rather healthy red color. The white curls were as they have been for many years' past, no whiter, no thinner. In a word, Mrs. Eddy looked healthy, and even tho her cheeks had been touched up a little there was nothing to indicate that this was due to anything but the vanity that had inspired the wearing of such a dress and such a hat on a rainy day.

"It was when Mrs. Eddy sat in her carriage, while the faithful Strang wrapped rugs about her and placed footstools under the feet, that the palsy was most noticeable. She reached for a ribbon that hung from her throat and could not get hold of it; her fingers drummed ceaselessly on the rug or on her garments; she motioned with wavering hands to have the door closed, and finally, muff on lap, she set herself primly in repose, but still the wrinkled, white-gloved hands shook perceptibly."

This visit of reporters, and this detailed description of an old woman's personal appearance, which would seem in another case in very bad taste, were occasioned by a long article appearing a few days previous in the *New York World*, describing Mrs. Eddy as dying of cancer, too feeble even to stand except under the influence of a galvanic battery, and daily impersonated in her carriage by a Mrs. Leonard. The article was apparently of the "fake" character for which *The World* long ago became notorious, but it stimulated curiosity and led to this brief public appearance of the leader of Christian Science—the last, probably, that will ever be given. Commenting editorially on this appearance, the *Chicago Evening Post* remarks:



"How many persons of eighty-five could have conducted themselves as Mrs. Eddy did during this trying newspaper inquisition? To attain such an age, to carry it gracefully, to be able to go for a drive daily, to walk with a 'stately, languid grace,' usually means to have lived a clean and wholesome life. Such a life unquestionably has been that of Mrs. Eddy. . . . Physically she shows the ordinary marks of age; mentally she appears to be as young and as strong as ever. One does not need to subscribe to her teaching to see in her a woman of extraordinary force of character, a woman who has followed her ideal of what life should be, a woman who has earned the respect that all right-minded people pay to old age."

The story of Mrs. Eddy's life yet remains to be told in anything like an adequate manner. Her autobiography, entitled "Retrospection and Introspection," published in 1891, gives us nothing whatever of intimate personal revelation. Here is an instance of the meager way in which important personal affairs are dismissed in a few unrevealing words:

"My second marriage was very unfortunate, and from it I was compelled to ask for a bill of divorce, which was granted me in the City of Salem, Massachusetts."

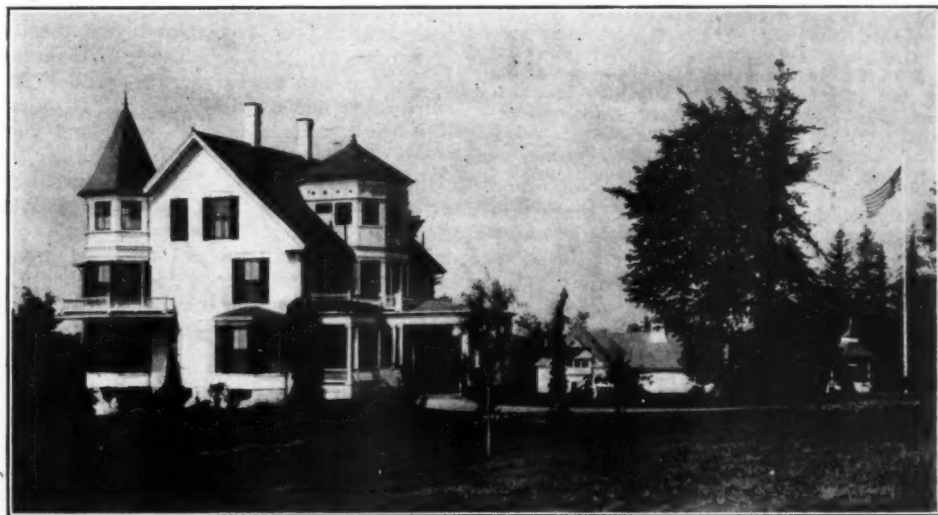
That is all about that, and there is but little more than one page of dispassionate writing to tell how her little son was sent away from her when but four years of age to be taken care of by a nurse, and how, after her second marriage, a plot was consummated to keep

her and her child apart. "Every means within my power," she writes, "was employed to find him, but without success. We never met again until he had reached the age of thirty-four, had a wife and two children, and by a strange providence had learned that his mother still lived and came to see me in Massachusetts."

Think of the tragedy such an event must mean to a mother! As told in this book it seems like a mere incident, dismissed in less than 400 words, and having no special effect upon her life or character. Her attitude toward such events is illustrated in the following observation:

"Mere historic incidents and personal events are frivolous and of no moment, unless they illustrate the ethics of Truth. To this end, but only to this end, such narrations may be admissible and advisable; but if spiritual conclusions are separated from their premises, the *nexus* is lost, and the argument, with its rightful conclusions, becomes correspondingly obscure. The human history needs to be revised, and the material record expunged."

Numerous biographical sketches have been written of Mrs. Eddy, but they are equally unilluminating. One of them, purporting to be by Hon. Henry Robinson, ex-mayor and postmaster of Concord, published in pamphlet form, is simply a rehash of Mrs. Eddy's own meager tale, using the same words and phrases for the most part. Another sketch appears in "The Bibliophile Library of Literature, Art and



THE MECCA OF EIGHTY THOUSAND CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS

This is Pleasant View, the home of Mrs. Eddy, whom some of her devotees call—and "not without reason," says Elbert Hubbard—"the Queen of the World."

Rare Manuscripts" (Vol. XXVIII), written by W. D. McCrackan, now first reader of the "Mother Church" in Boston. Mr. McCrackan is a man of some literary ability, but he prefers to give us a eulogy rather than a biography. The incident of the separation of Mrs. Eddy and her boy elicits from his pen just four and one-half lines—no more. Evidently he agrees with Mrs. Eddy that "mere historic incidents and personal events are frivolous and of no moment unless they illustrate the ethics of Truth."

But it seems that for two years the staff of *McClure's Magazine* has been engaged in gathering material for a complete biography of Mrs. Eddy, and the first instalment, in the form of an editorial introduction, appears in the December number.

Born in 1821, in Bow, N. H., Mrs. Eddy was fifty-four when the first Christian Science organization was formed in Lynn by ten or a dozen disciples who pledged in all ten dollars a week for its support. In the thirty-one years since then she has become "one of the richest women in the United States," and "the most powerful." Says the writer in *McClure's*:

"If she is genuine in her professions, as her followers ardently believe, she is one of the great of the world; if she is a charlatan, as the enemies of Christian Science maintain, she is the queen of charlatanry. The devotees of Christian Science have printed whole libraries in her praise; the enemies of Christian Science have written even more in ridicule of her contentions and in detraction of her career. She has led a wonderful life, this old woman of power and mystery. It is shot, illumined, with romance. The very fact that she, the daughter of a poor farmer, and an unknown dependent at fifty-five, has become rich and great in the nation at eighty-five—that alone is a romance. Yet there exists no impartial story of this life and of the cult into which it has flowered.

"Wilful, ungoverned, and dominant in her youth, she became all-dominating in her age. Her associates in the early years of the Church have told how nothing could stand against her when her blood was up; how she overmastered everyone. They have testified, further, to her persuasive sweetness and to the inspiration of her presence when things were going well between them. 'After I left her I seemed to be walking on air,' wrote an unbeliever who met her in the time when she was founding her church. Others talk of her extraordinary physical beauty, 'which seemed illumined from within.' She has not only blazing will, but persistence—will to beat down the temporary obstacle, persistence to clear away the wreckage of a cause and begin rebuilding. Three times she has been beaten to the earth; each time she has arisen and triumphed.

"These are only the main facets in a character which shines with all the angles of genius. She has other traits, more subtle. There is the mystic quality which shows in her obscure writings and

still more in the genuine fears of 'mental influence,' which haunted her nights during the period when she and her leading student had their historic quarrel. There are feminine hesitations and inconsistencies at variance with her real strength, unaccountable attachments, strong aversions. Above all this, there seems to reign a kind of megalomania—a thirst for great achievements and for great glory.

"Perhaps these are only surface qualities in the character of a woman whose deepest motives must always remain a mystery. Those who are nearest her and most competent to know are silent or silenced; those in the next stratum of her acquaintance believe in her as holy, and cannot see her truly for the glamor with which they have surrounded her. For altho the church, and most of all its head, denies that she is claiming divinity, the more enthusiastic and less orthodox members are in the process of making her, if not a prophetess, at least a saint."

Mrs. Eddy, we are told, had a "strange hysterical childhood" and an equally strange youth. The story leads through phases of clairvoyance and vague mysticism. All the world knows that she was married three times, but it has not known that "once the husband of Mrs. Eddy was arrested, charged with plotting to murder one of her rebellious students in Christian Science." The case was brought into court, but was dropped after "a mass of strange evidence" had been elicited.

While waiting for the further unfolding of this story in *McClure's*, we may take a glance at Elbert Hubbard's "Little Journey to the Home of Mary Baker Eddy," published in *The Philistine* last July. Mr. Hubbard does not underestimate the value of personal details. Indeed, he has been known to invent them at times when the artistic demand for them was strong and the supply meager. His "Little Journey" is replete with detail and is written in a sympathetic tone. "A great and noble personality," he quotes Senator Gallinger as saying of her, and Mr. Hubbard himself describes her as "the most successful and the greatest woman in the world to-day." But unfortunately Mr. Hubbard does not appear to have had more than a fleeting glimpse of her. That glimpse, a few months ago, produced the following impression on his mind:

"I stood with six others on the lawn when the driver stopped the carriage with the big brown horses at the south door of Pleasant View. On the minute the door opened and Mrs. Eddy walked down the steps, unattended, and with no hand on the railing. Mrs. Eddy's step is light, her form erect—a slender, handsome, queenly woman.

"She is fifty, you would say. The fact is she was born in 1821, and altho she keeps no birthdays, she might have kept eighty-five of them. Her face shows experience, but not age. The corners of her mouth do not turn down. Her eyes



Courtesy of McClure's Magazine.

*Mary Baker Eddy*

This picture of Mrs. Eddy was made in 1882. Subsequent photographs, it is said, have been extensively retouched. At this time, those who met her spoke of her extraordinary physical beauty," as well as of her indomitable will and persistence. "Three times she has been beaten to the earth, says a recent writer, each time she has arisen and triumphed. She has led a wonderful life, this old woman of power and mystery. It is short, illumined with romance. If she is genuine in her professions, she is one of the great of the world; if she is a charlatan, she is the queen of charlatanry."

are not dimmed nor her face wrinkled. She was dressed all in white satin and looked like a girl going to a ball. Her hat was a milliner's dream; her gloves came to the elbow and were becomingly wrinkled; her form is the form of Bernhardt; the rich embroidered white cloak carried carelessly on her arm cost eight hundred dollars.

"Drays pulled in to the curb, automobiles stopped, people stood on the street corners, and some—the pilgrims—uncovered. Mrs. Eddy sat back in the carriage, holding in her white-gloved hands a big spray of apple blossoms, the same half smile of satisfaction on her face—the smile of Pope Leo XIII.

"The woman is a veritable queen, and some of her devotees, not without reason, call her The Queen of the World."

Other details Mr. Hubbard gives us are to the effect that Mrs. Eddy pays her coachman fifty dollars a week, and her cook and other servants in proportion. She never answers the telephone. She goes to bed with the birds and rises with the dawn. At five in the morning she works in her garden or walks alone across the fields. She knows her horses and cows and sheep by name, but she does not like dogs or cats. She calls her servants "my helpers" and they go to her at will to tell their troubles.

On November 4th and 5th, the New York *World* devoted several pages to another "exposé" of Mrs. Eddy. It relates to the writing of "Science and Health," her book, and consists chiefly of the publication of an alleged confession by Rev. J. Henry Wiggin, of Boston, as to his part in the preparation of the book. If this exposé is another "fake" it is an exceedingly clever one. Mr. Wiggin was a literary adviser with an office in the old Boston Music Hall. He died a number of years ago, but this confession, it is said, was made in 1899 in a series of interviews with his friend Livingstone Wright, who put it into manuscript in 1901. It has never before been published, but the manuscript was shown to Mark Twain in 1903, who wrote a letter to Mr. Wright expressing his opinion that it was "convincingly strong," and expressing surprise that it had not been published before. Now it appears for the first time.

The sum and substance of it all is that Mr. Wiggin was engaged to revise the manuscript for the sixteenth edition of "Science and Health" late in August, 1885." He found the manuscript in a frightfully bad condition. He is represented as saying:

"Well, I was staggered! Of all the dissertations a literary helper ever inspected, I do not believe one ever saw a treatise to surpass this. The misspelling, capitalization and punctuation were dreadful, but those things were not the things that feazed me. It was the thought and

the general elemental arrangement of the work. There were passages that flatly and absolutely contradicted things that had preceded, and scattered all through were incorrect references to historical and philosophical matters."

In addition to rewriting the whole work, Mr. Wiggin added one chapter entitled "Way-side Hints," which was first used by Mrs. Eddy as a sermon, afterward incorporated in her book and then in later editions dropped out entirely. According to W. G. Nixon, of 15 Court Square, Boston, for four years the publisher of "Science and Health," Mr. Wiggin continued to revise Mrs. Eddy's work until 1891, and to him was due whatever style or literary polish is to be found in the book, "for Mrs. Eddy certainly had no education requisite to the writing of a book even in ordinary English."

On this point of Mrs. Eddy's education, Mr. McCrackan, in the sketch previously referred to, declares that Mrs. Eddy had an education exceptional for a girl of her period. "She was a pupil of Mrs. Sarah J. Bodwell, the principal of Sanbornton Academy, and finished her course of studies under Prof. Dyer H. Sanborn, author of 'Sanborn's Grammar.'" Mr. McCrackan also declares that "as long ago as the forties of the century just past"—no more specific date is furnished—the Rev. Albert Case, then editor of *The Odd Fellows' Magazine*, offered Mrs. Eddy a yearly salary of \$3,000 to become a regular contributor to his periodicals. Mrs. Eddy herself says (in "Retrospection and Introspection," p. 20) that at ten years she was "as familiar with Lindley Murray's Grammar as with the Westminster Catechism," and the latter she had to repeat every Sunday. She received lessons from her brother Albert in Hebrew, Greek and Latin; but:

"After my discovery of Christian Science most of the knowledge I had gleaned from school-books vanished like a dream. Learning was so illumined that grammar was eclipsed."

Not only is Mrs. Eddy's authorship of "Science and Health" disputed as regards its literary form, but the philosophy of Christian Science, it is claimed, was obtained from Dr. Quimby, a magnetic healer, whose patient and pupil she was at one time, and who, according to Rev. Dr. J. D. Burrell, obtained his ideas in turn from one Andrew Jackson Davis, a Poughkeepsie spiritualist and clairvoyant, whose "ponderous volumes," published in the early forties, were declared by Theodore Parker to be "the literary marvel of the nineteenth century."



## THE CHOICEST LIVING EXAMPLE OF A ROYAL GENTLEMAN



IN the sense in which Shakespeare put a splendid dramatic genius into the melancholy of Hamlet, in the sense in which Napoleon put a splendid military genius into snatching victory from defeat at Marengo, the reigning British sovereign may be said to put a splendid social genius into being a perfect gentleman. As in Cleopatra's case, we think chiefly of the blandishments of the woman, her vivacious wiles, the spell of her grace and beauty, and only incidentally remember that she was likewise Queen of Egypt, so, in the case of the present head of the house of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the fineness of the personal qualities combining in this choicest living example of a royal gentleman entrances the English mind into almost forgetting that he is likewise his Majesty Edward VII, "by the grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British dominions beyond the seas, King, Defender of the Faith."

This note of good breeding imparts its tone to the reign of the seventh Edward most humanly, perhaps, at Windsor Castle, whenever the restless court of the sovereign halts there for repose. Life at this royal residence was somber, silent, even Puritanical, in Queen Victoria's day. A widow's weeds subdued all but the fiery liveries of the two Indian men servants majestically erect behind the chair of her Majesty whenever she took her tea. The pomp of a state dinner at Windsor had become as extinct as the dodo in the years during which Queen Victoria lived in almost unbroken seclusion after the death of the Prince Consort. Only a taste as flawless as the King's could have lent a becoming gravity to the transition from a reign which had seen the coming and going of forty years without one opening of Parliament in full state to the present era of ceremonial color and precision. The stateliness of life at Windsor is dazzling, says Prof. Arminius Vambery, who has been the King's guest more than once, but it is a soulful pomp, without that weight of grandeur which arranged ladies and gentlemen in lines and half-circles when Louis XIV shone at Versailles. King Edward's guests come to dinner at Windsor in resplendant uniforms, to be sure, unless civilians are of the company. In that event, evening dress, knee-breeches and "decorations" are prescribed for all the men save soldiers. At half-past eight guests are presumed to have assembled in one of the

salons off the dining-hall. The gold-stick in waiting and his Majesty's master of ceremonies, when they attend, are in prescribed gold lace with jeweled swords. There is always a functionary—whether captain of the gentlemen-at-arms or the keeper of the privy purse, or a simple equerry—to tend the staring hue of some official coat to color effects in ivory satin when titled ladies appear in embroidered chiffon showered with opal paillettes or in pale tulle embroidered with silver. But whether the swathed bodice be draped in Venetian lace caught in twists of velvet, or the manly bosom be afire with whole series of rhythmically behued ribbons, the stiffness and the swagger of upstart courts are missed.

Conversation ceases when one of the gold-sticks announces the coming of the King. The ladies range themselves on the right, the gentlemen on the left. The court marshal says simply: "Their Majesties!" High doors at the upper end of the salon gape wide. Edward VII emerges with the Queen at his side. The royal dame bows right and left, smiling, extending a hand to a few of the favored. King Edward's black coat is relieved with purple and red at lapels and sleeve ends only—or so it was when Professor Vambery was commanded to the castle. The eminent Hungarian had been disconcerted by the prescribed knee-breeches. He has a withered limb. But the King exempted the professor from the sartorial canon, for etiquette is not with Edward VII a thing absolute of which he is himself, after the fashion of Louis XIV, high priest and inspiration.

When another pair of portals had opened wide, when the monarchs and their guests had seated themselves, the dining table, as Professor Vambery describes it in the *Pesther Lloyd*, became so poetical a piece that its features could be structurally analyzed like those of a sonnet. The turtle-shaped salt-cellars, the flower vases—whence perfume hit the sense like zephyrs from a mead—the ewers, the knives, the soup tureens and the oyster-forks were all of solid gold. Not less than thrice was the service of gold plate changed as the dinner proceeded. Many a year has the eminent professor spent in Oriental lands, marveling at the pomp of despots in the East. Often has he dined from plates of purest gold in the Merasim Kiosk of the Sultan Abdul Medschid; but, says he, all this was tawdry to the burnished brilliance of the British King's

most unregarded nut-pick. To the strains of Bizet's pastoral a corps of voiceless lackeys placed mutton cutlets on precious metal. When the hock came up, Gounod's "Le Soir" was ravishing the ear. Not once did his Majesty so much as sip any of his priceless wines. Conversation was unrestrained, literature, art, travel and some science, but no politics, comprising its themes. His Majesty listens well, joins in the laugh when a good story is told and sometimes has an anecdote himself. At the conclusion of the meal the King rises—the ladies at this quit the scene—and goes to a small salon near by to be alone with his cigar. The men remain to talk until, one by one, they are bidden to the royal presence. King Edward is discovered smoking and sipping lemonade or soda-water. Alcoholic stimulants he has almost forsworn. Conversation starts afresh and it is long after midnight before the last diner ascends to bed. An invitation to the castle usually implies a night under its roof.

In the selection of his personal guests, the King of England, observes Professor Vambery, absolutely ignores such adventitious circumstances as social position, difference of religious creed or the possession of wealth. The impecunious man of letters or of learning, the musician, the artist, the merchant and the proudest peer in the realm can dine together at his Majesty's table in the capacity of gentlemen who are the guests of a gentleman like themselves. There is no constraint whatever in his presence. His love of ideas as ideas, his knowledge of the theory of music as distinguished from its practise, and his familiarity with the best writers of English prose and verse indicate to Professor Vambery that King Edward, with whom the professor became personally acquainted before his Majesty ascended the throne, is a true scion of the house of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The princes of that house have ever inclined to art, to science and to literature. Rarely have they sought power in the Senate or on the battle-field. King Edward's own personal gifts are so distinctly social that he is at his best when conducting a party of guests through the famous Vandyke gallery of the castle. Professor Vambery's impressions of one such occasion remain ineffaceable. King Edward stopped before the canvas on which the artist has rendered Charles I and his Queen so youthfully mature and pointed out Henrietta Maria nursing the baby, while a little Prince of Wales stands shyly by. Not a detail but had its historical signifi-

cance for the reigning King of England as he indicated some salient effect in Vandyke's realization of the monarch who lost his head. For two hours the King conducted the party from hall to hall, speaking in lively fashion all the while, showing, thinks Professor Vambery, a connoisseur's knowledge of the treasures on every side. King Edward has inherited the distinctness of voice and the musical intonation for which his mother was admired. Here was an ideal opportunity to note the circumstance, as Edward VII descanted upon the merit of Dobson's portrait of James, Duke of York, or dwelt with enthusiasm upon the rarities in the castle collection of porcelains.

In a variety of ways, and more than any other monarch who ever held sway, has his Majesty, declares Lady Jeune, in one of her studies of King Edward as a social leader, broken down the barriers which in a former age made English society exclusion itself. The King will not have English society broken up into coteries like those of France. He will not fashion a court outside the pale of which there shall be no society at all, as is the case in Russia, in Austria and in Germany. Nor will he countenance a clique of the extremely rich refusing social recognition to human worth in any form and thus toning society to the imperial Roman pitch affected in some parts of the United States. For Edward VII insists upon being pervasive throughout England's entire social life. All kinds of human distinction in the British Isles, scientific, literary, clerical, and even histrionic, receive the stimulus of royal recognition. Thus literature has its knights like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (what would Dr. Johnson have said to a Sir Oliver Goldsmith?); medicine has its knights like Sir Frederick Treves (imagine Charles I bestowing a title upon the physician who discovered the circulation of the blood!); and even the stage was given its Sir Henry Irving by the great-grandson of a monarch to whom a Sir David Garrick would have signified the world upside down. Only a social genius as brilliant as King Edward's could in this fashion have laid the foundation and have reared the superstructure of the most ambitious edifice in which the highest society ever revealed how agreeable it can be.

Edward's governance of his devoted aristocracy is symbolized by his own white hat with its black band and by the gray frock coats with which London society is so familiar. These things proclaim the simplicity of the perfect gentleman he is and he remains every inch a



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

#### THE PRESENT HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA

His Majesty Edward VII "of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British dominions beyond the seas, King, Defender of the Faith," is personally the most popular sovereign in the world. He is the undisputed despot of English society. He is ruler of the British turf. His influence in world politics is perhaps greater than that of any one other individual alive.

king in a plain sack suit, double breasted, with derby hat, swinging the stick in one hand, carrying an unlighted cigar for an hour in the other, the only visible jewelry being the familiar ring on the little finger of the right hand. Such is the attire in which his Majesty seems most at ease. The pointed beard has grown white, the hair on the crown of the head is scant, the countenance healthily florid, the person portly. In this aspect, the monarch is merely a country gentleman with a passion for sport. At the Sandringham estate, where pomp of power is not, thrive the well-stocked coverts with their flights of partridges and their flocks of pheasants, their falls of woodcock and their walks of snipe. Nearly opposite the Norwich gates on the Sandringham estate is the "avenue wood" and there the King, in dun brown or gray cap and knee-breeches, goes forth to slaughter. The King is considered a good shot. On a holiday the inhabitants, including school-children from the villages near by, flock to view the sport.

The King's Christmas is now usually spent at Sandringham in homelike fashion. The ball-room has its tree upon which hang the presents for his Majesty's grandchildren and for every member of the household to the humblest governess. There is no elaboration of entertainment. Quantities of beef are distributed to the workpeople and cottagers on the estate, the head of each household receiving a splendid joint with the King's compliments. At the service in Sandringham church on Christmas morning every member of the King's family down to the youngest child of the Prince of Wales is expected to attend. No member of the household fails to put in an appearance without risk of the royal displeasure. In the evening the King with his family eats his Christmas dinner, saying grace himself before and after meat.

The racing season finds Edward VII most conscientious in his patronage of the turf. The grand stand at Epsom is surmounted year after year by the royal standard. The example set by his Majesty of wearing a light summer frock suit at the Derby has modified English male turf attire profoundly. The King has been in one year's Derby lists with as many as five colts bred at Sandringham. At the royal Ascot the state procession from Windsor Castle—most quaintly picturesque of visions out of merry England—streams up with its postillions in red and purple liveries in a cavalcade of which Edward VII is delighted to form the center. The King's stables are at Sandring-

ham, where the memory of that world-famous mare, *Perdita II*, is affectionately cherished. In the surgery of the stables is also treasured the telegram despatched by Lord Roberts in the name of the army in South Africa during the progress of the battle of Brandfort, congratulating his Majesty upon the famous victory of Diamond Jubilee. For all England knows that the royal stud is maintained to secure the pre-eminence of the British thoroughbred, and that Edward VII is the most generous sportsman of the age.

In Buckingham Palace are borne the purely pompous loads of the kingly office. Swaying thither comes that ancient structure of gilt and glass and painted panel, the state coach, drawn by its mediævally harnessed cream-colored steeds, each attended by its walking groom. The King's most excellent Majesty is graciously pleased to open Parliament in state. Smiling, yet dignified, the sovereign issues from the palace in field-marshal's uniform. Hours before the King leaves Buckingham for Westminster, the stretch of roadway is lined by cheering Britons. Through gorgeous confusion the King rides to the base of the Victoria Tower, where captains of cavalry and majors in the foot guards race back and forth among peeresses alighting prettily in velvet mantles bordered with pure white fur. Up the staircase to the robing room moves the long procession, headed by a rank of pursuivants with fine old Norman titles—*rouge croix*, *portcullis*, *blue mantle*, *red dragon*. The lord president of the council stalks slowly with the sword of state. Norroy, king of arms, is no sooner by than the gilt mace, sloped across a shoulder silked in black, introduces the lord chancellor. Surrounded by such magnificence, never extinguished by it, Edward VII walks firmly and straight, with perfect beauty of manner. In the robing room, his Majesty dons the ermine. The pages support the train. The crown is borne on a silk cushion by the lord privy seal. The cap of maintenance is carried immediately before his Majesty. To doff and don, in the presence of a company of England's best and greatest, whose eyes watch every movement, his chasuble-shaped dalmatic robe of four breadths of yellow cloth of gold, his cap of crimson velvet turned up with ermine, his armilla fringed with gold bullion and the dozen other insignia of his regality, seems never disconcerting to the perfect poise of the monarch. Brought up at the rear by the plumed gentlemen-at-arms, marked by the clash of halberds when the yeomen of the guard





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**"THE POWER OF CLEAR STATEMENT IS THE GREATEST POWER AT THE BAR"**

That rule was adopted early in his professional life by William H. Moody. It has done much to make him, as Attorney General, the most efficient "counsel of the American people" seen in that office of late years, and to give potency to his crusade against great combinations of capital conducted in disregard of law. To it he owes, in great measure, his coming promotion to a seat in the United States Supreme Court.

appear, announced by trumpeters from the door of the robing room, the procession ad-

vances into the House of Lords. Another London season has begun.

## THE NEXT MEMBER OF THE SUPREME COURT



HERE is one objection to the appointment of William H. Moody to the Supreme Court of the United States. He has been so active an Attorney-General that he will find himself unable, during the next few years, to sit with propriety in a number of cases that come before the court, because he has already figured as prosecutor in those cases. They are the cases against railroads and against trusts, and their name is legion. The latest and most sensational of all is his suit to dissolve the Standard Oil Company, announcement of which brought the market value of its stock down seventy-two points in one week. For Mr. Moody has been a very strenuous Attorney-General. "He not only bears a strong physical resemblance to President Roosevelt," says a recent writer, "but has very much the same strenuous manner."

The judicial robe which he will soon put on will drape a sturdy, stocky, broad-shouldered figure that was not so many, many years ago clad in the garb of a member of the Harvard baseball team. He still has a love for outdoor life, but he takes it out now in long tramps and in horseback rides rather than in wielding the willow and running bases. But for years after he graduated he kept up his baseball enthusiasm and became head of the New England Baseball League. But his brain was as strenuous as his muscles. After but eighteen months' study of the law he applied for admission to the bar of Essex County, Massachusetts. "How long have you studied?" was the first question. When he told the committee, it demurred and refused at first to examine him until he had studied three years. He insisted, and the examination proceeded. Mr. Isaac F. Marcossion (from whose article in *World's Work* most of our material for this article was obtained), says: "His knowledge of law amazed the committee. He was the best prepared student who had ever applied, and his performance at that examination has become a tradition of the Massachusetts Bar."

He opened an office in Haverhill, and his fees the first month were \$6.85. He became district attorney later on and at the age of

thirty-five was known as "the best district attorney in the State." When the Congressman from his district died, Moody was the unanimous choice as successor. He served for four terms and, we are told, displayed prodigious capacity for digesting vast quantities of evidence in a short time. He was a member of the very important Appropriations Committee when Cannon was chairman, and one day, when a vexatious claim was pending, Mr. Cannon rushed up to him with a document of 900 pages on the subject, saying: "Here, Moody, take up this fight." He took it up, says Mr. Marcossion, mastered the case overnight and debated it brilliantly the next day.

He was a party man, yet when the House committee reported in favor of ousting the one Democratic member of the Illinois delegation, Moody, a life-long Republican, fought against the report and the Democrat was seated.

His career as Secretary of the Navy began in 1902. He found that a large part of the Secretary's time was taken up in personally signing all orders affecting the transfer and assignment of officers. "I can't spend the whole day signing documents," he said, and he issued instructions that no orders but those affecting captains and rear-admirals be referred to him. "But precedent is against this," said old-timers. His answer was: "Never mind precedent; service is the thing"—a pretty good answer for a lawyer and a future judge.

After two years service as Secretary of the Navy he became Attorney-General in 1904, and his activity in enforcing the laws against rebates and against trusts has made unlimited "copy" for the press of the country, especially during the last few months.

His home is still in Haverhill and his neighbors still call him "Bill." His favorite room in the large colonial house which is his home is the library, and he discusses history and biography as one familiar with them. He knows his Kipling, Stevenson, Balzac and Thackeray. But he has a rule about buying books that if followed generally would wreck most of the publishing houses in a short time. "I never buy a book until I have read it," he says.

# Literature and Art

## THE INFLUENCE OF LIQUOR ON LITERARY PRODUCTION



GERMAN poet and medical student, Dr. F. van Vleuten, has lately been conducting an inquiry among the leading writers of Germany as to how far their literary productivity is influenced by liquor. This question is one of world-wide interest, but has peculiar significance in Germany. For among the Germans, more than among any other people, the Anacreontic spirit has always prevailed. Next to love, it is wine that has been most often celebrated in German poetry. Lessing embodied this spirit in one of his epigrams:

Whether I shall live to-morrow  
That I cannot tell.  
But, that if I live to-morrow,  
I shall drink again to-morrow,  
That I know full well.

Germany, it may be added, is the greatest beer consumer and one of the greatest wine producers of the nations of the world. Among the German students a man is not held valiant unless he can drink down his fellow, and the man who can drink most receives honors which American college boys are wont to bestow only upon the heroes of the football field. Such, at least, was, and still largely is, the sentiment even among men of culture. Lately, however, a strong reaction has set in, and even total abstinence finds its advocates among the younger generation.

It is in accordance with this new movement that Dr. van Vleuten's inquiry has been undertaken. He addressed to one hundred and fifty eminent German writers the following questions:

1. Do you regularly take alcohol in any form before productive work; if so, what effect do you ascribe to this practise?
2. If you do not take alcohol regularly, but have taken it incidentally before working, have you then noticed an increase or a decrease in your productivity?
3. What are your views on alcohol in general, and on the reciprocal action between alcohol and literature in particular?

The results of the inquiry are published in the *Literarische Echo* (Berlin). It seems that one hundred and fifteen authors replied. Of these fully ninety per cent. declare that they avoid all alcoholic drinks before work, but that in their hours of recreation they find a

glass of wine or beer stimulating and refreshing. It is significant that the older men are inclined to regard a moderate indulgence in liquors, even during working hours, as comparatively harmless whereas among the younger men a tendency toward total abstinence is evident.

Peter Rosegger, the well-known Austrian novelist, writes that a glass of light red wine, which he has been in the habit of taking every day, in no way reacts upon his productivity. "When, as sometimes happens, I take two glasses," he says, "the immediate effect is that work comes easier to me, and my spirits are high. My general experience makes me inclined to oppose the use of alcohol. But perhaps I am not justified in taking this point of view, as I personally have always found a glass of 'Tyrolean' essential to my health and welfare." Paul Heyse, the celebrated short-story writer and dramatist, says that he never takes wine to stimulate his poetic productivity, and that his use of alcohol is limited to half a glass of wine with water for dinner and half a bottle of beer at night. Adolph Wilbrandt, dramatist and novelist, replies with laconic briefness: "I drink wine, I also drink beer, because they increase my joy of living and intensify my emotions; but I never take a drop of liquor in any form before work." Johannes Trojan, a poet who has often sung in praise of wine, makes several important distinctions: "It sometimes happens when I do my work at home that I drink a glass of wine in business hours, but it has been my invariable experience that this reacts unfavorably upon my productivity. It may, however, occur that when I am under obligation to finish a certain piece of work at a certain hour, and I am exhausted, a glass of wine helps me to be ready in time. This is true, however, only when the task before me is to elaborate a plan that is already completed in my mind, and no demand is made upon the powers of imagination." The poet Rudolph Presber says that for a time he became a teetotaler, but that the work he produced during that period seems dryer than his other work, and that he has been reconverted to drinking wine. On the other hand, Richard Dehmel, who is pronounced the greatest living German poet of the modern school, remarks:

"I have attempted several times to write poetry under the influence of liquor, but the next morning it appeared to be mere word-play, monstrous fancies or confused unconscious reminiscences." Herr Dehmel has now become a total abstainer and a vegetarian.

In connection with the last-quoted opinion, it is interesting to note that the poetry of our own greatest imaginative genius, Edgar Allan Poe, possesses in a marked degree the three

qualities attributed by Herr Dehmel to the influence of liquor. It is also interesting to speculate what his unique talents might have achieved if he had not been a slave to drink. And, drawing even wider inferences, it becomes a fascinating theme for inquiry how far the whole complexion of the world's literature would have been changed, for better or for worse, if the stimulus of liquor had been removed from this planet.

### A MASTERPIECE THAT WAS NEVER PUBLISHED



HE record of the last days of that eminent Englishman, Sir Richard Burton, yields a story than which, it has been said, "there is none more pathetic in the history of literature." Sir Richard was one of the most picturesque figures of his age. He was ethnologist and anthropologist, writer and traveler. He visited the plains of the Indus, the slopes of the Blue Mountains, and the mephitic swamps of Eastern Africa. He worshiped at Mecca and Salt Lake City. He translated "The Arabian

Nights." He was absorbed in elucidating the dim mysteries of the East, and he planned as the crowning work of his life a closely annotated translation of a rare and strange Oriental manuscript entitled "The Scented Garden."

"The Scented Garden," as we learn from a newly published biography\* of Burton, by Thomas Wright, was the work of a learned Arab sheik and physician named Najzâwi. It was probably written about the year 1431, and is at once religious and erotic in subject-matter. Moslems would see nothing incongruous in the combination. Indeed, Najzâwi praises Allah for amorous pleasures just as other writers have offered thanks for a plentiful harvest or an iridescent sunset. His imagination dwells on the houris promised to the faithful after death, and he says that "their pleasures are part of the delights of Paradise awarded by Allah as a foretaste of what is waiting for us, namely, delights a thousand times superior, and above which only the sight of the Benevolent is to be placed." The book is divided into twenty-one chapters. It contains stories of a Rabelaisian type, descriptions of "Praiseworthy Men" and "Praiseworthy Women," interpretations of dreams, medical recipes and lists of aphrodisiacs. One chapter treats of the dark history of "homogenic" love.

Now all Sir Richard's friends agree in describing him as a man of high motive and almost ascetic habits. His interest in Oriental sex-lore was scientific and academic. But several of his associates, and, in particular, his wife, were seriously perturbed by his increasing preoccupation with what they regarded as "morbid" subjects. They tried to dissuade him from translating "The Scented Garden." They



LADY BURTON

Who thought that she could best honor the memory of her illustrious husband by burning the manuscript of his "masterpiece."

\*THE LIFE OF SIR RICHARD BURTON. Two volumes. By Thomas Wright. G. P. Putnam's Sons.



only succeeded, however, in stimulating him to further effort.

Sir Richard was seventy years old, and in frail health. During the period we are describing, he was living with his wife in Trieste. He took long journeys to Tunis and Algiers for the purpose of conducting exhaustive researches among the ancient manuscripts. He paid large sums to copyists. He was working with a feverish energy and beyond his strength. According to Mr. Wright's account:

"At no work that he had ever written did Sir Richard labor so sedulously as at 'The Scented Garden.' Altho in feeble health and sadly emaciated, he rose daily at half-past five, and slaved at it almost incessantly till dusk, begrudging himself the hour or two required for meals and exercise. The only luxury he allowed himself while upon his laborious task was 'a sip of whisky,' but so engrossed was he with his work that he forgot even that. One day, as he and his doctor were walking in the garden, he stopped suddenly and said: 'I have put my whole life and all my life-blood into that "Scented Garden," and it is my great hope that I shall live by it. It is the crown of my life.'

"Has it ever occurred to you, Sir Richard," inquired the doctor, 'that in the event of your death the manuscript might be burnt? Indeed, I think it not improbable.'

"The old man turned to the speaker his worn face and sunken eyes and said, with excitement, 'Do you think so? Then I will at once write to my friend Arbutnot and tell him that in the event of my death the manuscript is to be his.'

"He wrote the letter the same day."

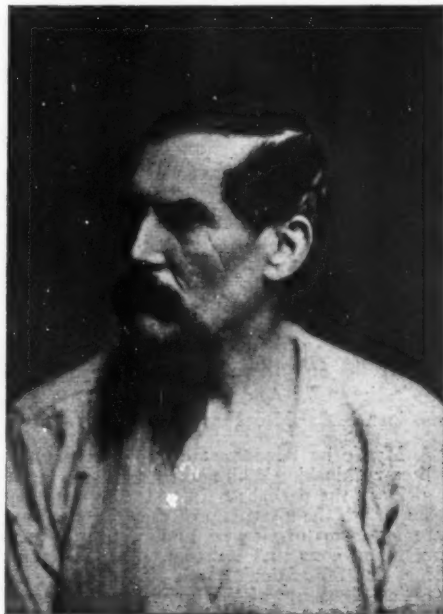
Sir Richard was becoming daily weaker, but he kept at the book until the very end. Before he died, he had the satisfaction of handling a "fair copy" of the first twenty chapters of the work and of preparing them for the printer.

For sixteen days after his death Lady Burton remained in the house examining and classifying his manuscripts and packing up his books. She was a timid and rather conservative lady, a Roman Catholic in religion, and she seems to have suffered much agony of mind when brought into contact with her husband's strange documents. As Mr. Wright tells the story:

"Her mind was uneasy about 'The Scented Garden,' and she took out the manuscript to examine it. Of the character of the work she had some idea, tho her husband had not allowed her to read it. Fifteen hundred persons had promised subscriptions; and she had also received an offer of six thousand guineas for it from a publisher. She laid the manuscript on the floor, 'two large volumes worth.' When she opened it she was perfectly bewildered and horrified. The text alone would have staggered her, but Burton had trebled the size of the book with notes of a certain character."

Then a strange thing happened. To her dying day Lady Burton maintained that, at this juncture, the spirit of her husband appeared before her three times, and bade her burn the manuscript. "Her excitement," says Mr. Wright, "passed away, and a holy joy irradiated her soul. She took up the manuscript, and then sorrowfully, reverently, and in fear and trembling, she *burnt it, sheet after sheet*, until the whole was consumed. As each leaf was licked up by the fire, it seemed to her that 'a fresh ray of light and peace' transfused the soul of her beloved husband." It is significant, however, that when a friend entered the library a few hours later and looked reproachfully at the ashes, Lady Burton had nothing to say about spirits. She said instead: "I wished his name to live forever unsullied and without stain."

A few months later the news of the burning of the manuscript became public property and excited much indignation. Lady Burton wrote two letters to the London press, defending her action. Theodore Watts-Dunton, the critic and poet, took her part. On the other hand, Burton's friend Arbutnot claimed that the manuscript should have been given to him; and Mr. W. F. Kirby, of the British Museum,



SIR RICHARD BURTON

He has been called "the greatest Oriental scholar England ever had and neglected." He was the author of some fifty volumes, and wrote, as the crowning work of his life, a book that has never been published.

thought that it ought to have been presented to the College of Surgeons.

Lady Burton is dead now, and, in the nature of the case, the full facts can never be known.

## WHITMAN AFTER FIFTY YEARS



WHEN Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" first appeared, in 1855, it was denounced by the journals of Boston as "bombast, egotism, vulgarity and nonsense." A quarter of a century later, the district attorney of the same city tried to suppress it, on the ground that it was "obscene." To-day, the most conservative publishing house in Boston stands sponsor for a book,\* written by Bliss Perry, the editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* and a Harvard Professor of Literature, in which Whitman is characterized as "upon the whole, the most original and suggestive poetic figure since Wordsworth." The significance of Mr. Perry's volume is but heightened by the fact that it is the fourth notable appreciation of Whitman to appear within a year. The other three are Horace Traubel's "With Walt Whitman in Camden," H. B. Binns's "Life of Walt Whitman," and Edward Carpenter's "Days with Walt Whitman." The time has gone by when Whitman can be lightly dismissed. He takes his place, says Mr. Perry, "with the immortals."

The reasons for the revolution in the public attitude toward Whitman are carefully analyzed by Mr. Perry, and the first great fact that he notes in this connection is that Whitman, whatever his eccentricities, was a true child of his age. His writings reflected the two most striking tendencies of the last half-century—the development of science and the world-wide spread of democracy. Like William Blake, he was a Mystic, "innately and intensely conscious of the reality of spiritual things." Like Rousseau, he was a Romanticist, "uttering wonderfully fine things about nature, education, religion." And, above all, he was an American. As Mr. Perry puts it:

"A Mystic by temperament and a Romanticist by literary kinship, Whitman came to intellectual maturity in the period of American Transcendentalism. Both the mysticism of the Orient, and the extremer forms of German and English romanticism, found congenial soil in Concord and Cambridge, in Philadelphia and New York. The periodical literature of the forties was Whitman's only university, so far as intellectual stimulus was concerned. To the twentieth century reader, many aspects of this literature seem as fantastic as anything in 'Leaves of Grass.' Margaret Fuller's

*Dial*, the Fourierite and perfectionist journals, even the files of *Fraser's* and *Blackwood's* contain the extremest assertion of unchecked individualism, and a total disregard of conventional forms. . . . To appreciate 'Leaves of Grass' as a product—alho a belated product—of Transcendentalism, one should read it, not after a course in Nietzsche and Ibsen, much as they enforce and illuminate its teaching from various points of view, but after Carlyle's 'Sartor Resartus' and Emerson's 'Essays' and Thoreau's 'Journal.' Its eccentricities, like its nobleness, are a part of the sansculottism and the exaltation of the time."

The two great obstacles to the popular acceptance of Whitman's work have been its uncouth form and its naturalistic dealing with sex; and in connection with each of them, observes Mr. Perry, the years have gradually brought the conditions for a more sympathetic judgment. On the first point he writes:

"So far as form is concerned, it is clear that since the middle of the nineteenth century there has been a fairly steady progress toward a greater freedom in the whole field of esthetic sympathy. The sudden expansion of sympathetic feeling toward the wilder aspects of nature, which marked the latter part of the eighteenth century in England and elsewhere, has since then been paralleled in the field of painting, of music, and of the other arts. A generation trained to the enjoyment of Monet's landscapes, Rodin's sculptures, and the music of Richard Strauss will not be repelled from Whitman merely because he wrote in an unfamiliar form."

The shock caused by Whitman's gospel of nudity has also grown less with time. Mr. Perry contends that the "objectionable" lines in "Leaves of Grass" have been condemned largely because they have been misunderstood, and that most of them "are as innocent of poetry as a physiological chart." "To a healthy-minded person," he says, "these lines are like accidentally opening the door of the wrong dressing-room: one is amused, embarrassed, disenchanted or disgusted, according to one's temperament and training." He continues:

"At worst, Whitman was immodest rather than indecent. No reputable critic, considering his writings in their totality, would to-day accuse him of eroticism, alho he has sometimes been read, no doubt, by those who are pathologically unfit for that kind of reading. But he has paid, and long will continue to pay, the penalty which attaches to breaches of conventional decorum."

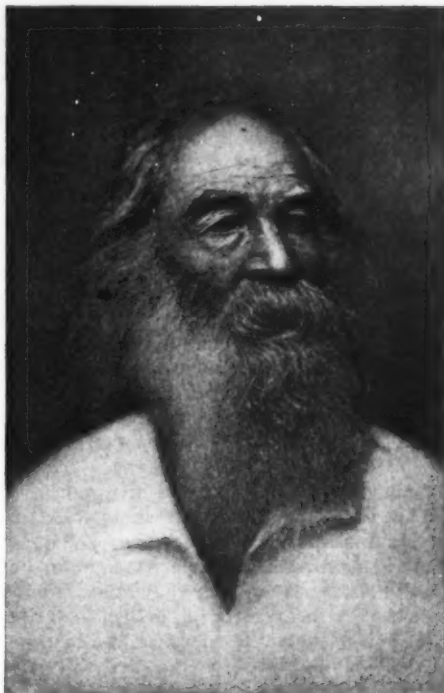
\*WHITMAN: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By Bliss Perry. Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

A longer interval than fifty years must elapse, says Mr. Perry, before the permanence of Whitman's rhapsodic verse can be adequately tested. Page after page, of "Leaves of Grass," he thinks, is doomed to transiency. "It is at times turgid, sprawling, extravagant; here are bathos and vulgarity; a vanity like Whistler's; Byron's rhymed oratory without even the clever rhymes; Hugo's vague humanitarian theorizing without the sustained sonorous splendor." And yet imperishable stuff is also here. Mr. Perry concludes:

"Whitman will survive, not so much by the absolute perfection of single lyrical passages as by the amplitude of his imagination, his magical tho intermittent power of phrase, and the majesty with which he confronts the eternal realities. Upon the whole the most original and suggestive poetic figure since Wordsworth, he gazed steadily, like Wordsworth, upon the great and permanent objects of nature and the primary emotions of mankind. Of the totality of his work one may well say, 'The sky o'er arches here.' Here is the wide horizon, the waters rolling in from the great deep, the fields and cities where men toil and laugh and conquer. Here are the gorgeous processions of day and night, of lilac-time and harvest. The endless mystery of childhood, the pride of manhood, the calm of old age are here; and here, too, at last is the

"Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet," the hush and whisper of the Infinite Presence.

"These primal and ultimate things Whitman felt as few men have ever felt them, and he expressed them, at his best, with a nobility and beauty such as only the world's very greatest poets have surpassed. Numbers count for nothing, when one is reckoning the audience of a poet, and Whitman's audience will, for natural reasons, be limited to those who have the intellectual and



"THE GOOD GRAY POET"

Walt Whitman, so constantly depreciated during his own lifetime, is now characterized by Bliss Perry, editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, as "the most original and suggestive poetic figure since Wordsworth."

moral generosity to understand him. But no American poet now seems more sure to be read, by the fit persons, after one hundred or five hundred years."

## GEORGE MEREDITH AS A POET OF LOVE

**L**ATE in his life the general public discovered George Meredith's novels; in his old age, it is beginning to do justice to his poems," says Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, the new interpreter of Meredith, in the introduction to a scholarly and sympathetic study\* which has lately been receiving high praise from the reviewers. And it is as a poet of love that Meredith to-day seems to be exciting most interest. His "Love in the Valley"—"the loveliest love-song of its century," as Mr. Quiller-Couch declares—is now almost popular; while "Modern Love," which "slept for twenty years in a first edition," is no longer read by the poets only.

For Meredith has always been a poet's poet, just as he has been a novelist's novelist, and it is still a question whether, with the exception of the love poems, he will not remain so. Even his most impassioned admirers have to admit that both in prose and verse the Welsh genius is very difficult reading. Writes Mr. Trevelyan:

"His metaphors sometimes strive, one on the back of another, like fierce animals in a pit, and deal each other dismembering wounds in the struggle for existence. . . . The picture must be seen, the idea read, in an intellectual flash of lightning. . . . In consequence of his combined intellectual and imaginative power, the reader must be prepared for the close neighborhood, in the same poem and even in the same stanza, of very different aims and qualities; a few lines of consummate beauty—the majestic or sheer lyrical—are followed by some passage of close thought

\*THE POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY OF GEORGE MEREDITH. By G. M. Trevelyan. Charles Scribner's Sons.

or subtle psychology. Sometimes, at his best, he will make one and the same passage a masterpiece both of poetry and intellect. This is one of the means by which he so often triumphs in a new field of his own discovery. But readers of books are little accustomed to this admixture; it bewilders them; they look to have beauty, psychology and ethics served up to them under separate covers. At least only on such an hypothesis can one explain the comparative indifference of the public."

Mr. Trevelyan calls Meredith "the inspired prophet of sanity." Earth, our great Mother, from whom springs the triad—"blood, brain and spirit"—is the source, good and evil, of his inspiration. Like Whitman, Meredith is fleshly, yet spiritual. "His philosophy of love, and his attitude toward the various ethical problems depending on it, are connected with his evolutionary doctrine of the relation of flesh and spirit," writes Mr. Trevelyan. "Asceticism and sensualism, the two antagonists of love, are based theoretically on a supposed impassable division between sense and spirit, between natural and divine. Asceticism, of which Tolstoy is in our day the revered prophet, is a heavenly and hellish doctrine. Mr. Meredith prefers temperance, the earthly."

In the "Hymn to Color" we find this mingling of earth and spirit, nature and love, in what Mr. Trevelyan considers a triumph of the poet's art. "If there is one phenomenon of nature which has more charm and more significance than another for Mr. Meredith, it is dawn," he writes. "And this is the subject of the 'Hymn to Color': it tells first of the gray twilight, and then of the miracle that clothes the air, for a few flying moments, with the many-colored garments of dawn. But a dualism runs through the thought of the whole poem. Light, Darkness and Color answer, respectively, to Life, Death and Love. Color is to Light and Darkness, as Love is to Life and Death. In the first verse, the poet, walking between Death and Life, is met by Love, in the pale 'land of dawn' between night and day, at the moment when the 'transforming sky' is about to be flushed with color." . . . So Love comes, and Life and Death disappear. Dawn rises, and when the colors of dawn have faded away, Love ends, and Life and Death return.

The song had ceased; my vision with the song.

Then of those Shadows, which one made descent  
Beside me I knew not: but Life ere long

Came on me in the public ways and bent

Eyes deeper than of old: Death met I too,  
And saw the dawn glow through.

Of Meredith's masterpiece, "Modern Love," a long and complex poem of many sonnet-like divisions, Mr. Trevelyan writes as follows:

"'Modern Love' stands in contrast with that other sonnet sequence of his contemporary and friend, Rossetti. The 'House of Life' holds us by its oneness, 'Modern Love' by its variety: the former stands or falls by the cumulative effect of its reiterated note of all-absorbing love; the latter presents a map of all the passions and moods that spring from, surround or militate against love, and all the comedy that is the daily accompaniment of the tragedy of two souls. All the real emotions of life are put down in Mr. Meredith's great poem as literally as in his novels. For 'life, some think, is worthy of the Muse.' . . . The story concerns a man and wife who loved each other once, but have ceased to love. It is not easy to name a writer who can, like Mr. Meredith in this poem, tell, with harrowing psychological detail, the most maddening of all forms of tragedy, the growing up of evil where good was planted, and the springing up of division out of the sacred heart of love,—and yet never let the tale decline from the majestic heights of poetry. Here is one of our modern 'problems' treated, like some ancient tragedy, with the same kind of spiritual and intellectual beauty as saves 'Othello' from being morbid, and 'Hamlet' from being decadent. Perhaps the secret is that the author, who, after his usual fashion, at once pitifully understands and pitilessly exposes the victims of his creation, himself through it all *believes in love*."

We quote, in addition, the great sonnet of momentary reconciliation than which, says Swinburne, "a more perfect piece of writing no man alive has ever turned out."

We saw the swallows gathering in the sky,  
And in the osier-isle we heard their noise.

We had not to look back on summer joys,  
Or forward to a summer of bright dye:

But in the largeness of the evening earth  
Our spirits grew as we went side by side.

The hour became her husband and my bride.

Love that had robbed us so thus blessed our dearth!

The pilgrims of the year waxed very loud

In multitudinous chattering, as the flood

Full brown came from the West, and like pale blood

Expanded to the upper crimson cloud.

Love that had robbed us of immortal things,

This little moment mercifully gave,

Where I have seen across the twilight wave

The swan sail with her young beneath her wings.

But for the love poetry of George Meredith, which is now almost popular, we must turn not to "Modern Love," in all its beautiful subtleties, but to the "impetuous and choric 'Love in the Valley.'" "In its first form, as the youthful poem published humbly enough among the 'Pastorals' in the volume of 1851, 'Love in the Valley' was liquid, simple and in places very childish; such a poem as a Richard of genius might have written to Lucy," says Mr. Trevelyan; "but in riper years, with sureness of judgment and exquisiteness of art, he took this crude, lovable thing, removed all that was immature, more than doubled it in





Photograph by Frank Eugene

#### THE FATHER OF ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY IN AMERICA

Mr. Alfred Stieglitz has been actively interested in the photographic movement for twenty-two years. He publishes *Camera Work*, and presides over a photographic salon in New York.

length, and so built up, on a happy inspiration of boyhood, his great lyric of twenty-six

stanzas." Of the one beginning, "When her mother tends her," Robert Louis Stevenson wrote, "It haunted me and made me drunk like wine." And we quote the classic stanza which poets, critics and popular taste seem to unite upon as being one of the loveliest that ever poet sung:

Lovely are the curves of the white owl sweeping  
Wavy in the dusk lit by one large star,  
Lone on the fir-branch, his rattle-note unvaried,  
Brooding o'er the gloom, spins the brown evejar.  
Darker grows the valley, more and more forgetting;  
So were it with me if forgetting could be willed.  
Tell the grassy hollow that holds the bubbling  
well-spring,  
Tell it to forget the source that keeps it filled.

In this poem, love completes its cycle, as the year its seasons, ending with the following joyous outburst of the young lover in expectation of returning spring:

Could I find a place to be alone with heaven,  
I would speak my heart out: heaven is my need.  
Every woodland tree is flushing like the dogwood,  
Flashing like the whitebeam, swaying like the reed.  
Flushing like the dogwood crimson in October;  
Streaming like the flag-reed South-West blown;  
Flashing as in gusts the sudden-lighted whitebeam:  
All seem to know what is for heaven alone.

"In the face of this poem, as nowhere else in Mr. Meredith's enchanted woods, criticism drops its weapons," says Mr. Trevelyan. "One can only be thankful that so great an inspiration has been clothed in a form so nearly perfect."

#### INSPIRED PHOTOGRAPHY—A NEW ART

**Q**UOT of America has come a miracle in modern life—the photograph transfigured by the light of the artist's dream. This miracle has not been wrought without travail and struggle, and it is the result of woman's effort, as well as man's. Gertrude Käsebier, Clarence White, Eduard J. Steichen, Alvin Langdon Coburn and Alfred Stieglitz are the names most prominently identified with the new photographic art. Mr. White made some of his earliest experiments in photography while employed in a grocer's store in an Ohio village. Mr. Steichen used to be a printer's devil in Milwaukee. Now he lives in Paris, and his portfolio includes marvelous portraits of Rodin, Maeterlinck and Duse. Mr. Coburn, tho

a comparatively young man, is characterized by Bernard Shaw (himself a dabbler in the art of the camera) as "one of the most accomplished and sensitive artist-photographers now living." Mr. Stieglitz may be described as the father of the whole movement. He lives in New York and publishes there a sumptuous quarterly entitled *Camera Work*. He also presides over a little "Photo-Secession" salon on Fifth Avenue, where photographs are exhibited and receive the serious consideration that has hitherto been given only to paintings. Last winter the work shown in the little galleries attracted hundreds of visitors and excited much interest and appreciation. It is no exaggeration to say, with Mr. Charles H. Caffin, the well-known art critic, that the best



"THE SKETCH"

(By Gertrude Käsebier.)

An admirable example of poetic and pictorial photography.

of this work is "the best that photography has yet accomplished."

The American photographic movement represents the high-water mark of a movement that is now established in most of the countries of Europe. The new art may be said to have attained to the dignity of a "school," with its living exponents and "old masters." David Octavius Hill, a Scottish painter who used the photographic method with consummate skill nearly seventy years ago, might be termed the Rembrandt of the school, and Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron, the friend of Herschel and Tennyson, its Van Dyck. Dr. P. H. Emerson, a nephew of Ralph Waldo Emerson, was a pioneer in the movement in England. Nowadays pictorial photography has its salons and its devotees in Germany, France, Belgium, Italy, and even Russia.

The difference between artistic and commercial photography is defined by Mr. R. Child Bayley, of London, in a newly published book,\*

\*THE COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHER. By R. Child Bayley. Methuen & Company, London.

which is illustrated by many notable examples of the new work. He says:

"The broad line of distinction between pictorial work and the good 'technical' photograph is that the former is intended solely to give esthetic pleasure by conveying some feeling or suggestion from the artist to his public, while the latter is limited strictly to a statement of facts. It is the difference between the click of the telegraph and a sonata, between the price list and the poem. Esthetic pleasure is the aim of one, instruction of the other."

A writer in *The International Studio* (London and New York) amplifies the foregoing statement as follows:

"The belief that actuates these photographers is that the camera can express as well as record, that the aim of a photograph is not to present a meaningless conglomeration of detail and garish contrasts, but to portray the subject with the same feeling for breadth, simplicity and tonality that characterizes the efforts of painters and other artists to-day. To this end any photographic means are employed that suit the convenience or appeal to the taste of the photographer. The 'straight negative' and the 'straight print' forbid any manipulation other than photographic, but



"RODIN, LE PENSEUR"

(By Eduard J. Steichen.)

Regarded by competent critics as the finest photograph ever taken. Rodin is portrayed facing his own creation, "Le Penseur." Behind is his statue of Victor Hugo.

the modifications possible in the result by choice of lens and plate, by control of lighting, exposure, development and printing, are more various than anyone not abreast with the present refinements would for a moment imagine."

A third student of the movement, Mr. C. Howard Conway, declares that "personality" and "self-expression" are the watchwords of the new school. He continues (in *Munsey's Magazine*):

"To an unpractised or prejudiced eye, many of their pictures look like the results obtained by a beginner who has made his debut on a cloudy day with a cheap camera. Further study shows that there are effects in the pictures which no tyro could have produced. They have meanings—subtle, elusive meanings, written in the language of the artist. Naturally, those who have learned nothing whatever of this language can find no meanings, and see little in each picture except a good opportunity thrown away. It is not our fault, say the photo-artists, if some people can see no value in our work.

"In illustration of this point they tell a story: Recently two critics were looking at a picture in a Photo Secession exhibition. 'Well,' said one, 'if that is high art, I'm an idiot.' To which the other responded, firmly but gently, 'That is high art.'

"At first the Secessionists were cast out by artists and photographers alike. The former distrusted their methods and the latter their results. They had no standing among any school of art-workers. But now that their pictures are being hung in the best art galleries of Europe, their claims are being more fairly considered on all sides."

The same writer has this to say in regard to the future of the movement:

"As to what the long future has in store for these photo-artists, no one can say. Their school may create a field of its own, with distinct boundaries. Or, on the other hand, it may prove to be an interesting phase in the evolution of photography, becoming modified as its ideas are more clearly understood.

"At present, it is unquestionably pushing photography to new expressions of artistic beauty. . . . The camera, it says, should not be used as a yardstick. Rather place it on the same plane with the chisel of the sculptor and the brush of the artist. To run a photograph factory, according to the Photo Secessionists, is one thing, and well enough in its place. But it is quite different from taking photographs of things as they really are, in such a way as to express their meaning. Life, after all, is more than logic and statistics and clear-cut fact. It is imagination also, and beauty, and reverence."

## BALZAC AS A PSYCHOLOGICAL ENIGMA



THE mystery which envelops the personality and artistic career of Balzac appears to have been deepened by the publication of another volume of his "Letters to the Stranger." The stranger in question, as all the world knows, was the Polish countess, Eveline Hanska, whom the great novelist loved for eighteen years and finally married five months previous to his death. After he had died, Madame Balzac published some of his letters to her, carefully edited and "censored," but public curiosity was not satisfied. The rest of the voluminous correspondence was lost and recovered by a strange accident many years later by M. de Lovenjoul. The selected letters now

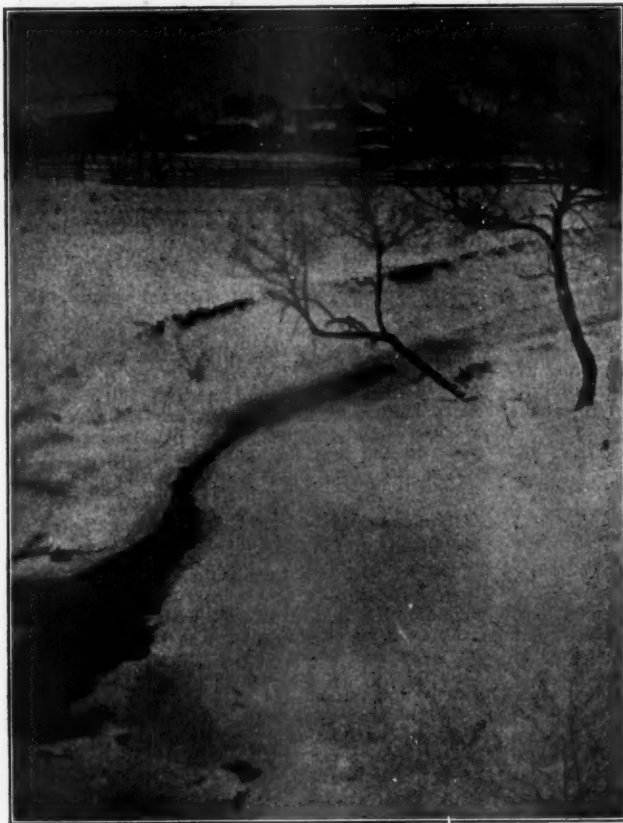
given to the public cover a period of but three years—1842-1844. There is much that is puzzling about them, inconsistent with known facts of Balzac's life and his letters to his sister and friends. Paul Bourget, the "psychological novelist," analyzes the "Balzac mystery" in a four-column essay in *Le Figaro* (Paris). Balzac, he says, has remained an enigma all these years and decades, and his correspondence, his "true memoirs," might have been expected to clear up the mystery; instead, the problem is more obscure and difficult than ever, for the letters have raised new difficulties.

In regard to the general Balzac mystery, Bourget writes:

"The man remained a profound enigma to his contemporaries, as the contradictory estimates of Sainte-Beuve, Sand, Gautier, Gavarni, Lamartine and others testify. His work, too, by its enormity and its abundance, augments this impression of mystery. Where, when, how, could this slave of 'copy,' who erected his 'Human Comedy' in eighteen years, make any observations? When did he find leisure to live? What became of reality in passing through the brain of one who was always undergoing the pains of production?"

The particular enigma of Balzac's life, as emphasized by the letters and M. de Lovenjoul's book, "Un Roman d'Amour," a study of the Hanska-Balzac affair, is explained at great length by Bourget.

Balzac's letters to Countess Hanska, he remarks, are full of lyrical outbursts, of evidence of suffering, ardor, sincerity, passionate yearning. It is impossible to doubt that the writer of such glowing love-letters was deeply in love with the woman to whom they were addressed. For eighteen years Balzac carried on this passionate correspondence, and was personified devotion and nobility and fidelity to the countess. But from other letters, written to his sister at the same time, we learn that Balzac not only had all sorts of amorous adventures, flirtations and serious "affairs"



A CHRISTMAS SCENE NEAR NEWARK, OHIO

(By Clarence White.)

Clarence White's earliest photographic work was done as an amateur. His latest pictures give him a prominent place in world-photography. "The play of light and shade in his work," says a writer in *The Craftsman*, "is at times suggestive of the depth and richness of a Rembrandt, and again as misty and delicate as a Corot."



with women of every class and degree, but that he boasted of his "conquests," spoke of them cynically, joked about them; what is more, he spoke of Madame Hanska in these letters in anything but a worshipful tone—flippant and gaily, and compared her to a flighty, capricious heroine of a novel audacious in its libertinism. Now what would one say if evidence of the same sort against Madame Hanska had been found—if it had been shown that her overmastering, profound love for Balzac was a sham, and that in reality her morals and manners were of the loosest? The answer is obvious. But, if Balzac was untruthful and insincere in his "romance" of eighteen years' duration, if his burning words were without meaning, without sincerity, what are we to think of his character and his conduct? It seems that Zola, an intense, ardent disciple of Balzac, had a suspicion that the famous romance had a "comic element" in it. When the literary world talked about its tragic side, Zola smilingly said that the "comedy" was yet to be revealed. What did that imply? asks Bourget. Must we lose our respect for Balzac the man and declare him a preacher, poseur and deceiver?

No, answers Bourget. There is, he says, a psychological explanation of the enigma which does not impugn Balzac's sincerity. There was a comedy in the romance, but not an intentional one, not a dishonest one. Balzac was sincere in every line he wrote—only he imagined things instead of really living them.

Balzac was too lucid a thinker, declares Bourget, too strong intellectually, to be classed with the degenerates. But normal he was not. He has himself left us ample testimony to the effect that his power of imagination attained a singular, a "monstrous" degree, analogous to that state of ecstasy that we find in certain visionaries like Swedenborg. He repeatedly spoke of the displacement of his personality. He identified himself with his characters; he

suffered with them; he experienced "intoxication of his moral faculties." His soul passed into the souls of imaginary beings; he was often like a man dreaming in his waking hours. Reality disappeared for him, and fiction became reality. Once, when a friend was telling him of family sorrows, he said, "Oh, let us return to reality. Who is to marry Eugénie Grandet [one of his heroines]." He *saw* the dramas he was imagining, like a man possessed, hypnotized.

Now what could happen to such a man, continues the French analyst, when he reëntered into his own existence? Was he likely to be matter-of-fact, absolutely cool, accurate? Clearly not. No; he was certain to deceive himself about himself. He was a victim of what Prof. Dupré has called *mythomania*. The



"THE ROMANCE OF THE COMMONPLACE"—AN ALLEY-WAY OFF AN EDINBURGH STREET  
(By Alvin Langdon Coburn.)

Mr. Coburn is the youngest of a group of Americans who are doing wonders with the photographic medium. Bernard Shaw pronounces him "one of the most accomplished and sensitive artist-photographers now living."

mythomaniac has a tendency, more or less voluntarily and consciously, to create fictions and fables out of his own words, thoughts, actions. There are, science tells us, degrees of mythomania, ranging from slight alteration of truth to systematic fraud and self-deception, to complete self-mystification.

Incontestably sincere as Balzac was in his romance with Madame Hanska, it is yet probable, thinks Bourget, that he, by the force of habit, created for himself a different Madame Hanska from the real one he accidentally encountered. He obliterated certain of her traits, imagined others, believed in these in spite of himself, and in the same way recreated his own personality in relation to the imaginary Madame Hanska. He idealized her and himself. He wrote to her as the mythical Balzac would have written. He and she lived an unreal life. When she showed herself egotistic, indifferent, cold; when she made him follow her from one end of Europe to another, neg-

lect his work, gratify her whims; when she postponed their union again and again, without apparent cause, he submitted without demur, for he had ever before him another Madame Hanska. The real one he did not know.

In short, concludes the French writer, this romance reveals to us one of the most tragic spectacles of the mind—that of a great man who was the victim of his own strange mental faculties. In his literary life, he demanded too much of his faculties, and died from these excessive self-exactions; in his emotional life, like Midas of old, his singular mental faculties caused ordinary bread to change to gold. But one cannot live on gold, one needs bread for daily existence, and, who knows? Perhaps Balzac died from lack of bread, as the result of the destruction of a sentimental image that had been the inspiration of his life for eighteen years, the marriage having awakened him to a real knowledge of the woman of his imagination.

## WHY "HANS BREITMANN" HAS BECOME A CLASSIC



It is safe to say that no American poem—not the "John P. Robinson, he," of Lowell's satire, nor the "Excelsior" of Longfellow's model youth, nor the comic "Heathen Chinee" of Bret Harte—has ever attained the world-wide popularity achieved by that immortal ballad of Charles Godfrey Leland's, beginning:

Hans Breitmann give a barty;  
Where ish dot barty now?

And yet, remarks Mr. Leland's niece, Elizabeth Robins Pennell, in a newly published biography,\* no lines were ever less premeditated, ever more wholly the result of chance. She goes on to give the origin of the ballad in her uncle's own words: "While editing *Graham's Magazine* [in Philadelphia, in 1856], I had one day a space to fill. In a hurry I knocked off 'Hans Breitmann's Barty.' I gave it no thought whatever. . . . I never expected that anyone would notice it." This derogatory tone characterized Mr. Leland's attitude toward the "Ballads" until the end of his life. Despite the fame that they brought him, he could never quite persuade himself to take them seriously. Like Lewis Carroll, who depreciated his "Alice in Wonderland" in the in-

terest of certain works on the higher mathematics, Mr. Leland confessed himself "highly pained" when people who knew nothing of his books on Industrial Art, Language and Tradition, treated him as "merely Hans Breitmann." In the light of our later knowledge, however, it can be prophesied with a confidence that amounts to certainty that "Hans Breitmann's Ballads"—a book which James Russell Lowell once said had added "a new chord to the lyre of humor"—will outlive all Mr. Leland's studies in Gipsy and Indian lore, witchcraft, psychology, and the mysteries of sex.

The case of "Hans Breitmann's Ballads" was that of a man building better than he knew; and in an interesting account of the history of the poems, to which she brings some hitherto unpublished data, Mrs. Pennell endeavors to distinguish the qualities that contributed to their enduring success. She writes:

"I have heard it said that the 'younger generation' does not read the 'Breitmann Ballads.' But, for all that, Breitmann has in him the stuff that endures, the stuff that ensured his success from the start, tho to us, looking back, the moment of his appearance seems one when Americans could have had least time or inclination to try what Dr. Holmes described as the 'Breitmann cure.' For the first Ballad was written in 1856, the first complete collection was published in 1870. Therefore, the earliest and gayest verses cover the

\*CHARLES GODFREY LELAND: A BIOGRAPHY. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

period when the national self-consciousness, always alert, had reached its most acute stage, when the country was engrossed in its own affairs as it had never been before, as, pray Heaven, it may never be again. Hans Breitmann reflected nothing American, he satirized nothing American. Anything more unlike that long, thin, lank, nervous, almost ascetic Uncle Sam America has evolved as its national type, could not well be imagined. . . . No figure could have been more unlooked for in American literature."

It was because Hans Breitmann transcended national boundaries and took on the guise of the universal that he has become a permanent figure in literature. The story of this "German with his head in the heavens of philosophy and his feet in the ditch of necessity, spouting pure reason over his beer-mug, dropping the tears of sentiment on his sausage and sauerkraut," was the parable of Leland's own life at a time when the practical necessities of journalism held him from his heart's desire. It is also the parable of many other lives than Leland's. "Like all popular types," says Mrs. Pennell, "from Macchus, through the innumerable Pulcinellos and Pierrots, Harlequins and Pantaloons of centuries, Breitmann had in him the elements of human nature. Broad caricature there might be; never was there a popular type without it. But he was a man, and a very real man—if with an unusual thirst and 'the heroic manner.' He lived in the 'Ballads'; that is why the 'Ballads' have lived." To quote further:

"Had the 'Ballads,' like the 'Biglow Papers,' been intended to convey a moral satire or preach a patriotic sermon, Breitmann would have been intolerable to Americans; they could not have stood the cynical indifference with which he drank and rioted his way through scenes and events so little of a laughing matter to them. But the beauty of Breitmann was, that he was not an American. They could laugh at him, to relieve the strain, without the shadow of reproach—could watch him play his part in the great national drama, and still laugh—the laughter which blends with tears.' Besides, in no native adventurer would there have been the mixture of philosophy and sentiment, beer, music and romance, that made it possible for one American in particular, with his German training and traditions, to laugh a little at himself as he laughed with Breitmann. The native adventurer would have left sentiment at home when he went looting; he could not have drunk his beer to the murmur of metaphysics, nor searched for contraband whisky to the symphonies of Beethoven, nor played the game of politics on the romantic stage. He might, I do not deny, have got 'troonk ash bigs' at his own or any other man's barty. But only the German could have moralized at the end of the orgy,—

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—  
Where ish dot barty now?



CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

Whose "Breitmann Ballads," Lowell once said, have added  
"a new chord to the lyre of humor."

Where ish de lofely golden cloud  
Dat float on de moundain's prow?  
Where ish de himmelstrahlende stern—  
De shtar of de shpirit's light?  
All goned afay mit de lager beer—  
Afay in de ewigkeit!"

Only those familiar with German philosophy and literature, says Mrs. Pennell, can appreciate the learning crammed by Mr. Leland into what, to the casual reader, seems mere "comic verse"; and "tho Breitmann's creator thought little of him, other people, fortunately, began to think a great deal." When he achieved the dignity of publication in book form, "he took the world by storm. His success was immediate and enormous." The "Ballads" went into edition after edition in America and England, and were read and discussed all over Europe. "Breitmann had the secret of perennial youth," we are told, "and he was a true cosmopolite. That was why Mr. Leland could send his hero everywhere he went himself without risk of repetition, why Breitmann retained his freshness in every fresh adventure found for him, whether it was in singing a Gipsy song, in going back to the Munich and Paris of 1848, or in starting on new travels through Belgium and Holland, down the Rhine, to Rome."

As late as 1894, Mr. Leland wrote a book on Hans Breitmann in the Tyrol, but it was in prose, and "somehow," remarks Mrs. Pennell, "does not give the same impression of reckless enjoyment." She says, in concluding:

"Breitmann even had an eye to affairs in South Africa. For the Rye [Mr. Leland], a very old man in Florence when the Boer War broke out, in looking back to his many years in England, remembered only the pleasure they had brought

him, and, as his special envoy, sent Breitmann there, with a word of sympathy that not many other Americans I know could have offered with him. These verses were published in 'Flaxius' (1903), a book brought out a few months before his death. There they were called 'Breitmann's Last Ballad,' and they really were. Breitmann has passed through his last adventure, through his last debauch of beer and pure reason. But he still lives, and he will live as long as the American retains his sense of humor, which will be as long as America is—America."

## THE LETTER AS A FORM OF LITERATURE, AND ITS FUTURE



EGRET has often been expressed at the decline and virtual disappearance of "the art of letter writing." Who, it is asked, now writes literary, graceful and polished letters? Who writes in the manner of Madame Savigny and the other famous French letter-writers? Who takes the trouble to write letters that a later age might study as significant, impressionistic, spontaneous "human documents"? It is generally concluded that the newspaper, the quick mail, the telegraph and telephone, the fast trains—the whole trend of our strenuous and mechanical civilization—inevitably put an end to the letter-writer's occupation.

A French author, M. Roustan, has written a book, however, to disprove this conclusion and to predict a revival of the art of letter-writing. His book is entitled "La Lettre Evolution du Genre," and in its pages he discusses every aspect, historical and other, of the questions indicated.

Originally, he says, the letter as a literary species encountered little recognition. Pedants thought that its freedom and its unpretentiousness robbed the letter of literary importance. But owing to great talents and gifts which certain letter writers manifested, this hostile view had to be abandoned. Not to speak of Pliny, Cicero and the days of the Roman Empire, letter writing acquired a high literary rank in the France of the seventeenth and even eighteenth centuries; and it is admitted that the productions in that form are of great value to every historian of French culture, politics and society.

But the extraordinary development of printing in the nineteenth century lessened the significance of the letter. The question now is whether the correspondence of that century, and of our own, will have any interest and value to future readers and students. Is there still some place in literature for the letter; can

it, under modern conditions, retain some distinction and charm as literature?

M. Roustan positively answers that the letter is still a significant literary form, and that it will enter upon a new career of usefulness. It will undergo a change and adapt itself to the new material conditions, but it will remain.

For example, letters avoid more and more mere matters of news. This has become the property of the daily press, and there is no inclination to write idly about such matters. Again, war, diplomacy, politics, claim less and less space, and for the same reason. But no possible development of reporting and news-gathering will do away with or replace that exchange of thoughts and sentiments the need of which is felt by all men who are spiritually kin. The letters of exceptional men will always command interest as the reflection of peculiar and rare psychological moods.

Indeed, it may be asserted that the modern conditions of life and communication, far from having injured the letter *genre* of literature, have rendered it a real service. The telegraph and telephone have emancipated letters from routine and prosaic matters of detail and business. A message of a few words, a telephone conversation, settles a mere formal affair. A letter will be written when "the spirit moves," when there is something serious and intimate to be said. We travel more, we observe more, we have a greater variety of impressions and ideas; therefore we should have more material for interesting correspondence. But we demand that such correspondence should be sincere, entirely unaffected, natural. Stilted and formal styles are out of fashion; writers of private letters must not consciously try to be "literary"; they should be true to themselves and express their inmost thoughts and emotions. When this is done, letters are intrinsically valuable as literature, biography and psychology.



# Music and the Drama

## NOTABLE PLAYS OF THE MONTH



It is true that in the verdict of foreign critics can be read the judgment of posterity, the outlook for the American theater is rather discouraging. Ludwig Fulda, the celebrated German dramatist, tells us in his recently published American impressions (Vienna *Freie Press*) that, culturally, at least, we are still colonial. A new Columbus, he says, must yet discover this continent for art. He continues:

"The American drama still stands on a pretty low level. Gorgeous scenery and always elaborate, often excellent, acting furnish a splendid frame for an inferior picture. Altho America has produced so far no real dramatist, productions of domestic playwrights prevail. The chief function of the latter consists in writing light burlesques and conversation-comedies, and in supplying popular favorites with grateful rôles in melodramas and spectacular shows. The prudery of the American public excludes the whole field of erotic problems, and psychology, too, is wholly barred from the boards. What adultery is in French comedy, namely, the quintessence of the drama, that the revolver becomes in the hands of the American playwright. Our nervous ladies who shiver at the thought of a shot being fired on the stage would faint at the very sight of the gigantic posters which preferably depict climacteric moments of the theatrical murder scenes. Now and then Shakespeare is played, but he is nowhere cultivated systematically. The other great masters of the world's literature are totally unknown to the American stage and its blissful ignorance of the work of modern European countries is almost equally marked."

Dr. Fulda seems to have little hope that any reforms will be initiated by the theatrical trust that forced Sarah Bernhardt to play in a tent for want of a play-house, and concludes with the hope that the projected National Theater in New York may, at last, give us a drama in which "the blood of American life will pulsate, without, however, dripping from the ceiling."

While Dr. Fulda's criticism is suggestive, an actual survey of the dramatic conditions in this country induces more optimistic reflections. Forbes Robertson's production of Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra" (New York) and Mansfield's appearance in Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" (Chicago), Viola Allen's impersonation of Imogen in "Cymbeline" (New York), the Philadelphia success of Sothorn and Marlowe in a poetic play by a young American poet.

Percy Mackaye, and Mercedes Leigh's presentation of "Salome," at a special matinée in a Broadway theater, seem to take some of the edge from our German critic's remarks. It is announced, moreover, that Mr. Sothorn has underscored for production before the end of this season several poetic dramas from the pens of Mackaye, Henry Wolcott Boynton and William Vaughn Moody. This fact makes pertinent Henry Tyrrell's observation, in *The Theatre Magazine*, that "to-day, simultaneously with the rise of Stephen Phillips in England, the younger disciples of acted poetic drama in America begin to emerge." The success of Mr. Moody's "Great Divide" proves that the American public, in large cities, at least, are no longer afraid of bold treatment of sex-problems, while the failure of Clyde Fitch's dramatization of Edith Wharton's "House of Mirth" is attributed by the critics not to a lack of interest in its psychology, but to its ineffectiveness as a play.

Forbes Robertson's production of Bernard Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra," at the New

CÆSAR  
AND  
CLEOPATRA

Amsterdam Theater, New York, is pronounced by the critics a triumph for both the actor-manager and the playwright.

However, opinion seems to be divided as to whether Shaw's historical play should be treated as serious drama, or as merely an exceedingly clever *tour de force*. *The Evening Post* is inclined to take the latter view. It says:

"With a characteristic contempt for everybody's intelligence but his own, Mr. Shaw, in a program note, warns readers, critics and playgoers not to suspect him of trifling with fact until they have familiarized themselves with the chief ancient authorities on his subject. This, of course, may beguile a few of the very innocent, with its intimation of vast research and conscientious purpose, but is just as much a part of the whole theatrical trick as all the rest of it. Even if corroborative evidence were forthcoming in support of every salient incident, it would not avail to give to the piece any real verisimilitude, so freakish is Mr. Shaw's imagination—nor would it be half so enjoyable if there were any obligations to regard it seriously. When Mr. Shaw is masquerading as a reformer or satirist, having some high moral or social purpose in view, his



THE MAN FOR WHOM "CÆSAR AND  
CLEOPATRA" WAS WRITTEN

Mr. Forbes Robertson, who takes the part of Cæsar in Bernard Shaw's drama, regards his rôle not as a burlesque, but as an authentic interpretation of the character of this "Superman of the ancient world."

empty platitudinosity, his reckless generalizations, misrepresentations and falsifications, his manifold insincerities and impudence soon become tiresome

and then exasperating, in spite of any amount of witty sauce.

"But this 'Cæsar and Cleopatra,' with its touches of pure fantasy here and there—as in the Sphinx scene—its flow of comic fancy, and its one scene of highly effective melodrama on the palace roof, in the third act (or what is really the fourth act), affords genuine entertainment from beginning to end, not only for the thoughtless crowd, but for all those intelligent persons capable of appreciating caustic or witty humor, a lively and irreverent imagination and striking but unconventional stage methods."

Shaw, however, undoubtedly studied Mommsen and other historians very carefully before writing the play and presenting to the world what he regarded as the real Cæsar stripped of imperial glamor and romantic falsehood. In other words, he attempted to do for the drama what Mommsen had done for history. In this, however, *The Sun* avers, he fails. For, it says, where the German has transposed his hero into the apotheosis of the practical, Shaw has made his a leading man in burlesque. Shaw's "kittenish" Cleopatra, too, has little in common with the conventional "queen of Ethiopie" known to poets. In fact, all his people, historical or otherwise, are extremely modern and Mr. Shaw receives no little praise for the admirable skill with which he contrives to make his ancient Romans and Egyptians discharge their diatribes much in his own peculiar manner without, however, exposing himself to the charge of anachronism.

One or two critics, among these "The Patron" in *Town Topics*, are inclined to take the play as a sincere exposition of the character of Cæsar. And Mr. Robertson, for whom the part was written, reinforces this impression. He says in an interview with a representative of the *New York Times* that "Cæsar and Cleopatra" does not strike him in any way as satire, tho there is much satire in it. The words that Shaw puts in Cæsar's mouth do not seem unnatural to Mr. Robertson when he delivers them. But the most remarkable comment on the play we find in a rhapsody by Alfred Kerr, a brilliant young German critic, in the *Neue Rundschau* (Berlin). To-day, he says, there no longer exists a savior monopoly. "Saviors in this age are widely distributed. Shaw is one of the most valuable. . . . On reading two new pages or scenes of Shaw's we realize that a liberator is at work laying the new foundations of society." Then, summarizing his impression of Shaw's Cæsar, Herr Kerr observes:

"Magnanimity and graciousness with him are partly due to a kind disposition. But fully one-half is craftiness. He magnanimously sets free

his prisoners; but only because to take care of them would be an expense. He permits the Egyptians to save their library; only to keep them away from the light-ship. He refuses to pursue his Roman opponents; it costs less time to conciliate them. He suffers the familiarity of his subordinates; only to see through them. He confers favors upon every man; only provided he is not a rival.

"His chief strength is work. Genius is assiduity. This also makes him strong; he cannot be disappointed. For Caesar expects nothing that he may not expect. He looks upon the world from the very start, hopeless, cheerful. He does good without love . . . and kills without hate. He is kindly by nature, but he neither loves nor hates. (Only subordinates foam and rage; the subordinate of Cleopatra slays the subordinates of Ptolemy, to be slain in turn by the subordinate of Caesar. . . .)

"The man is enveloped by sadness—not sentimentality. Without happiness and almost without sorrow he *sees* and *knows*. It is not care that hovers about him, but the reflection of care over which lies serene cheerfulness. He carries upon his shoulders the weight of a world . . . and sees life ebb away from him. He is prepared for daggers—but his loss of hair galls him. (A supreme poet has written this play—one who knows.) And once, in a moment when you would least expect it, this matter-of-fact man, with his superior ways, toys with the idea of going away into the unknown, far from the common road, to found a distant kingdom by the distant sources of the Nile. . . . But then the globe that he carries, drudging, upon shoulders turned away from life, might break down and roll somewhere into the night, who knows whither? And he . . . ? He would be sitting mythical (and redeemed) by the sources of the Nile. (A divine poet has written this play. . . .)

"He founds no distant kingdom. He departs only to be stabbed—this world-encircling schemer.

"(A truthful poet has written this play.)"

If "Cymbeline" were Shakespeare's only play, and "Caesar and Cleopatra" the only work from the pen of Bernard Shaw, New York critics, at least, would undoubtedly admit the justice of the cartoon which we reprint from *Punch*, representing the brilliant Irishman mildly patronizing England's "Other Playwright." For, when Shakespeare's most unplayable drama was given for the first time after ten years at the Astor Theater, New York, the same New York press that only lately applauded the cleverness of Mr. Shaw, expressed its disgust with the "weary length of 'Cymbeline,'" that "laggard among modern plays." Unequivocal and unstinted praise was, however, given to Viola Allen for her impersonation of that loveliest of Shakespeare's characters—Imogen. In the opinion of *The World*, it was her potent charm and infinite graces of youth that provided the happy bal-



A "KITTENISH" CLEOPATRA

Gertrude Elliott's impersonation of Cleopatra, in Bernard Shaw's play, has little in common with the usual poetic conceptions of the Egyptian Queen.

ance in a production which must otherwise have taxed the patience of a most long-suffering audience. *The Evening Post* says that the performance was, at times, very flat and tedious, but throws the blame on Miss Allen's fellow players. It concedes, on the other hand, that "Cymbeline" is not entitled to particular reverence as a drama. "The story which it tells is curious, clumsy, involved and incredible, and, besides being laden with barbarous details, is so long that it is impossible to play it under modern conditions without abridgment, even if it were desirable to do so." *The Times*, however, remarks that any performance of "Cymbeline" would be worth seeing, if only because of the infrequency of the play's presentation on the stage. But, it continues, when to the opportunity of viewing the unfamiliar material is added the charm of such an Imogen, the occasion becomes really noteworthy. To quote further:

"Miss Allen has long enjoyed the reputation of being an essentially womanly actress, and as Imogen is essentially a womanly woman—an ideal of womanliness in fact—it might have been as-



Courtesy of *The Theatre Magazine*.

#### A NEW EXPONENT OF THE POETIC DRAMA IN AMERICA

Mr. Percy Mackaye's "Jeanne d'Arc," recently produced by E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe in Philadelphia, is pronounced "the worthiest, most human, and most interesting of the various stage histories of La Pucelle."

sumed at the outset that the rôle would prove a sympathetic one for her.

"But Miss Allen's previous achievements, in many cases most worthy, have hardly led one to expect quite so much of refined sensibility and expressive sympathy as she here displays. One may set the fact down promptly, then, that in this exquisite and appealing rôle the actress is revealing the ripe and mellow fruit of her years of study and experience, and that she brings to her task an intellectual appreciation of its requirements, combined with a variety of utterance considerably beyond anything she has previously disclosed."

Mansfield's production of Ibsen's fantastic drama, "Peer Gynt" (Grand Opera House, Chicago), is hailed by the Chicago critics as a dramatic event

#### PEER GYNT

of the first order. This Norwegian version of "Faust" seemed unactable even to the author when it was first written. Nevertheless, he asked the celebrated composer Grieg to set it to music. The play was subsequently given

in European theaters with a fair measure of success, and Mr. Mansfield's presentation, or at least the first half of it, is pronounced "an unqualified delight." The second part, it seems, is much less dramatic and, in the opinion of the critics, the ultimate influence of "Peer Gynt" in the American theater will depend much on the measure of Mr. Mansfield's success in knitting the straying strands of the latter half of the play. The English rendering is Mr. Archer's, who will probably have a voice in the matter.

While the value of the play as such is variously estimated, there is but one opinion as to Mr. Mansfield's masterful interpretation of the part of Peer Gynt. James O'Donnell Bennett (of *The Record-Herald*) pays a glowing tribute to the actor-manager. As Peer, he says, Mr. Mansfield denotes his mastery of the art of acting and his powers of poetic interpretation in a manner so brilliant and profound that he has begun a new chapter in his career. The same critic goes on to say:

"The mere catalog of the exterior adornments he flings over the part is bewildering. He frolics; he presents a frozen epitome of the terrors of a credulous and ignorant mind confronting the spectral and the horrible; he utters the cry of love and yearning, grief and despair, and the glib, sardonic speech of comfortable materialism; he is vibrant with youth and the joy of living; he shakes with the palsy of broken age; he is by turns easy, nonchalant and bland, and by turns a hunted creature; he dances; he sings; he speaks German; he speaks French; he jokes and he cowers; he is poet and promoter; he pervades a play that is everything from 'Everyman' to 'Faust'—with a dash of Bernard Shaw—and he animates a figure that is as remote as medievalism and as contemporaneous as Dowie."

Peer, we learn from the same authority, is the symbol of fallible man, and is lifted above the level of the clods among whom he has dwelt in his remote mountain village solely by the enormous sweep of his imagination. But—this is the essence of his nature—these aspirations, these intoxicating raptures, take him nowhere. To quote again:

"He touches no moral heights. Riches, pleasure, the low bows of men, the absolute and perfect satisfaction of his basest self he does win and wring from the world. But self-discipline, self-knowledge, self-respect elude him always, because always he eluded them. And so at the last—shattered, sodden, querulous, very old and very feeble—he confronts death in the form of a Button Molder, and into the casting ladle of that inevitable one he must go to be reshaped, with the rest of the trumpery derelicts of humanity, into something definite, something that has meaning, something that has self in it because it shall not



be all selfishness. From the first, from the introductory utterance of the jocund ribaldry of Peer the youth in his twenties, this emblem of vaporous aspiration combats nothing. Feats of bravado he does rise to, but they only conduct him deeper into the maze of infamy, irresolution, compromise and surrender."

But the play does not end here. In the end this sick-willed Faust with a strain of Hamlet is redeemed by a woman.

There is much that is symbolic and difficult in "Peer Gynt," but it is not necessary to look for hidden meanings. The real import, says



VIOLA ALLEN AS IMOGEN

To the interpretation of this rôle Miss Allen is said to bring "an intellectual appreciation of its requirements, combined with a variety of utterance considerably beyond anything she has previously disclosed."



DESIGN FOR A STATUE OF "JOHN BULL'S OTHER PLAYWRIGHT"

After certain hints by G. B. S.  
—E. T. Reed in *Punch*.

Percy Hammond, of the *Chicago Evening Post*, is always clear and uppermost:

"Peer Gynt, the lovable liar, the braggart, the unscrupulous man of the world, the weak self-worshiper and the victim thereof, and the broken old man reaching his haven when he finds himself at last in the true love of a true woman, is a human transcript, covering phase after phase of life, ending in the triumph of soul over self. 'Troll, to thyself be-enough,' says the Dovre king. 'To be oneself is to slay oneself,' says the button molder, Death. Self-immolation to be oneself is the fundamental sermon of 'Peer Gynt.'"

Mansfield's success, observes W. L. Hubbard in the *Chicago Tribune*, proves that the play was clear, vital and interesting to all who saw and heard. Mansfield's chief service, however, consists, in this critic's opinion, in the fact that he made plain to a good portion of the American public that Ibsen was something more than a dealer in social and pathological problems. He concludes:

"The man who could write the first half of 'Peer Gynt' had a kindly humanness, a sweet humor, and a charming fantasy in him which are far removed from the analytical corrective spirit made known in 'Ghosts,' 'Hedda Gabler,' 'A Doll's House,' and kindred problem plays. And to bring about this understanding of Ibsen is to do a worthy service for one of the great minds of the century and benefit the public through straightening its vision and giving it a correct point of view."

Percy Mackaye's poetic play, "Jeanne d'Arc" (Lyric Theater, Philadelphia), is pronounced

JEANNE  
D'ARC

a decided success. This success, we gather from *The Saturday Evening Post*, comes after a full portion of disappointment on the part of the young playwright. His first play, "The Canterbury Pilgrims," was accepted by Mr. Sothorn with enthusiasm on account of its humor and poetry; but after progressing almost to the point of production he found that his part, Chaucer, gave very few opportunities to the actor, consisting mainly of beautiful lines. Mackaye's next play, "The Scarecrow," was rejected by Sothorn, twice considered and then refused by Mansfield, and finally accepted but never produced by Mr. Hackett. "Jeanne d'Arc," however, has not only been produced by Sothorn and Julia Marlowe, but was issued simultaneously in book form by the Macmillans. The play, remarks *The North American*, may be classed as a literary one, but never as a drama for the closet. "There are actions with the words, and there are actors back of the action."

Philadelphia critics place Mr. Mackaye's treatment of that "good Joan whom Englishmen at Rouen doomed and burned her there" in point of truthfulness above Schiller's, and in point of justness above Shakespeare's, treatment of the subject. Says *The Bulletin*: "In variety of treatment and collective impressiveness, Percy Mackaye's drama is the worthiest, most human, and most interesting of the various stage histories of La Pucelle." It is not too much to say, remarks *The Inquirer*, that his treatment of the Maid of Orleans is at once the most convincing and sympathetic yet accorded to her by poet or dramatist. The same paper says further:

"Shakespeare in the first part of 'Henry the Sixth,' through his never-failing sense of justice, added just the barest touch of gentleness at the same time he paid tribute to her as a woman of unusual qualities, but it should be remembered that he wrote for an age still imbued with the spirit that led Froissart and the other chroniclers to dub her 'Limb of the Fiend,' 'A devilish witch and satanical enchantress,' and so on. Schiller, in representing her as a vengeful creature, falls short of giving a just estimate, and she has been equally misrepresented in other dramatic versions, among them that given by Fanny Davenport here nearly a decade ago. The present author's estimate is much like that of Michelet. Mr. Mackaye has made the skeleton of his drama the principal events in the Maid's life, from Domremy to Rouen, and covering it with an almost reverential appreciation of the woman, a bold, poetic imagination and a vigorous grasp of

dramatic effect has recreated a living Jeanne D'Arc."

The first production of Langdon Mitchell's satire-comedy, "The New York Idea," with Mrs. Fiske in the leading rôle, has drawn shouts of delight from Chicago critics. The author holds up to ridicule the quick-marriage and divorce habit. The New York idea, as reflected in the play and in the actions of the heroine, Mrs. Karlslake, seems to be epitomized in the statement, "Follow your whim and leave the rest to the man." Mrs. Fiske, it seems, admirably rendered the part of Mrs. Karlslake. James O'Donnell Bennett in *The Record-Herald* speaks of her acting as dazzling and bewildering, and continues: "She fluttered so wonderfully and constantly from smiles to glances that fell from eyes wet with tears that the people didn't know whether to laugh or cry with her." The dramatist, too, receives a full measure of praise. Mr. Bennett says of him:

"Mr. Mitchell has written an audacious composite of farce, idyl, high comedy and tragedy. All the elements are more or less veiled. Pathos springs from laughter and reverts to it in the twinkling of Mrs. Fiske's eyes. And always Mr. Mitchell's play is clever—almost uncannily, crazily clever. Half the time you are doubtful whether he is laughing at life or about to cry over the botch people so often in these feverish times make of life. He is now bizarre, now bitter, now sorry, now grave and sweet. Then he smiles and passes on, and with him his characters pass on—along the crazy highway of modern American life. Call it a farce he has written, a defiant farce, with a melodramatic interlude of 'No wedding bells for her.' Well, so, perhaps, it is, sometimes. But at its most farcical it is a farce done on silk with beautifully illuminated letters—and little fantastic fireflies and strange butterflies and pretty gewgaws strewn all over the pages."

Mr. Hubbard remarks in *The Tribune* that not even in Shaw's comedies is to be found greater and more constant wit. Moreover, we are told, Mr. Mitchell has the better of the clever Britisher in that his wit is invariably good-natured. Even more glowing is Mr. Hammond's account in *The Evening Post*. He says:

"At the risk of being over-enthusiastic, we propose to declare in the horsey language of 'The New York Idea' that Mr. Langdon Mitchell in his merry comedy of that name romps away from Mr. Clyde Fitch in shining small talk and the satire of society, breezes past Mr. Augustus Thomas in creating atmosphere of the same environment, is closely bunched with Mr. Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in the perfection of play construction, and is in a fair way to gallop home with the season's first money."



NEW YORK'S MONUMENT TO VERDI

Erected by popular subscription of Italians living in New York. It is the work of Pasquale Civiletti.



THE VERDI STATUE IN TRIESTE

Unveiled recently in the presence of a vast concourse. The sculptor is Signor Alexander Lafcret, of Milan.

## THE ENDURING INFLUENCE OF VERDI



**A**LTHO Giuseppe Verdi, the world-famous composer of "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore" and "Aida," died in 1901, subsequent years have only added to his reputation. A few months ago, Austria signally honored his memory by unveiling a statue in Trieste. Now America has followed suit by erecting a splendid monument, of purest Carrara marble, in New York. The New York *Sun* speaks of this latter tribute as most fitting, and comments further:

"For half a century the music of the great Italian composer has delighted Americans. Even today, despite the production of operas by the younger generation of Italian musicians, the works of Verdi are the backbone of the immense popularity of Italian opera in this city. Those who look beneath the surface discern in Verdi's operas all the elements which combine to make interesting and vital the creations of such writers as Puccini, Leoncavallo and Mascagni.

"There has been no other such towering figure

as Verdi in the recent history of Italian music. To find one like him the music-lover must go back to Palestrina, Corelli, Lotti and the Scarlattis. Even Rossini's theatrical brilliancy pales before the refulgence of Verdi's flaming passion, his captivating melody and his dramatic sincerity. His best works hold the stage and delight all audiences. He has conquered America as he has conquered Germany.

"Not the least striking feature of Verdi's career was his majestic advance in keeping with the progress of modern music. He abandoned his old manner and revolutionized Italian opera when he wrote 'Aida,' but he went still further toward the untrammelled music drama of to-day when he composed his noble 'Otello.' Finally, in his extreme old age, at a time when he might well have been contented to rest on his laurels, he wrote his astonishing 'Falstaff,' a comic opera of which Mozart himself would have been proud and which will undoubtedly hold a permanent place as a classic of lyric art.

"One of the loftiest figures in music, Verdi was also distinguished as a patriot, a philanthropist and a man of pure and simple life. Americans will be glad that the composer's countrymen



THE NEW CONDUCTOR OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY

Dr. Karl Muck comes to us from Berlin, where he has been associated with Richard Strauss in the direction of the Royal Opera.

have set up in New York a lasting memorial of this illustrious tone poet."

A third tribute to the great composer has not been so widely heralded, but is, perhaps, even more significant than the two mentioned. It took the form of a demonstration in Roncole, the little Italian town where Verdi was born, and it was distinguished by unusual features. A procession of peasants, with the parish priest at their head, marched to the humble dwelling in which their distinguished fellow-townsmen first saw the light. At a signal from the priest they kneeled reverently, and, after prayers had been said, unveiled a tablet recording the gratitude of the "poor of the village." The tablet was paid for by the fifty poor families whom Verdi remembered in his will.

Verdi wrote twenty-seven operas. There stand to his credit besides: a few romances and songs; two odes, one composed for a great exhibition in 1862; one quartet; and the famous Mazzoni Requiem.

"When all this present rhapsodical, turgid, over-sensitized and hectic work in music," predicts the editor of *The Musical Courier*, "has passed through its time, which is the present only, the powerful lyric and dramatic music of the constructive genius of Verdi will appear greater than ever."

## THE VISIT OF LEONCAVALLO



HE first of a series of eminent foreign composers to visit our shores this winter has been Ruggiero Leoncavallo. In his own country he shares the honors of musical leadership with Mascagni and Puccini; in America he is well known, by reason of the enormous success of his opera, "I Pagliacci." He is accompanied on his present tour by singers and an orchestra from the leading Italian opera-house, La Scala, in Milan, and is giving concert excerpts from his operas in many of our cities. While the technical side of his concerts has been severely criticized, the composer himself is everywhere being greeted with the respect and recognition due to a "master" of acknowledged genius.

Leoncavallo is described as an Italian of Italians, and the distinguishing characteristic of his music is its pure melody. But he is an Italian of the modern spirit, standing as a

link between two generations. As *The Musical Courier* (New York) puts it:

"'I Pagliacci' was one of the dominating factors which accomplished the recent revolution in Italian opera, and gave it new life by seeking to combine the ancient heritage of melody left by Verdi, Donizetti and Rossini, with the modern orchestral and dramatic reforms of Wagner and his followers. Leoncavallo was not a mere imitator, however, and while he was intelligent enough to adopt the manner of the Neo-Germans, he was original enough to break away from their subject matter and to strike out boldly in a direction of his own. Speaking birds, megaphonic dragons, flying horses, and mystical, mythological and zoological figures of the distant past did not appeal to Leoncavallo as the best texts around which to write the full-blooded, richly-corpuscled music with which he felt himself inspired. He looked into the life around him, and found there the material he sought. 'Where there are human beings there is drama,' said Leoncavallo; 'and why not write the story and the speech of the persons around me, the ones I know and have met in the flesh, with whose thoughts, and motives, and feel-



ings, and hopes, and ideals I am most familiar?" That is in the main what Leoncavallo did, and his success is now a matter of musical history."

"I Pagliacci" is the reflection of an incident in Leoncavallo's own life. While still a child, under the care of a peasant named Silvio, he was the unwilling participant in a tragedy that left indelible impress on his imagination, and in later years suggested the motive for an opera. To the city in which he was living with his guardian came a traveling circus troupe, led by one Canio, and his beautiful wife, Nedda. Silvio became involved in an *amour* with Nedda, and the two were one day surprized by the husband, who, in his rage, killed them both. The boy Leoncavallo was a witness of the murder, and never forgot the cry of the outraged husband:

"Are we actors not human—like you?  
Have we not our loves, our passions, our sorrows?"

These lines, it will be remembered, were afterward incorporated in the opera with intense dramatic effect.

The most famous of Leoncavallo's operas, after "I Pagliacci," is probably "Roland of Berlin." It was written and first presented under the patronage of the German Emperor, who showed his disapproval of the "morbid" tendencies of Richard Strauss and his school by entrusting a German theme to an Italian composer. "Roland of Berlin" was produced on a magnificent scale, but has never been regarded as a great success. It lacks the poetry and passion of Leoncavallo's earlier work, and is said to show signs of having been "made to order."

Leoncavallo's other operas include "Chat-



LEONCAVALLO

The eminent Italian composer, who is now conducting concerts of his own music in this country.

terton," an adaptation of Alfred de Vigny's drama; "Zaza," based on the well-known play by Berton and Simon; and "I Medici," the first part of a projected trilogy dealing with the history of the Renaissance in Italy. Of these the most popular is "Zaza," which has been warmly received not only in Italy, but also in Germany, France and Holland.

## SIR HENRY IRVING AND HIS KINGLY CIRCLE

**D**URING the heyday of his dramatic career in London, Sir Henry Irving was king in his own domain, and established a truly regal court in the Lyceum Theater. Never before in the history of the stage, it may safely be said, have actor and theater played so important a part in national life; and the account of this brilliant period, given by Mr. Bram Stoker, for thirty years Irving's manager and confidential friend, in a newly published book of "Reminiscences,"\*

recalls the pomp and splendor of the Roman Emperors.

Sir Henry used to meet his friends after the evening performances, sometimes in a little dining-room at the back of the theater; at other times, when the company was larger, on the floor of the stage. Royalty, it seems, was frequently welcomed to these dinner-parties. Says Mr. Stoker:

"The Prince of Wales dined there in a party of fifty on May 7, 1883. The table was a round one, and in the center was a glorious mass of yellow flowers with sufficient green leaves to add to its

\*PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF HENRY IRVING. By Bram Stoker. The Macmillan Company.

beauty. This bouquet was thirty feet across, and was in the center only nine inches in height, so that it allowed an uninterrupted view all round the table. On this, as on other occasions, there was overhead a great tent-roof covering the entire stage. Through this hung chandeliers. On three sides were great curtains of crimson plush and painted satin, ordinarily used for tableaux curtains; and on the proscenium side a forest of high palms and flowers, behind which a fine quartet band played soft music.

"One charming night the Duke of Teck and Princess Mary and their three sons and Princess May Victoria, whose birthday it was, came to supper. In honor of the occasion the whole decorations of room and table were of pink and white May, with the birthday cake to suit. Before the princess was an exquisite little set of Shakespeare, specially bound in white vellum by Zaehnsdorf, with markers of blush-rose silk."

A list of the names of those who, at one time or another, partook of Irving's hospitality would form an index to the most gifted and famous personalities of our age. Sir Henry was the intimate friend of Tennyson and Robert Browning. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Balfour came to visit him behind the scenes. Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, Edwin A. Abbey, co-operated with him in his stage productions. At his banqueting board sat admirals and generals, ambassadors and potentates. His sympathies were broad enough to include peers and nihilists. The Duke of Devonshire and Sergius Stepniak were united in their admiration for his genius. Gounod, Liszt, Paderewski, Sarasate, Adelina Patti, felt honored to be his guests. Sarah Bernhardt and Eleonora Duse graced his table. Whistler and Sargent, James Russell Lowell and Henry Ward Beecher, "Buffalo Bill" and H. M. Stanley, accepted his invitations.

Irving never knew how many personal friends he had, says Mr. Stoker, "for all who ever met him claimed acquaintance for evermore—and always to his great delight." Mr. Stoker goes on to expatiate on the inconveniences, as well as the privileges, of entertaining so vast a circle of friends:

"In the late 'eighties,' when Irving took a house with an enormous garden in Brook Green, Hammersmith, he had the house rebuilt and beautifully furnished; but he never lived in it. However, in the summer he thought it would be a good opportunity of giving a garden-party at which he might see all his friends together. He explained to me what he would like to do:

"I want to see all my friends at once; and I wish to have it so arranged that there shall be no one left out. I hope my friends will bring their young people who would like to come. Perhaps you may remember our friends better than I do; would you mind making out a list for me—so that we can send the invitations. Of course I should like to ask a few of our Lyceum audience

who come much to the theater. Some of them I know, but there are others from whom I have received endless courtesies, and I want them to see that I look on them as friends."

"I set to work on a list, and two days afterwards in the office he said to me:

"What about that list? We ought to be getting on with the invitations."

"No use," I said, "You can't give that party—not as you wish it!"

"Why not?" he asked amazed; he never liked to hear that anything he wished could not be done. I held up the sheets I had been working at.

"Here is the answer," I said. "There are too many!"

"Oh, nonsense, my dear fellow. You forget it is a huge garden," I shook my head.

"The other is huger. I am not half through yet, and they total up already over five thousand!"

"And so that party never came off."

Irving's social power, we learn further, lay not merely in his hospitality. By reason of his almost kingly prominence he was constantly in demand for all sorts of public and semi-public functions, such as unveiling monuments, laying foundation stones, opening bazaars, libraries and theaters. To quote again:

"The public banquets to him have been many. The entertainments in his honor by clubs and other organizations were multitudinous.

"And wherever he went on any such occasion, whatever space there was—were it even in an open square or street—was crowded to the last point.

"This very popularity entailed much work, both in preparation and execution, for he had always to make a speech. With him a speech meant writing it and having it printed so that he could read it—though he never appeared to do so.

"All this opened many new ways for his successes in his art, and so aided in the growth of its honor. For instance, he was the first actor asked to speak at the annual banquet of the Royal Academy; thus through him a new toast was added to the restricted list of that very conservative body.

"The 'First Night' gatherings on the stage of the Lyceum, after the play, became almost historic. . . . There were similar gatherings of a certain national, and even international, importance; such as when the members of the Colonial Conferences came *en masse*; when the Conference of Librarians attended the theater; when ships of war of foreign nations sent glad contingents to the theater; when the Guests of the Nation were made welcome."

Irving's last reception at the Lyceum took place on a July evening four years ago, in connection with King Edward's coronation festivities. After the play, the body of the auditorium was rapidly cleared. The stage was hung with imperial purple. Fairy lights and floral decorations soon transformed the interior into an enchanted garden. Two "set pieces" of dazzling brilliancy—a great Union Jack, composed of thousands of colored lights,

and a resplendent crown—were put in place. And then the guests began to troop in.

"They were from every part of the world and of every race under the sun. In type and color they would have illustrated a discourse on ethnology or craniology. Some were from the center of wildest Africa, not long come under the dominion of Britain. . . .

"The premiers of all the great colonies were present, and a host of lesser representatives of King Edward's dominions. Also a vast number of peers and peeresses and other representatives of the nation—statesmen, ecclesiastics, soldiers, authors, artists, men of science and commerce.

"The most gorgeous of all the guests were the Indian princes. Each was dressed in the fullest dress of his nationality, state and creed. The amount of jewels they wore, cut and uncut, was perfectly astonishing. . . .

"When one entered at the back of the stage, the *coup d'œil* was magnificent. The place looked of vast size; the many lights and the red lights of

the tiers making for infinite distance as they gleamed through the banks of foliage. The great crown and Union Jack seemed to flame over all; the moving mass of men and women, nearly all the men in gorgeous raiment, in uniform or court dress, the women all brilliantly dressed and flashing with gems; with here and there many of the Ranees and others of various nationalities in their beautiful robes. Everywhere ribbons and orders, each of which meant some lofty distinction of some kind. Everywhere a sense of the unity and glory of the Empire. Dominating it all, as though it was floating on light and sound and form and color, the thrilling sense that there, in all its bewildering myriad beauty, was the spirit mastering the heart-beat of that great Empire on which the sun never sets.

"That night was the swan-song of the old Lyceum, and was a fitting one; for such a wonderful spectacle none of our generation shall ever see again. As a function it crowned Irving's reign as Master and Host.

"Two weeks later the old Lyceum, as a dramatic theater, closed its doors—forever."

## ETHEL BARRYMORE'S ADVICE TO STAGE ASPIRANTS

**F**OR the guidance of unnumbered girls who crowd her letter-box with pathetically eager little notes asking, "What shall I do to get on the stage?", Miss Ethel Barrymore, the well-known actress, offers the following word of counsel: "Nothing counts but the dramatic instinct." If a girl has that instinct, she will succeed; if she does not have it, she will fail. In the meanwhile, "there are innumerable emotions to confuse with that great primal requisite. The love of excitement, the youthful spirit of adventure, the desire for applause, for flattery; all these have convinced many a young girl before her own dressing-table that she had the dramatic instinct, the dramatic genius, when she had nothing in the world but the ordinary gifts and impulses of girlhood."

The great majority of stage aspirants, Miss Barrymore states emphatically, have *not* dramatic instinct. Ninety-nine out of a hundred girls with theatrical ambitions "may expect Failure spelled with the largest capital in the type-setter's outfit." Even the hundredth, who has some talent and "gets her chance," is not to be envied. She is likely to know all the discouragements and hardships, without sharing in the privileges, of her profession. Hers are the small parts, the unimportant rôles.

But what of the woman of supreme talent, of genuine dramatic instinct—the one in a million? For such, Miss Barrymore admits,

the highest delights are in store. She writes (*Harper's Bazaar*, November):

"No one but a churl—in fact, no one at all—can fail to be pleased, flattered, touched to the heart by the spontaneous admiration of the public. To feel that people like one, smile when one smiles, grow teary when one weeps, give one their affection for no more cogent reason than because they cannot help it—which is the most cogent reason on earth, after all—is a delight. To escape from oneself every night, to thrill with the emotions, think the thoughts, play the games, use the words of another woman—to be another woman, interesting, plaintive, charming, tragic, witty, or whatever her creator has made her—is the fulness of joy. To feel the electric currents of sympathy play back and forth across the footlights is—well, it is an intoxication of pleasure.

"Of course, materially, the star is extremely well off. She can, if she has any business instinct whatever, easily become a rich woman. She earns, we will say, \$500 a week and a percentage of the box-office receipts. At that rate she need not be miserly to accumulate a tidy fortune in the course of a few successful years."

Miss Barrymore thinks that "there is no school of acting comparable to a company engaged in producing plays," and she has no patience with those who talk about the degrading associations of theatrical life. On this point she says:

"When I hear moans about the demoralizing influence of the stage, when I hear parents bewailing their daughter's ambition for a theatrical career on the ground that it does not offer a proper life for a well-bred woman, instead of on the often obvious ground that the daughter in question has no glimmer of talent, my brain refuses to follow.

The woman who goes upon the stage and who succeeds upon the stage must live a regular, orderly life. She has constant rehearsals, and each night at a given hour she has to appear in a given place in the absolute 'pink' of condition. She cannot foolishly dissipate her energies.

"As for the people whom she will meet behind the scenes and the associations that she will form—it is a byword that there is no profession in the world where self-forgetful, self-denying kindness is so common. She will encounter generosity in every form—tolerance of judgment and kindness of expression as well as a positively reckless prodigality of kindness in money. A woman who could meet such cordiality, such honest sisterliness as is met in the

theatrical profession and fail to be touched, to be deepened and broadened by it, has not the makings of a fine character in her—in other words, she is incapable of demoralization."

And there are other compensations:

"To live all over the world, to see all sorts of people, to be most intimately associated with a class famous for brilliancy of mind and kindness of heart—even to learn little things such as how to enter a room, how to offer a cup of tea, how to dress, how to talk, how to smile—all this must make for improvement in a woman who has any native material susceptible to improvement.

"But it is only for the thousandth woman that the possibility exists."

## SCENES FROM WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY'S DRAMA "THE GREAT DIVIDE"



WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY'S new play has been said to mark a new epoch in American drama. It is certainly bolder and more vital than anything that has been offered us for a long time from the pen of an American playwright. Many who came to see Mr. Moody's play at the Princess Theater had feared that this coiner of difficult Æschylean verse would find it hard to gain a footing on the boards. But if success proves anything, Mr. Moody has certainly shown that with the gift of the lyrist he unites that equally rare gift which might be termed the "dramatic instinct." We may find much in the play that is not entirely sympathetic, but it certainly grips the attention and holds it to the end.

By permission of the author we are enabled to reprint the three crucial scenes of "The Great Divide" from the original manuscript. The play, we are informed, will not be printed in book form for some time to come.

The first act introduces us to Philip Jordan's log cabin in Southern Arizona. Packing is going on. Scattered on the floor are various articles of clothing, for Polly, Jordan's wife, is impatient to exchange her present abode in the desert for her Massachusetts home. Jordan has been living here in Arizona with his sister Ruth, the heroine of the play, in the hope of retrieving out of cactus fiber the shattered family fortune. He is about to take his wife (who has been visiting them) to the railroad station several miles away. Polly questions Ruth as to whether she is in love with Winthrop Newbury, a young doctor who has been a friend of the Jordan family for many

years, and who is now living with them in their cabin. But Ruth had, only the moment before, rejected his suit. She cannot tell why. Perhaps because he is so good—too good, in fact. "Do you think," she asks, "that if I wanted to flirt I would select a youth I've played hookey with and seen his mother spank?" Moreover, he is too finished. He is a completed product of the civilization that produced him. But Ruth's heart goes out to the man whom she sees in her dreams, who, like the environing country, is big and incomplete, the "sublime abstraction of the West—the desert—the glorious unfulfilled." Polly inquires whether by any chance she has ever beheld that divine abstraction in a blue shirt and jumpers, but Ruth severely shakes her head.

After Polly and Philip have departed, it occurs that Ruth is left alone in the log cabin. She darkens the room so as not to attract the attention of desperadoes, who are swarming in the neighborhood, when suddenly a muttering of voices is heard from the outside. A heavy lunge breaks the bolt of the door. A man pushes in, but is hurled back by another man with a snarling oath. A third figure advances to the table to strike a match. Ruth snatches her gun, but it misses fire. The gun is struck from her hand by the first man, Dutch, who attempts to seize her. The second man, Pedro, prevents her from taking hold of a revolver, while the third, Stephen Ghent, the hero of the play, at last succeeds in lighting the lamp. They are all three intoxicated. Pedro, a half-breed Mexican, proposes to raffle her out between them. She realizes that she is lost, and appeals to Ghent, the most decent looking of





THE AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT DIVIDE"

William Vaughn Moody unites with the gifts of the lyricist the equally rare gift of dramatic instinct. His verse has given him a place in the front rank of American poets, while his first popular play marks, by its boldness, a new epoch in American drama.

the trio, who has been gazing at her in a fascinated semi-stupor. She promises to be his, under the law, and follow him, if he will not abandon her to her fate. The others object, and Ghent proposes to buy her from them. He throws all the money he has with him on the table. Pedro ("Shorty") rejects the offer and the following conversation ensues:

*Dutch:* Don't blame you, Shorty! A ornery buck of a Mojave'd pay more'n that for his squaw.

*(Ruth covers her face shudderingly. Lashing himself into maudlin rage, Dutch takes a step or two backward toward Ruth, as if placing her under his protection. She shrinks away, and again gazes at Ghent, who stands pondering, watching the two men under his brows, and slowly gathering up the money. As if on sudden thought, he opens his shirt and unwinds from his neck a string of gold nuggets in the rough, strung on a leather thread.)*

*Ghent:* Well, it ain't much, that's sure. But there's a string of gold nuggets I guess is worth some money. *(He throws it on the table, speaking to both men.)* Take that and clear out.

*Dutch (draws up angrily):* I've given you fair warning!

*Ghent:* Everything friendly between me and you. A square stand-up shoot, and the best man takes her.

*Dutch (mollified and flattered):* Now you're comin' to.

*Ghent (to Pedro):* Then it's up to you and you'd better answer quick!

*Pedro (eyeing Ghent and Ruth, points to gun lying on floor):* I take him too.

*Ghent:* No, you don't. You leave everything here the way you found it.

*Pedro (after a pause):* All right. *(Pockets the chain and starts for the door.)*

*Ghent:* Hold on a minute. You've got to promise to tie the man who falls, on his horse, and take him to Mesa Grande. Bargain? *(Pedro nods.)* And mouth shut, mind you, or—*(He makes a sign across his throat.)*

*Pedro (nods):* Alla right.

*Ghent (moving toward the door):* Outside.

*Dutch (surprised):* What for?

*Ghent (sternly):* Outside! *(They move toward the door.)*

*Dutch (stops and waves his hand to Ruth):* Don't worry, my girl. Back soon.

*Ghent (threateningly):* Cut that out!

*Dutch:* What's eating you? She ain't yours yet, and I guess she won't be, till hell freezes over. *(Taps his pistol. They go out.)*

*(Ruth stands beside the table, listening. Four shots are heard. After a short time Ghent appears and watches from the door the vanishing horses. Comes to table opposite Ruth.)*

*Ruth (after a long pause, in a low voice):* Is he dead?

*Ghent:* No; but he'll stay in the coop for a while. *(She sinks down in a chair. Ghent seats himself at the other side of the table, draws a whisky flask from his pocket and uncorks it awkwardly, using only his right hand.)*

*Ruth (as he is about to drink):* Don't!

*Ghent (lowering the bottle and looking at her in a dazed way):* Is this on the square?

*Ruth:* I gave you my promise.

*(Gazing at her, he lets the bottle sink slowly by his side; the liquor runs out, while he sits as if in a stupor. Ruth glances toward the door, and half starts from her seat, smiling back as he looks up.)*

*Ghent:* Give me a drink of water.

*(She brings the water from a bucket in the corner. He sets the empty bottle on the table, drinks deeply of the water, takes handkerchief from neck, wets it and mops his face.)*

*Ghent:* Where are your folks?

*Ruth:* My brother has gone out to the railroad.

*Ghent:* Him and you ranching it here by yourselves?

*Ruth:* Yes.

*Ghent:* Write him a note. *(Shoves paper, pen and ink before her.)* Fix it up any way you like.

*Ruth:* Tell me first what you mean to do with me.

*Ghent:* Have you got a horse to ride?

*Ruth:* Yes.

*Ghent:* There's a Justice of the Peace at San Jacinto. We can reach there before sun-up. Then we're off for the Cordilleras. I've got a claim tucked away in them hills that will buy you the City of 'Frisco some day, if you have a mind to it! *(She shrinks and shudders.)* What are you shivering at?

*(She does not answer, but begins to write. Ghent takes from his pockets the weapons previously gathered up by the Mexican, examines them, reloads one, and lays them all carelessly on the table, within Ruth's reach. He rises and goes to the fireplace, rolls and lights a cigarette, and examines the objects on the mantel-helf. Ruth stops writing, takes up a pistol, then lays it down, as he speaks without turning round.)*

*Ghent:* Read what you have written.

*Ruth (reads):* "Have gone away to be married. Forgive me for deceiving you. Do not attempt to find me. Comfort mother, and both of you try to think as well of me as you can—" *(Pause; Ghent still has his back turned. Ruth has taken up the pistol again and stands trembling and irresolute.)*

*Ghent:* Why don't you shoot?

*Ruth drops pistol and sits down in chair.*

*Ghent (turning round):* You promised on the square, but there is nothing square about this deal. You ought to shoot me like a rattlesnake!

*Ruth:* Yes, I know that.

*Ghent:* Then why don't you?

*Ruth (slowly):* I don't know.

*Ghent:* I guess you've got nerve enough for that or anything. *(Ruth does not answer.)* Answer me; why not?

*Ruth (pause):* You must live. You must suffer.

*Ghent (comes slowly to the table, pauses):* As a punishment? *(Ruth does not answer.)* Don't you think a couple of them capsules would serve the purpose?

*Ruth (slowly):* You have no right to die. You must live—to pay for having spoiled your life.

*Ghent:* Do you think it is spoiled?

*Ruth:* There is no more happiness for you on earth.

*Ghent:* Does this make any difference to you? *(Ruth does not answer. Pause.)* And how about your life?



THE MOST TRAGIC MOMENT OF "THE GREAT DIVIDE"

*Ghent: Speak plainly, for God's sake! I don't understand this talk.*

*Ruth (looking steadfastly as at an invisible shape, speaks in a horrified whisper): There—he stands behind you now!—the drunken ravisher, the human beast.*

*Ruth: I tried to do it.*

*Ghent: To do what?*

*Ruth: To take my life. I ought to die. I have a right to die. But I cannot, I cannot! I love my life, I must live. In torment and darkness—it doesn't matter. I want my life. I will have it! (Shoving the weapons toward him and covering her eyes.) Take them away! Don't let me see them. If you want me on these terms take me, and may God forgive you for it; but if there is a soul in you to be judged, don't let me do myself violence. (She sinks down by the table, hiding her face in her hands.) O God, have pity on me!*

*(Ghent puts the pistol back into his belt, goes slowly to the outer door, opens it and stands for some moments gazing out. He then closes the door, takes a step or two toward the table. As he speaks Ruth's sobs cease, she raises her head and looks strangely at him.)*

*Ghent: I've lived hard and careless, and lately I've been goin' down hill pretty fast. But I haven't got so low yet but what I can tell one woman from another. If that was all of it, I'd be miles away from here by now, riding like hell for liquor to wash the taste of shame out of my mouth. But that ain't all. I've seen what I've been looking the world over for, and never knew it. Say your promise holds and I'll go away now.*

*Ruth: Oh, yes, go, go! You will be merciful? You will not hold me to my oath?*

*Ghent: And when I come back? (Ruth does not answer. Nearer.) And when I come back?*

*Ruth: You never—could—come back.*

*Ghent (after a pause): No, I guess I never could.*

*Ruth (eager, pleading): You will go?*

*Ghent: For good?*

*Ruth (low, hesitating): Yes.*

*Ghent: Do you mean that?*

*Ruth (wildly): Yes, yes, ten thousand times!*

*Ghent: Is that your last word?*

*Ruth: Yes. (Pause.) Oh, why did you come here to-night?*

*Ghent: Because I was blind-drunk and sun-crazy, and lookin' for damnation the nearest way. That's why I came—but that's not why I'm stayin'. I'm talkin' to you in my right mind now. I want you to try to see the thing the way I do.*

*Ruth (breaks out): Oh, for God's pity go away and never come back! There can never be anything between us but hatred and misery and horror!*

*Ghent (in a changed, hard voice): We'll see about that. Are you ready to start? (Ruth, as if aware for the first time of her undress condition, shrinks and folds her gown closer about her neck.) Go, and be quick about it.*

*(She rises and goes into the side room, closing the door. Ghent gets more water from the bucket, drinks deeply, mops his face, rolls up the sleeve of his left arm, which is soaked with blood. He tries awkwardly to stanch a wound in his forearm, gives it up in disgust—rolls down his sleeve again, takes Ruth's saddle and bridle from the wall, and goes out. Ruth comes in; her face is white and haggard, but her manner determined and collected. She comes to the table and sees the bloody handkerchief and basin of water. As Ghent enters she turns to him anxiously.)*

*Ruth: You are hurt?*

*Ghent: It's no matter.*

*Ruth: Where? (He indicates his left arm. She throws off her hooded riding cloak, runs impulsively, gathering together water, towels and bandages; approaches him, quite lost in her task, flushed and eager.) Sit down and roll up your sleeve. (He obeys mechanically.) Now hold still. (She rapidly and deftly washes and binds the wound, speaking half to herself, between long pauses.) Can you lift your arm? The bone is not touched—it will be all right in a few days . . . This balsam is a wonderful thing to heal . . .*

*Ghent (Longer pause. Watching her dreamily—she sits at his feet): What's your name?*

*Ruth: Ruth Jordan. (Long pause.) There, gently . . . It must be very painful. (She rises and puts things away. As she comes to the table again, he shakes his head slowly, with a half-humorous protest.)*

*Ghent: It's not fair!*

*Ruth: What isn't fair?*

*Ghent: To treat me like this. It's not in the rules of the game.*

*Ruth (as the sense of the situation again sweeps over her): Binding your wound? I would do the same service for a dog.*

*Ghent: Yes, I dare say. But, the point is I am not a dog! I'm human—the worst way—(He starts up and holds out his hands with an impulsive gesture.) Make this bad business over into something good for both of us! You'll never regret it! I'm a strong man! (He holds out his arm rigid.) I want to feel sometimes, before I go to the bad, that I could take the world like that and tilt her over. And I can do it, too, if you say the word. I'll put you where you can look down on the proudest. I'll give you the kingdoms of the world and all the glory of 'em—won't you? (She covers her face with her hands.)*

*Ruth (taking the words with difficulty): Do you remember what that man said—just—now?*

*Ghent: What about?*

*Ruth: About the Indian and his squaw.*

*Ghent: Tho, yes, there was somethin' in it, too. I was a fool to offer him that mean little wad.*

*Ruth: For me!*

*Ghent: Well, yes, for you! You want to put it that way.*

*Ruth: But—a chain of nuggets—that comes nearer being a—fair—price?*

*Ghent: Oh, to buy off a greaser!*

*Ruth: But to buy the soul of a woman—one must go higher. A mining claim! The kingdoms of the world and all the glory of them! (Breaking down in sudden sobs.) Oh, be careful how you treat me! Be careful! I say it as much for your sake as mine. Be careful!*

*Ghent (turning from her, his puzzlement and discomfiture translating itself into gruffness): Well, I guess we'll blunder through. . . . Come along! We've no time to lose.*

*(He picks up the saddle-pack which Ruth has brought out of the room with her and starts toward the door. She follows. As they are about to pass out, she stops and looks around.)*

*Ruth (taking a hammer from the window ledge and handing it to Ghent): Fix the bolt. My brother must not know.*

*(He drives in the staple of the bolt, while she throws the blood-stained water and handkerchief into the fire. He aids her in replacing the weapons on the walls, then takes the saddle-pack and goes out. She picks up her mother's picture. There is a sharp whistle outside. She thrusts the picture in her bosom. There is another impatient whistle. She takes the picture out, kisses it, lays it on the table, face down, extinguishes the lamp, and goes out hastily, closing the door.)*

*(The curtain falls in darkness.)*

The second act introduces us to the home of Stephen Ghent and his wife, high on top of a hill. The whole aspect is described as one of

rude materials touched by an artistic hand, bent on making the most of the glorious natural background. Against the cabin wall is a large hand-loom of the Navajo type, with a weaving stool and a blanket half woven. Cactus plants in full blossom fill the niches of the rocks and lift their fantastic forms above the low line of piled stones which wall the cañon brink. It is here that Philip Jordan discovers his sister living with Stephen Ghent. Ghent is worshipping his wife, but Ruth cannot forget that he bought her, and bought her like a squaw. In vain he showers upon her the wealth that has come to him from his new-found gold mine. She has never been able to use a penny of the money he has given her, but chooses to sell her handiwork rather than take his money, while he thinks that she has been weaving blankets and baskets only to pass away the time.

Ruth champions him before her people when occasion arises, but cannot conceal from him that she can never forgive and forget. When this truth dawns upon him he is utterly dumfounded. A tremendously stirring scene ensues:

*Ghent (after a pause): Surely it hasn't all been—hateful to you? There have been times, since that . . . The afternoon we climbed up here . . . The day we made the table, the day we planted the vines . . .*

*Ruth (in a half-whisper, doubtfully): Yes—! (She puts her hands suddenly before her face and sobs.) Oh, it was not my fault. I struggled against it. You don't know how I struggled!*

*Ghent: Against what? Struggled against what?*

*Ruth: Against the hateful image you had raised up beside your own image—*

*Ghent: What do you mean?*

*Ruth: I mean that—often—when you stood there before my eyes you would fade away, and in your place I would see—the Other One!*

*Ghent: Speak plainly, for God's sake! I don't understand this talk.*

*Ruth (looking steadfastly as at an invisible shape speaks in a horrified whisper): There—he stands behind you now!—the drunken ravisher, the human beast that goes to its horrible pleasure as not even a wild animal will go—in pack, in pack! (Ghent, stung beyond endurance, rises and paces up and down. Ruth continues in a broken tone, spent by the horror of her own words.) I have tried—Oh, you don't know how I have tried to save myself from these thoughts—while we were poor and struggling I thought I could do it—then (she points to the cañon), then that hole down there began belching its horrible stream of gold. You began to load me with presents—to force easy ways upon me—*

*Ghent: Well, what else did I care to make money for?*

*Ruth (does not answer for a moment, then speaks slowly, taking the words with loathing upon her tongue): Every time you give me any—*



thing, or talk about the mine and what it is going to do, there rings in my ears that horrible sneer: "Dirt-eating Major would pay more than that for his squaw!" (*She rises.*) I held myself so dear! And you bought me for a handful of gold, like a woman of the street! You drove me before you like an animal from the market!

(*Ghent has seated himself again, elbows on knees and sits with face in his hands. Ruth takes slowly from her bosom the nugget chain and holds it crumpled up in her hand.*)

Ruth (quietly, almost matter-of-fact): I have got back the chain again.

Ghent (looks up): Chain?—what chain?

Ruth (in the same tone, as she holds it up, letting it unwind.): The one you bought me with.

Ghent (dumfounded): Where the devil—

Ruth: It would have had no meaning for me except from his hand.

Ghent: So that's what you've been doing with this rug-weaving and basket-making tomfoolery? (*Points to the loom. Ruth does not answer, but continues looking at the chain, running it through her fingers and weighing it in her hand.*)

Ghent (after pause): How long has this been going on?

Ruth: How long? How long can we live without breathing? Two minutes? A few lifetimes? How long!

Ghent: It was about a month after we came here that you began to potter with this work.

Ruth (draws her hand about her neck as if loosening something there; convulsively): Since then this has been round my neck, so that I could not breathe or speak, around my limbs so that I could not move, chains of smothering fire, chains of white eating fire. Link by link I have unwound them. Look at my hands, they are bitten to the bone. I would not have thought I was worth so much as this has cost me, but I have paid it all. Take it and let me go free. (*She tries to make him take it. In wailing entreaty*) Take it, take it, I beseech you!

Ghent (rising, under stern control): You are killing yourself. You must not go on this way. Go and rest. We will talk of this to-morrow.

Ruth: Rest! To-morrow! Oh how little you have understood of all I have said. Say that it is only a symbol—a make-believe. Say that I am childish to ask it. Still, take it and tell me I am free. (*He remains motionless. She continues in a bitter and searching tone.*) You did not have to plead when you made the bargain, you commanded; well, I also command. (*She drops the chain at his feet.*) Take it. There it lies.

Ghent (picks the chain up, stands for a moment looking at it, then advances to Ruth. Pause): Your price has risen. This is not enough. I refuse it. (*Throws the chain about her neck and draws her to him by it.*) You are mine, mine, do you hear? Now and forever! (*He starts toward the house. She holds out her hand blindly to detain him.*)

Ruth (in a stifled voice): Wait! There is . . . something else . . . (*She bows her head; he comes to her, anxiously, stands waiting. Touching the chain, brokenly.*) It isn't only for my sake I ask you to take this off me, nor only for your sake. (*Pause.*)

Ghent: Ruth! . . . Thank God!

Ruth (putting him off with lifted hand): Now will you take—this off?

Ghent (starts to do so, then draws back): No. Now less than ever. For now, more than ever, you are mine.

Ruth: But—how yours? Oh, remember, have pity! How yours?

(*Philip appears at head of cañon path. Hearing their voices, he waits, half-concealed.*)

Ghent: No matter how! Bought if you like, but mine! Mine by blind chance and the hell in a man's veins, if you like! Mine by Almighty Nature, whether you like or not!

Ruth: Nature! Almighty Nature! (*Takes chain slowly from her neck.*) Not yours! By everything my people have held sacred! Everything by which man has struggled up from the caves of beasts, and imagined justice, and honor, and immortal life! (*She drops the chain.*) Not yours! Not yours! (*She turns slowly and walks back, sees Philip and stops.*)

Philip (supporting her as she sinks half-fainting upon his neck; to Ghent): I came back to get my sister for the night—I don't know by what ugly spell you have held her, but I know, from her own lips, that it is broken. (*To Ruth*): Come! I have horses below.

Ghent: No!

Philip (measuring him): Yes.

(*Pause.*)

Ghent: Let her say!

Ruth (looks long at her husband, then at the house and surroundings. At last she turns to her brother): Take me—with you. Take me—home!

(*Philip, half-supporting her, leads her down the cañon path. Ghent stands gazing after them as they disappear below the rim. He picks up the chain, and goes back, looking down after the descending figures. He sinks down on the rocks on the cañon rim, still gazing below. At last he turns away, lifts the chain, and laughs a short, dry laugh as he hides his face in his hands.*)

CURTAIN.

The last act takes place in Massachusetts at the home of the Jordans. Ruth, who is a mother now, has completely broken with Ghent and her heart is torn by conflicting emotions. The conventional notions of the East are struggling with her love for her husband. For, tho she hardly dares to confess it to herself, she loves this man. She loved him from the beginning. He was in very truth the incarnation of the dream-man to whom Polly so jestingly referred—the glorious unfinished in a blue shirt and jumpers. This point, we gather from Mr. Moody, has been missed by a majority of his critics, and yet it is on this point that the whole play hinges. For if Ruth did not love Stephen Ghent she might have killed him when he gave her the chance; she might have fled; at any rate, she would under no circumstances have acted as she did. Meanwhile, Ghent, apparently in response to a telegram from Polly, but without the knowledge of Ruth, has followed his wife to the East and is secretly dogging her footsteps and those of his child. He is very good to her mother, who,

but for his timely assistance, would be compelled to vacate her house, and as the old lady knows nothing of the history of the marriage, she seeks to bring about a reconciliation, and gives Ghent a chance of seeing his wife. Before her arrival she tells Ruth what he has done for the family. The idea of having, in a measure, been bought a second time so exasperates Ruth that she betrays the secret. It is, however, too late to prevent a meeting. Stephen Ghent appears at the door. They look at each other in silence across the width of the room.

*Ruth:* Before you speak to me, you must hear what I have done. I have told mother—our—story!

*Ghent:* That was wrong.

*Ruth:* Worse than wrong. Base!

*Ghent:* What did she say?

*Ruth:* She said—I—ought to have died—rather than purchase life as I did.

*Ghent (slowly):* Then she said what she'd no business to say.

*Ruth:* She spoke the truth. I have always seen it.

*Ghent:* Ruth, it's a queer thing for me to be saying, but—it seems to me you've never seen the truth between us.

*Ruth:* What is the truth—between us?

*Ghent:* The truth is (*pauses, then continues with a disconsolate gesture*)—well, there's no use going into that now. Besides, I guess it's only of myself I'm thinking.

*Ruth:* What is it—about yourself?

*Ghent (after a pause):* I drifted into one of your meeting-houses last Sunday, not knowing where else to go, and I heard a young fellow preaching about what he called "the second birth." You can believe me or not, but the way he went on he might have been behind the door that night in the little justice den at San Jacinto, saying to the Recording Angel, "Do you see that rascal? Take notice! There isn't an ounce of bone nor a drop of blood in him but what's new man."

*Ruth:* Then you think it has been all my fault—the failure we've made of our life?

*Ghent:* It's been no failure! However it is, it's been our life, and (*solemnly*) in my heart I think it's been—all right!

*Ruth:* All—right! (*She repeats the words this time with a touch of awe and wonder.*) If you had only heard my cry to you to wait, to cleanse yourself and me—by suffering and sacrifice—before we dared begin to live.

*Ghent (steps impulsively nearer her, sweeping his hand to indicate the portraits on the walls):* Ruth, these fellows are fooling you! It's they who keep head set on mortgages and the wages of sin, and all that rubbish. You asked me that night what brought me, and I told you whisky, and sun and the devil. Well, I tell you now I'm thankful on my knees for all three! Does it rankle in your mind that I took you when I could get you, by main strength and fraud? I guess most good women are taken that way, if they only knew it. Don't you want to be paid for? I guess every wife is paid for in some good coin

or other. And as for you, I've paid for you not only with a trumpery chain, but with the heart in my breast, do you hear? That's one thing you can't throw back at me—the man you've made of me. (*Ruth's face is hidden in her hands, her elbows on the table. He stands over her, flushed and waiting. Gradually the light fades from his face. When he speaks the ring of exultation which has been in his voice is replaced by a sober intensity.*) If you can't see it my way, give me another chance to live it out in yours. (*He waits, but she does not speak or look up. He takes a package of letters and papers from his pocket, and runs them over, in deep reflection.*) During the four months I have been East—

*Ruth (looking up for an instant):* Four months! Mother said a week—

*Ghent:* Your sister-in-law's telegram was forwarded to me here. I let her think it brought me, but as a matter of fact I came East in the next train after yours. It was rather a low-lived thing to do, I suppose, hanging about and bribing your servant for news. (*She lets her head sink in her hands. He pauses and continues ruefully*) I might have known how that would strike you! Well, it would have come out sooner or later. You ask me to suffer for my wrong. Since you left me, I have suffered, God knows. You ask me to make some sacrifice. Well, how would the mine do? Since I've been away they've as good as stolen it from me. I could get it back easy enough by fighting; but suppose I don't fight. Then we'll start all over again, just as we stand in our shoes, and make another fortune for our boy. (*Ruth utters a faint moan, as her head sinks in her arms on the table. With trembling hands and voice Ghent caresses her hair lightly, and says between a laugh and a sob*) Little Mother! Little Mother! What does the past matter, when we've got the future and—him? (*Ruth does not move. He remains bending over her for some moments, then straightens up with a gesture of despair.*)

*Ghent:* I know what you are saying there to yourself, and I guess you are right. Wrong is wrong from the moment it happens till the crack of doom, and all the angels in heaven working overtime can't make it less or different by a hair. That seems to be the law. I've learned it hard, but I guess I've learned it. Done is done, and lost is lost, and smashed to hell is smashed to hell. We fuss and potter and patch up. You might as well try to batter down the Rocky Mountains with a rabbit's heart beat! (*He approaches her again, taking the chain of nuggets from his pocket.*) You've fought hard for me—God bless you for it. But it's been a losing game with you from the first. You belong here and I belong out yonder—beyond the Rockies, beyond the Great Divide. I've here the chain that's come, one way and another, to have a kind of meaning for us. It means that you were once mine—keep it, won't you? Some day show it to the boy and tell him about me—Good-by.

*Ruth:* Wait! Listen! I've been wicked and wrong. It's you who have paid our debts. (*Rises.*) O Steve, tell me that done is not done, and lost is not lost. (*Puts on chain.*) Look, I have put on the chain!

*Ghent:* Of your own free will?

*Ruth:* No, because I can't help it!

CURTAIN.

# Religion and Ethics

## MAN'S STRUGGLE TOWARD PERFECTION



HUMAN beings have existed on this planet for unnumbered centuries, but as yet no final or universally accepted answer has been given to the most important of all questions, Wherefore do we live? The three most definite answers have been made by schools of thought, which may be broadly designated pessimist, optimist and stoic. According to the pessimist view, life is a weariness; we live because we have to, and the sooner we can die, the better. The optimist teaches that life is good; we live because we ought to and because life is a privilege. The stoic holds that we live both because we have to and ought to, and that, since we are here, the best thing we can do is to resign ourselves to the inevitable. In the opinion of many, however, no one of these three views sums up the truth. Mr. F. Carrel, an able London writer, feels that pessimism overstates the evil of life, that optimism overstates the good, and that stoicism tends to become a narcotic, deadening the vital forces. Perhaps, he suggests, we shall find that we need to draw upon *all* of these schools of thought in the construction of a rational life-philosophy.

Mr. Carrel passes on to a definition of the diverse qualities that go to make up a human being. He says (in *The Monthly Review*):

"Exponent of a vital principle having its origin in the early stages of the earth's history, composed of some of the principal elements of that earth and of the universe, man in all probability reached the human condition after long stages of transition from other forms of life, with the highest of which he still has common traits. Born, like all mammals, from ova, he acquires a consciousness before his birth, a consciousness which continues to develop afterwards until he eventually appears in the world as a rational being of a highly elaborate nervous system, liable to diseases due to climatic or hereditary causes, to errors of his judgment, or faults in his knowledge, a being possessing a mind that is capable of unravelling natural secrets which were not revealed to him by intuition, but which has hitherto proved itself unable to discover the reason of existence or the primary source of life, a mind which is at times a torment and at times a solace to itself, but which is always conscious of the necessity of ending life in a cessation of the personality, in a separation from earthly interests. Finally, man is a being so conditioned that he is in daily need of maintaining the forces of his body by food, the consumption of which is itself one of the causes

of his physical decay. And yet the life state itself, the actual sense of existence, is in the absence of ills a condition of enjoyment, a satisfaction of the nature of a privilege, a condition to which no termination is desired. So that we have a constant contradiction between the state considered in its essence, and the state considered in relation to the causes by which it is affected."

It is this contradiction in man's nature, this perpetual and irritating consciousness of the difference between what he is and what he might be, that gives a purpose to life. He knows the meaning of pain, and is at times compelled to submit to it; but he also knows the meaning of ecstasy, and aims for higher and higher ends. Evil, he begins to realize, can be diminished, and perhaps even abolished. Disease, hunger, social injustice, are stubborn enemies, but not invincible. Preventive medicine, hygiene, sanitation, dietetics, social reform, conscious and conscientious selection in marriage, are all serving to increase happiness, to decrease pain. All have helped to engender a new hope, the hope of more perfect being. As Mr. Carrel puts it:

"Given that greater equalization of the world's wealth had been reached than exists at present, and that morals had so progressed that material misfortune, due to organized deception, had become unknown, it is plain that man, born healthy, wisely reared and nourished, freed from organic disease and from mental maladies, living in an uncongested world, would lead an existence approaching the ideal. Less engrossed by the sustentative necessity, unexposed to the predatory enterprizes of neighbors, preserving a better balance between his forces and the demands of his daily life upon them, he would be enabled to experience more fully than hitherto the essential pleasure of existence. Life, subject to less vicissitudes, might be planned more surely; there would be a greater confidence in human things. The complexities too thoughtlessly accumulated by civilization would give place to a greater simplicity, which, though not synonymous with a rudeness no longer possible, would be a nearer approach to natural conditions. Such an existence is not without the bounds of possibility, and it is certain that its foundations have been laid."

There is one arch-enemy of human happiness, however, that can never be abolished, namely, death. Yet even the pains of death are being mitigated in our day and generation. Says Mr. Carrel:

"Among those who have studied death, es-

pecially in its bearing upon human happiness, Metchnikoff has alone the merit of having made what may be called a practical attempt to divest it of its gloom. Discarding metaphysical assumptions and placing himself on the ground of science, he reached the conviction that the pain of death was largely due to the fact that old age, being pathological in the vast majority of cases, death which resulted from it was not physiological, but accidental, and that if by hygiene, sobriety, suitable pure diet, rational living, and the use of certain sera, we could attain to an old age free from organic malady, then we should arrive at the natural termination of existence, which is rarely reached at present, and that we should acquire the instinct which we do not now possess, the thanatic instinct. Gradually, without pain, at-

taining to a longevity of a century or considerably more, man, he considered, should reach a period when, surfeited with life, he should come to will what nature wills, and the greatest of the disharmonies which have hitherto existed in his state would cease. No longer would death surprise him before he had finished his 'physiological development,' but it would receive him at a time when, from natural causes, from the attainment of the natural span of life, the instinct of life would have become replaced by that of death. Morals, legislation and science should co-operate toward this end, which would be the true object of existence. The achievement of this result, combined with the prudential regulation of childbirth, must, according to its author, improve the human lot, conquer pessimism and regret."

### HAS THE LORD'S PRAYER A PRE-CHRISTIAN ORIGIN?



THE fact that the different petitions in the Lord's Prayer can be found, in forms more or less similar to those used in the New Testament, in the liturgical prayers of the Jewish synagogue has led to the astonishing claim, on the part of a leading Jewish savant, that this prayer is nothing but an adaptation by Jesus of common and current Jewish formulas. The savant in question is the well-known Berlin rabbi and teacher, Dr. Eschelbacher, whose new work, entitled "Judaism and the Essence of Christianity,"\* is one of a large number of books from Jewish sources evoked by Harnack's "Essence of Christianity." Eschelbacher insists that Harnack has prepared the way for a perfect reconciliation of Christianity and Judaism, by demonstrating that the teachings which have made Christianity offensive in the eyes of the Jews were not a part of the primitive Christian doctrine, and by showing that it was the Greek mind which took possession of original Christianity, added such doctrines as those of the Trinity, the Resurrection and the Divinity of Christ, and made the Christianity of Paul and of the Christian church at large something quite different from that which the Master Himself had inculcated. Eliminating these foreign elements, says Eschelbacher, what remains as original Christianity is practically Jewish in origin and character.

In particular, it is claimed, can the Lord's Prayer be adduced as evidence of the fact that Jesus' original teaching was essentially Jewish. Eschelbacher examines in detail every one of the petitions of the prayer, and parallels

them from Jewish sources. He draws the conclusion that the Lord's Prayer was not, in any real sense, originated by Jesus and cannot be regarded as a specifically Christian prayer.

Dr. Eschelbacher's attitude is typical of that of a whole school of modern Jewish scholars who maintain that all that is really good and genuine in Christianity is to be attributed to Jewish sources. Their claims have been lately met in a series of vigorous and scholarly articles by Dr. Fiebig in the *Christliche Welt* (Marburg). In a spirit similar to that shown by Eschelbacher, he takes up each of the petitions of the Lord's Prayer. He admits that Talmudic and other Jewish parallels can be found, altho none are perfect parallels in wording or in thought, and the bulk of these parallels date from a period later than that of Jesus, which at least proves that He could not have drawn directly from these sources. Fiebig goes on to say:

"One thing is perfectly clear, namely, that none of these parallels is of such a nature as to show that Jesus actually depended on or used them. Then again, the old saying must be remembered that if two do the same thing, they are, nevertheless, not the same; and if two say the same thing, they are not the same. One fact must not be overlooked, because it is all-important, namely, that nowhere in Jewish literature do we find all these petitions united in one prayer. Then, too, in each one of these parallels there is found something that is specifically Jewish that neither could nor would have been incorporated in the Lord's Prayer. Furthermore, the originality of Jesus lies less in the constituent elements of the prayer than in the selection of just these and no other elements, and in their arrangement. All the petitions mean a great deal more, coming from the lips of the Lord, than when used by the Jews. This fact Eschelbacher and other Jewish rabbis entirely overlook, as they seem to be in-

\*DAS JUDENTUM UND DAS WESEN DES CHRISTENTUM. M. Poppelauer, Berlin.



capable of understanding the deeper thoughts that the Lord has embodied in these petitions. Even if they could claim the individual elements of the Lord's Prayer as their own, they could not at all claim the whole."

In more conservative circles the arguments depriving Christianity of its historical originality are employed as a weapon against the "advanced" critics. Such a periodical as the *Alte Glaube* observes that if only modern theology would teach that the "Father" of the

Lord's Prayer is the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Jews would not think of arguing that Christ's teaching was no different from that of their own synagogues. But the elimination of fundamental evangelical teachings by advanced theology "only invites Jewish arrogance." From the conservative standpoint, says the *Alte Glaube*, each and every petition in the Lord's Prayer signifies something that is infinitely above what Jewish thought ever dreamed of or conceived.

## THE CHURCH AS A BUSINESS INVESTMENT



THE man who desires continued and widespread prosperity is advised by John Hutchison, a New York clergyman, to "buy stock in the church or increase his present holdings." This counsel is based on a careful analysis of the material returns, as well as the spiritual value, of church work. Mr. Hutchison calculates that the average annual investment of a religious man, living in New York, is about twenty dollars for church administration, and about twenty-four dollars for missions and varied forms of philanthropy. He goes on to comment (in *The Van Norden Magazine*, November):

"The worshiper paying twenty dollars annually may be paying all his privileges are worth, tho that is doubtful, since he is then a non-participating partner in the concerted activities represented by the average beneficent gift of twenty-four dollars. The church is not only a preaching and teaching force, but also a great collecting, administering and distributing agency, sustaining by the gifts she elicits schools, homes, refuges, hospitals and unclassified charities which occupy exempted properties valued at thirty-three million dollars, within the city's bounds. Beyond cavil this is a splendid social service for any man to share in at a tax of one dollar a week, even if he be indifferent to the distinct evangelistic and religious work carried on."

Even more remarkable, from a strictly business standpoint, are the "returns" from the missionary investment in foreign lands. Hawaii, for instance, whose civilization is peculiarly a church product, has sent to this country in trade more money than has been spent by all the American churches in world-wide missionary propaganda. Many other examples of the same kind are cited by Mr. Hutchison:

"One religious body put a million dollars into the Pacific Islands. Sixty per cent. per annum has been paid on that investment. Statistics prove

that every missionary to those islands has created an annual trade of fifty thousand dollars. The missionaries stuck to their peculiar task, but by indirect promotion, stimulus and co-operation, these results are obtained. They first made mere living possible there by many martyrdoms. Trade came afterward. There, as at home, the church has provided the indispensable moral basis for industrial prosperity. The industrial training which is so large and increasing a part of the education given to strange peoples, as well as to our homefolk, by missionaries, ought to be applauded by any practical man. It is in view of the results of this sort of work that the Canadian Government Blue Book for 1903 is able to say: 'As a Pagan the Indian was a liability, but as a Christian he becomes a national asset.' We are teaching Hindus not only our theologies and ethics, but, among other things, carpentry, printing, metal-embossing and wood-carving; the Burmese are taught coffee-raising; blind Koreans weave mats and baskets; the natural skill of destitute Japanese girls is turned to flower-making, silk-raising and embroidery; famine-stricken Turks were taught to make stoves and then were turned into bakers; the savage Malay is taught agriculture and lumber-cutting; in fact, arts and crafts in endless variety are taught by artizan missionaries, both at home and abroad. That this is a paying investment, increasing trade clearly shows. That it is appreciated is proven by the great demand for the trained scholars of our mission schools in foreign commercial centers."

Mr. Hutchison thinks that the enormous increase in Indian trade during the Victorian era was due more to missionary effort than to governmental protection or "drummers'" enterprise and that the present commercial progress of Japan is a direct result of missionary occupation. It was missionaries, too, he says, who prepared the way for England's finest colony—New Zealand. He concludes:

"The pioneer explorers, pilots and boat builders on the six thousand miles of waterway on the Congo were missionaries. The trade on that river is now thirty-three millions annually; only nine of that is rubber. Missionaries explored Uganda,

made it habitable, saved it at a crisis with their money, and that, too, will soon pay for the thirty millions there invested. It is the key to the Nile valley and Central Africa. With the savages of Nyassa-land, whom the missionaries tamed, a trade of a million and a half annually is now carried on. Samoa in the South Seas has, through like service, been reckoned part of Christendom for sixty years, and its trade is a million yearly.

The Fijians, once fierce cannibals, are now the 'banner church-going people of the world,' nine out of ten being regular church attendants.

"More could well be said, but evidence enough has been piled up that the church in her effort to Christianize the pagans succeeds at least in adding tremendously to the world's wealth, and on this lowest possible ground she is to be regarded as a good investment."

## WHY THE BIBLE SHOULD BE KEPT FROM CHILDREN



ON the ground that Bible stories, when read without explanation, may become "an actual hindrance to the development of the religious spirit in children," Miss Florence Hayllar, a writer in *The Independent Review* (London), urges the necessity of keeping the Scriptures out of the hands of young people. The message of the Bible, she affirms, requires, for any tolerable comprehension, "faculties in full play and well-established links of association." It "belongs to maturity, not to childhood."

Even the New Testament, says Miss Hayllar, has its pitfalls for the young. We commonly assume that its message is a simple one, and "it does undoubtedly lend itself to expression in very simple sentences"; but "on a closer examination it will be seen to presuppose so much, and to have a significance so far-reaching and profound, that its first semblance of simplicity becomes merely an erroneous impression." To quote further:

"For one thing, it strikes right athwart the strong natural impulses which man has inherited from innumerable ancestors, whose line reaches into a past beside which the history of Christianity is a thing of yesterday. That, as a whole, man has not yet grown up to the Christian level is shown by the steady antagonism between the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christ. So inveterate is this that all grown-up minds, some more and some less fully, accept it as inevitable. No Christian community attempts to regulate its proceedings by the Sermon on the Mount, and even individuals who do so are extremely few. This hiatus between conviction and conduct cannot but be due to mental defect—to a long-standing, deleterious habit of entertaining mutually contradictory opinions, and living on without any attempt to harmonize them or to discover whether one or the other is false. All observers of children have noted that the child does not, to begin with, display this defect. On the contrary, he makes strenuous efforts to reconcile the contradictions which come within his ken; and these efforts are nowhere more strenuous or more touching than in the sphere of duty and religion. He is quick to see the difference between precept and practise, and the ancient problem of the prosperity of the wrongdoer presents itself to him

very early. The sensitive, thoughtful child broods over these questions, and may make himself intolerably unhappy; the others, after some honest little struggles, throw the whole thing aside, and by degrees, following the example of their grown-up friends, learn how to entertain mutually contradictory beliefs in, so to say, water-tight compartments."

So much of Christ's teaching as is plainly and directly contrary to the common conduct of ordinary reputable persons, continues Miss Hayllar, should not be brought to the notice of young children in the hasty, general and absolute manner now prevalent. "It is irony to tell them, on the authority of the Son of God, that the poor are blessed; that everyone that asketh receiveth; or that for every idle word men shall give account in the day of judgment. The deep, underlying truth in such sayings, which vindicates itself at last in the eyes of the grown-up, is entirely beyond a child." Again:

"What is the use of bidding children 'turn the other cheek' when we ourselves consider any child who acts in this way either as an insufferable prig or as deliberately trying to 'aggravate'; while the child himself very soon sees that grown-up people hardly ever carry such a precept into practise? What is the use, amid all the show and luxury, the want and degradation of modern life, of telling him to take no thought for the body? Or how dare we set forth to him the doctrine that a man cannot serve God and Mammon?"

"It is not possible to 'explain' such matters to a child; he is not physically capable of following one's ratiocinations. The only possible result of this premature introduction to difficulties is mental discomfort, passing into indifference, and further into a subtle attitude of distrust toward that high Authority in Whose Name they are propounded."

The Old Testament presents even greater difficulties, for the books of poetry and philosophy are over the heads of young children, and the historical books breed "contradiction" and "confusion." "One day," says Miss Hayllar, "you make it clear to a child that graspingness and underhand dealing are wrong; that to take advantage of another's ignorance or weariness

is a shameful thing; the next you read him the story of Jacob—or it may be of David." In this connection she writes further:

"It seems a perfectly amazing thing that any children should ever hear of the story of David and Bathsheba—unless indeed the simple intention is to hold David up to execration. His repentance is something quite outside the reach of any child's comprehension.

"In fact, any one to whose lot it has fallen to teach a child under thirteen or fourteen the historical Books of the Bible, and who has seriously endeavored to realize the impression made by them upon the child's mind, must have come to the conclusion that stories really edifying and helpful from a child's point of view are in these books the rarest exceptions."

In concluding, Miss Hayllar states her conviction that Christian children should be taught the Apostles Creed, or some similar formula, expressing the general Christian belief; should

be told as much as they can understand of Christ's life and teaching; and should be firmly grounded in practical morality. The real study of the Bible could be undertaken at adolescence:

"The time for distinctively religious teaching, and for beginning the study of the Gospels and of the Bible generally, is adolescence—taken roughly as extending from the thirteenth or fourteenth to the eighteenth or nineteenth year. A well-nurtured boy or girl is at this time capable of some real comprehension of the life and character of Christ and of the Christian ideal; while explanations of the dogmas embraced in the creed with which he is familiar, will at least not present such grotesquely impossible difficulties as they do when introduced some years earlier. At this period of life there is a natural and healthful welling up of feeling unknown before, a readiness to follow a trusted leader, a generous ardor of devotion, which, if rightly dealt with, may lift the whole character permanently on to a higher plane."

## THE CONFLICT BETWEEN STATE AND CHURCH IN SPAIN



PAIN is just now convulsed by politico-religious differences that threaten to bring the country to an acute crisis not unlike that through which France has just been passing. No country in Europe, it is said, not even Austria or Belgium, is so completely under the influence of the Roman Curia as is Spain, and the friction between the Spanish state and the Vatican, so far from diminishing with the years, is only becoming more pronounced. On the one hand, the state complains that its legitimate development has been hampered by church influences; it proposes to gain complete control of the civil power and even to bring about ultimately the separation of state and church. On the other hand, the church is determined to strengthen its supremacy over the people, to have this supremacy recognized by the law, and to make the will of the Vatican the controlling factor in Spanish national life.

The state has already sanctioned civil marriage. It now demands the complete secularization of public education and of burial rights, an acknowledgment of the principle of religious liberty, establishment of freedom of worship, abolition of the religious oath, and other reforms of a similar nature. It also demands that the constitution and state laws be brought into harmony with the Concordat of 1851, which would mean that all the religious orders

not covered by that agreement would become subject to the common laws of the state.

Over against this, the church demands that it shall retain control of education and the conditions of burial. It claims for itself the right to recognize the orders authorized by the Vatican, and for the orders themselves independence from state control. It emphasizes the obligation of all citizens of Spain, unless they have formally severed their connection with the church, to submit to the church regulations in reference to baptism, marriage, burials, etc. It insists on abolition of civil marriage, retention of the present church budget and the ecclesiastical oath, and more decided emphasis on the fact that the Roman Catholic is the state religion.

The existing Spanish Government believes that its objects can be secured without interfering with any special or essential rights of the church. The present Minister of Justice, Count de Romanones, has recently given official expression to his program. He declares that he is well aware that he is antagonizing deeply rooted prejudices, and that he is compelled to do so because the church has been gradually depriving the state of its autonomy and independence, thereby forcing the controversy upon the authorities. The sole purpose of the state, he continues, is to regain the rights and privileges which originally belonged

to it and should now belong to it, namely, sovereignty in its own sphere. The new civil marriage law is only the restoration of such an ancient right belonging to the state. The purpose of the present reforms, concludes the minister, is to correct the anomalous situation by which Spain occupies a position different from that of other European states in its relation to the church.

Naturally this program does not meet with the approval of the Vatican. In correspondence from Rome, printed in the *Imparcial*, of Madrid, we find the following sentiments expressed:

"The action of the Spanish democracy has provoked not only dissatisfaction in the Vatican, but intense indignation. The civil marriage law is an outspoken hostility to the known wishes of the Pope, and the government of Spain need not expect that the Vatican will yield a single iota. In the interests of the inner peace of Spain it would be wise if the government would abstain from further innovations hostile to the church. It is a mistake on the part of the Republicans and Liberals to believe that they can destroy the church's hold on the affections of the Spanish

people. The realization of the plans of the 'reformers' will only tend to undermine society in Spain, and the 'reforms' will only end in a revolution."

The Hamburg *Nachrichten*, a well-informed German paper, sums up the whole situation as follows:

"That the condemnation of the Spanish people and government by the Vatican has called forth the most determined indignation in all thinking and liberal classes, goes without saying. If the Roman authorities believe that the present quiet in Spain is a symptom of indifference toward the clerical question, they are most grievously mistaken. There is absolutely no question in public life which the people at large are more anxious to see solved finally and satisfactorily than this. The matter is being discussed far and wide and in all circles of society. Newspapers publish views and opinions in endless numbers and editorially all take some decided stand *pro* or *con*. It is noteworthy that the whole controversy is being carried on with less animosity and hostility than were displayed in 1901, when the anti-clerical agitation assumed threatening proportions. This fact alone shows how thoroly the people of Spain are in earnest in the matter."

## THE CORRECTIVE INFLUENCE OF RATIONALISM UPON RELIGION

**R**ATIONALISM has been tersely and accurately defined as "the mental habit of using reason for the destruction of religious belief"; and yet, says a recent writer in *The Edinburgh Review*, "there is not a step in the advance of rationalism on which religion is not to be congratulated." The writer explains this apparent paradox by affirming his conviction that the majority of religious apologists have spent their energies in attempts to "defend the indefensible," and that religion, without rationalism, tends to become superstition.

No one will deny that meretricious elements have often entered into the constitution of religion; that faith is constantly associated with falsehood; and herein, we are told, lies the justification of the rationalist. His criticism may seem, at times, to be prejudiced and unfair, but it is nevertheless salutary. For he compels us to reckon with a truth we are sometimes apt to forget—that human progress is a gradual development. He makes us realize that knowledge is fluid and ever changing, and that religion inevitably shares the limitations

and shortcomings of the period which gives it birth. Says the *Edinburgh Review* writer:

"The Bible is the literature of the Old Covenant, a literature at once inspired and inspiring, in which we discern new treasures as our knowledge of it grows; the Papacy is a politico-ecclesiastical institution which has been framed by history, the product of many ages, a thing neither to be mended nor ended in a day; the Mass is the historical form which the Lord's Supper has taken, the earliest and most central act of Christian worship, a rite round which many strange but very human developments have accumulated. Instances might be multiplied indefinitely; but the line of thought which they suggest is clear. It is this: that the fabric of Christianity, doctrinal and institutional, forms part of that fixed order of the world in which we live, which surrounds us on every side with its restraints, social, legal, moral; which, if it is not very good, is not very evil; which 'letteth and will let' as long as human nature lasts' [Jowett's "Epistles of St. Paul"]. This concrete Christianity is to the mystic what the external world is to the idealist—a hard nut to crack. It is there, and cannot be thought out of existence; it is in possession, and therefore has certain claims upon us; it falls short, very short, of its ideal, and so calls for reconstruction. As a fact, indeed, it is always in process of reconstruction,



rationalistic criticism being a factor in the process."

There can be no doubt, thinks this writer, that in the age-long conflict between religious apologists and rationalists the latter have won most ground. "No serious defense of religion," he remarks, "can be based to-day upon miracles and prophecy; miracles and prophecy explain nothing; they are difficulties to be explained." He goes on to say:

"The apologists have been defeated all along the line. It does not follow that religion has been defeated. It has not. The apologists were defending beliefs which, though held by Christians, were not Christianity. It is their vocation to fight for what has passed, or is passing, into desuetude; they did it yesterday; they are doing it to-day. Hence the sterility of apologetic. At most it serves a temporary purpose; and here even it is a question whether it does not confirm those only who do not need confirming, and alienate rather than retain the weak in faith. . . .

"An historical religion, like Christianity, is weighted by a certain content the value of which is relative, and which is dropped, tacitly if not avowedly, as time goes on. And this is just what the apologist undertakes to defend. Hence, the more successful his defense for the moment, the more mischievous its effects on religion in the long run; like the chemicals with which the beef kings of Chicago are said to doctor diseased carcasses, it disguises the putrefaction which it is powerless to arrest."

To the traditionalist, continues the writer, the reformer, whatever his pretext or purpose, is bound to be a profane person, "an Uzzah laying hands on the ark." But to say this is not to deny the need of the reformer's work in the world.

"The coarseness of Luther, the sourness of Calvin, the violence of Knox are commonplaces of controversial history. We need neither defend nor deny these things. The virtues of men who play a prominent part in human affairs are seldom of the claustral or academic sort; such men are not commonly burdened with scruples; they make or mar with a strong hand. It has been so in the church. Its great figures—a Constantine, a Theodosius, a Pepin—were not modeled on the Jesuit novice type of sanctity, anemic, their eyes downcast, with lilies in their emaciated hands. Loud-voiced, rather, and choleric; men of blood and thunder; used rather to the camp and its battle-ax than to the pulpit and the pen. The most representative popes have been statesmen, not theologians or ascetics; the Leos, the Gregories, the Innocents, religion was their instrument; a pawn on the chessboard on which they played for more material stakes. Power meant much to them, ideas little; they molded abstract theory undisguisedly enough in the interests of concrete fact. And so throughout. A Cromwell, a Napoleon, a Bismarck, a Cavour—such are the men who uproot tyrannies, disperse darkness, diffuse light. Not professional pietists,

but men cast in a big mold, full-blooded human animals, ruthless often enough and unscrupulous, who love and hate, purpose and accomplish on a larger scale than ours. To criticize them from standpoints which were not theirs is as easy as it is futile. The question is, Did they stand for light or darkness? If for light—well, a man's life must be judged as a whole. Readers of Merestjowski's 'Death of the Gods' will remember its essential tragedy. The old civilization claims our sympathy; but it is evident from the first that the effort to restore it must break against forces that cannot be gainsaid, that the new has with it the essential movement of history, and must prevail. How often our hearts go out to the conquered cause! But its defeat is inevitable and irrevocable; 'the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent bear it away.'"

The most considerable names in English apologetics are Butler and J. H. Newman, and these thinkers are adduced by the *Edinburgh Review* writer as typical examples of the religious apologist. "The one an Anglican bishop, the other a Roman cardinal," he says, "they have much in common. Butler, brought up a Presbyterian, left the narrow surroundings of dissent for the larger atmosphere of the national church; Newman was drawn from the somewhat provincial Anglicanism of his generation into what seemed to him the wider and more majestic orbit of Rome." To quote further:

"The succession from Butler to Newman is unbroken. In each there is the same stubborn resistance to the march of mind and of events, the same acuteness to detect weak points in detail, the same somber view of life and history, the same unquestioning reliance on objectivity—external formulas, external institutions, external proofs. But, while the name of Butler is associated with a book, Newman's is identified with a movement, weakened indeed, but not yet exhausted, which derailed English religion and put English thought back a hundred and fifty years. Such reactions are not causeless. There was a certain narrowness of outlook and aridity of temper in the liberalism of the first half of the nineteenth century; it lacked spaciousness and horizon, it took little count of the mystery of life and of the world. Intent on practical reforms—the need for which was imperative—it did not look much beyond them; it undermined many a mischievous superstition, but it provided no outlet for the elements of our nature to which these superstitions corresponded; it forgot that he who would destroy the temple must build it up again within three days. The natural movement of thought brought about the negation of this standpoint, a negation relative indeed and temporary, but deep-rooted and widely spread. . . . Unfortunately, the movement rejected the sounder elements in its parent system—those that were brought into prominence by Schleiermacher in Germany and Arnold and Maurice in this country—and assimilated the mischievous: the sectarianism, the morbidity of temper, the ethical one-sidedness, the reversion to the past.

The past, as such, never returns. It lives, indeed, in the present; but to endeavor to recall it under the form of pastness is the idlest of dreams."

Newman's contemporary and fellow convert, F. W. Faber, is next cited. For "frankly barbarous religion" we are informed, neither Calvin nor Jonathan Edwards can approach him. It was Faber who said that "Hell will horribly astonish and amaze its victims," and added: "God can find unimaginable capabilities of pain in the immortal body, and yet more unimaginable capabilities in the soul. . . . He intensely individualizes our punishment, fits it to us, makes it grow out of ourselves, and takes care to inflict it with a considerate purpose to make it unbearable to our peculiar selves." On these utterances the *Edinburgh Review* writer comments:

"The key to these evil dreams is physiological; the same perversity of imagination is to be found in more than one novel of M. Huysmans. What is significant is not that they should have been conceived by a Catholic writer—no theological or anti-theological opinions constitute a guarantee of sanity—but that they should have passed without protest from ecclesiastical authority or from the religious world. Condemnation is dealt out unsparingly enough to real or supposed offenders; M. Loisy and Signor Fogazzaro are silenced, Fr. Faber and M. Huysmans are acclaimed. It is a strange taste both in theology and in literature. Till it is corrected, rationalistic criticism has its place."

Timid believers are wont to assume that when religious formulas perish, religion itself is undermined; but "the ever-recurring rise of new and larger forms of faith from the ruins of the old," says the writer in *The Edinburgh Review*, "should suggest a new interpretation of the facts." Religion was before those things were, and survives them. "There is a relation between the two, but it is not that of identity; rather it is that of plant to foliage, of life to its infinitely various manifestations." Moreover:

"Religion is an instinct in human nature which postulates its object, an object which the growing experience of life verifies. It is open, of course, to the skeptic to argue that the nature of things is an elaborate conspiracy to deceive us. But the supposition is too paradoxical to be taken seriously. A natural instinct passes beyond itself: its object is given with it, though this object may not be realized in the form under which we conceive it: 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard.' The beliefs which this particular instinct implies, though capable of wide and legitimate developments, are in themselves simple. That neither evil, nor fate, nor chance, but an intelligent and benevolent Purpose—the Lord—reigneth; that this Power, despite appearances not a few to the contrary, is friendly to us; that our relations to it are filial, and that in the last

resort it prevails—these are the root-certainties of which consciousness, properly interrogated, assures us, and on which the historical religions are built. It is not necessary to suppose that every man possesses them explicitly; but they form part of our human heritage, and a Socratic questioner would elicit them from the normal nature; they may be latent, but they are there."

In an eloquent closing passage, the writer compares religion with art and poetry. Saints, artists, poets, he observes, may be rare; but "few, if any, are without the instincts which reach so lofty a development in those gifted persons." Their work is not for the elect, but for mankind. The instinct that drives men on in the quest of the highest truth, the highest beauty, is a universal instinct; without it we are "abnormal, incomplete."

"Knowledge, love, achievement call, and we follow—to be deaf were death. It is not necessary, perhaps it is not even desirable, that all who hear it should move in the same direction. Temperament, circumstance, and heredity attach a man to this or that religious society or lead him to take up this or that form of religious activity. The essential thing is that it shall be religious. And this is not to be taken for granted or decided on surface grounds. There is an irreligious orthodoxy as there is a religious herodoxy: names, about which religionists dispute so fiercely and so interminably, are the least important things in religion; what matters is not the name but the thing. Few retain unchanged the religious symbols and beliefs of infancy: becoming men, they put away childish things. But the gracious simplicity of childhood may and should remain: with the man's maturer understanding we may unite

The childlike heart,  
The childlike soul.

For it is the perspective, not the picture, that is altered; life is fuller, its horizon vaster, heaven at once greater and nearer than we thought. The barriers are thin, and from time to time foregleams of the Beyond fall upon us. Some touch of nature—the splash of a passing shower; the wind on the hill; the rustling of leaves in wood or garden; a sunset on the sea—and every nerve is sharp set with indefinable longing; some transient contact with our fellows—the beauty of a fair girl's face, strange, yet familiar, that speaks to the heart, revealing things unutterable; the pressure of a hand; the melody of a voice; the light of beloved eyes that meet ours—and the veil is lifted. Alas! a moment only. Oh, to arrest the glory! the

vision bright  
As sunshine flooding all the clouded seas  
With light and fragrance!

It passes, but it will return, brighter, more fragrant, more abiding, shining to the perfect day. Are these things dreams? If so, they are dreams wondrous lifelike; dreams of which, comparing them with what we call reality, we ask, "Which is reality, and which is dream?"

## THE ANOMALOUS POSITION OF THE CLERGYMAN IN MODERN LIFE



WHY is it becoming so difficult to secure active, energetic young men of forceful personality for the work of the Protestant ministry? This question comes up again and again in religious circles, and never fails to excite discussion. It is prompted by a growing uneasiness in regard to the status of the clergyman. There is a widespread belief that the Protestant clergy in America have declined both in numbers and vitality during the past half-century, and the statistics gathered by successive religious investigators have only served to confirm this conviction. One of the latest investigators, the Rev. W. F. English, a Congregational clergyman, declares that, within his own denomination alone, the number of theological graduates entering Eastern seminaries since 1896 has fallen off nearly one-half. He attributes the decrease, firstly, to the inadequacy of ministerial incomes; secondly, to the loss of prestige and influence in the minister's calling. A Unitarian clergyman, the Rev. Adelbert Lathrop Hudson, of Newton, Mass., thinks that these are "only subordinate factors of a more fundamental objection." From a young man's point of view, he declares, the fatal objection to the choice of the ministry as a profession lies in this—that "it has come to be regarded as somehow unrelated to the main currents of the world's progress." He continues (in *The Christian Register*, Boston):

"The remark of a business man to an eminent educator whose son had decided to enter the ministry, is typical. 'I supposed,' said he, 'your son would go in for something real.' Now it is quite useless for us who have already committed ourselves to the ministry to deny the implication contained in this remark. If we are to meet the objection successfully, we must seek out and overcome the underlying causes which create and keep alive this impression of unreality. If we cannot do this, then we must sit helplessly by and see our noble profession relegated to the limbo of outgrown things, while its ranks, so long made up of men as robust, mentally and physically, as the land produced, are refilled by mediocre and effeminate apologists, whose calling has degenerated into that of mere functionaries."

The main reason why the work of the ministry seems unreal, says Mr. Hudson, is to be found in the popular indifference to religion. On this point he writes:

"A large and growing majority of the people

in so-called Christian countries, if we except the communicants of Greek and Roman churches, have ceased to look upon religion as absolutely essential to the individual or collective life. To their minds it may still have its uses, but these uses lie at one side of the large activities which occupy the lives of busy men and women. More than this, in their view it not only has been thrust aside by the world's work, but it has been left behind by the world's progress. It belongs with the concerns of a past age, an age of individual superstition and ecclesiastical tyranny. In that age the church maintained its supremacy because it was supposed to hold the keys of eternal life, with power to bestow immortal joy and immunity from endless suffering. With the passing away of this view, religion has become remote from the vital interests of our time, along with alchemy, astrology, and other outgrown fancies of the race. The church has become a negligible quantity, and the minister merely an eminently respectable functionary who may be called upon at fitting occasions to read the burial or marriage service, comfort the sick and unfortunate, and maintain appropriate services in the churches for those who still care to attend them."

The prevalence of such an estimate of the minister's place among men ought only, in Mr. Hudson's view, to spur clergymen "to disprove so mistaken an opinion and overcome so unfair a prejudice." But how? "Manifestly," he says, "if the minister is to pluck the mote of prejudice out of his brother's eye, he must cast out the beam that is in his own eye." And the first thing that he needs to do is "to recognize the necessity of making a serious effort to comprehend the point of view of laymen, and to gain some information concerning the practical interests which occupy all their faculties for six days in the week and a large share of their thought on the seventh." Mr. Hudson goes on to say:

"A minister is apt to hesitate about going to the office or place of business of any of his laymen, and such hesitation is right and prudent. As a rule, he should not go without an errand or an invitation; but, if he has any tact, it ought not to be difficult for him to make an errand or secure an invitation. He may have to overcome a preliminary suspicion that he is going to be a bore; but he will be fully compensated by the cordiality which will be extended all the more heartily when he has disproved the suspicion. . . . Whenever time and leisure permit, a genuine and unobtrusive interest on the part of a minister is sure to win a hearty response from any of his laymen; and almost without exception the gain to the minister from such a visit is greater than he would get from the same

amount of time devoted to the most up-to-date and able treatise on economics, philosophy, or ethics. For what he may learn from such a visit is not an isolated set of unrelated facts, but quite the contrary,—an insight into the common commercial, industrial, and financial currents of the life of the time, which will enable him, through first-hand information, to correct or supplement the false or incomplete deductions of theorists, while at the same time gaining the point of view of practical men who are doing the world's work instead of theorizing about it."

One of the greatest obstacles to a better understanding between clergy and laymen, remarks Mr. Hudson, is "professional peculiarity" in speech and dress and manner. "The clerical garb, the unctuous tone, the use of churchly phrases, the professional manner, which proclaim, in social gatherings or on the street, 'Here comes the minister,' draws around him an invisible but effectual barrier, which hinders mutual understanding, and confirms in the mind of everyone who meets him the impression of unreality against which we must strive." Another difficulty is presented by what Mr. Hudson calls "pulpit exaggeration."

"The exaggerations of the pulpit have become proverbial. The reports of sermons in the Monday morning papers afford ample occasion to make the judicious grieve. Has the serving of wine at some private dinner been chronicled in the society columns of the preceding week, then the fashionable women of the metropolis are condemned *en masse* by some sensational preacher as tipplers, inebriates, and thoroly immoral persons, tho the preacher may have no personal knowledge whatever as to the character or habits of a single member of the class he so wantonly attacks. If the playing of bridge at social gatherings has been mentioned in the press, then some pulpit is found denouncing this dragging of young women into the mire of moral degradation by means of this wide-spread craze for gambling. Should the sermon theme touch on the distribution of wealth, we are quite sure to find a sweeping statement that all great fortunes have been amassed by methods worse than piracy or highway robbery, and that the possessors of such fortunes are men unworthy to be recognized among decent people. . . . Let me not exaggerate this evil. At its worst it is a weak and senseless striving after sensational effects. At its best it is a mistaken effort at forcible and convincing speech. In any event it is seriously prejudicial to the standing of the pulpit; for, altho the purpose of the exaggerated statement may be to strengthen the influence of moral verities, its actual effect will be to weaken the influence of the preacher, especially among men who in their own conversation are accustomed to keep their statements of fact carefully within the limits of those things that are personally known to them to be true. It is not sufficient that the minister shall refrain from stating as true that which he knows to be false. A higher standard of accuracy than this may reasonably be expected

of him; namely, that he shall never give the sanction of his own statement to any assertion which he does not know to be true of his own personal knowledge, and that he shall not repeat upon information any statement which he has not ample reason to believe to be true, and which he could not verify if challenged."

Mr. Hudson confesses that he approaches with some hesitation "the most delicate phase of the limitations of ministers, their willingness to become the beneficiaries of special privileges as such." Of this tendency he writes:

"Too often, I fear, it begins in the divinity school, owing to the mistaken kindness which has found expression in the form of aid for worthy young men preparing for the ministry. It would be far better in most cases for the young man to take more time and pay his way, the loss of time being more than compensated by the independence acquired, as well as the practical knowledge gained. The evil effects of this kind of a start for the ministry are well set out by J. G. Holland in his description of the character of Peter Mullens, an extreme illustration of the type. 'Having, as he supposed,' says Dr. Holland, 'given himself up to the church, he was always looking for gifts. No gift humiliated him. He lived by them, and his willing dependence on others had robbed him of the one thing which could make him of any use to the church,—his manhood.' This disposition to receive gifts which are bestowed merely because he is a minister, and not in the ordinary way of personal friendship, becomes worse as he enters the active ministry, because it places him in an attitude toward other men, which differs chiefly in degree from that of the Mendicant Friars. But worst of all is our position when, in sickness or old age, we are forced to become beneficiaries of some fund, however designated, which is charitably provided for 'Ministerial Relief.' I am compelled to admit that such provision is a present necessity. . . . But let us frankly acknowledge that in principle such a fund is as absurd as would be a similar provision for infirm and indigent lawyers, decrepit and destitute doctors, or worn-out and broken-down statesmen. If the minister is to stand on the same self-respecting basis as men in other professions, then he must have the same opportunity for independent self-support. . . . If ministers are to give their time to the demands of their profession, and rely upon it for support, then their salaries should be sufficient to support their families in a manner suitable to their surroundings, and still leave a margin for investment to meet those contingencies which it is the duty of every man to provide for."

Passing on to a consideration of the fundamental difficulty which confronts the church, the indifference of the modern world to religion itself, Mr. Hudson registers his conviction that "the pulpit has always commanded attention when it has spoken with authority." He adds:

"Religion is the fundamental unity which binds all life in one with the universal. It is founded on eternal truth and must survive all mistakes



and changes in the doctrines put forth in its name. It is a vital principle growing and expanding in the soil of human need and in the atmosphere of moral progress, and its function is the sympathetic service of mankind in all the processes of its upward growth. It cannot be discredited by advancing thought, for it is itself the very heart of evolution. Its need is greatest in an age of greatest progress, and its authority should not be less, but more, because it appeals to the enlightened reason rather than to the lower faculties of fear and superstition. Never before has there been such an opportunity as that which belongs of right to the prophet of the new faith to speak with a note of clear and positive authority when he proclaims the laws of the living God as the controlling sanction of the moral order. But he must recognize the fact

that this is no time for feeble apologetics or the presentation of religion as a tentative philosophy of life. He must be the exponent of a living creed, one who has realized in his own experience the vitalizing power of rational religion, and has comprehended in his contact with the world the universal need of such religion as the only adequate solution of the complicated problems of the time."

Is it too much to expect, asks Mr. Hudson in conclusion, that with renewed courage and larger comprehension the minister's calling can be restored to its honorable place and ancient prestige, and that the pulpit of the future may again attract to itself "strong men filled with a passion for righteousness?"

## A PROPOSED REVIVAL OF "FAITH HEALING" IN THE CHURCHES



HERE could be few more striking testimonies to the growth of Christian Science and the metaphysical cults than that afforded by a movement that has sprung up within the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country for the purpose of reviving the "rite of unction." For centuries, as is well known, the Christian Church practised faith-healing and "anointing with oil," as enjoined by the apostle James. For centuries these practises have been in abeyance. And now a convocation of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Santa Barbara, Cal., is using its influence to bring about a restoration of the ancient rite. The Protestant Episcopal organ in Milwaukee, *The Living Church*, has thrown open its pages to a discussion of the question. Much interest has been evinced, and all the letters printed favor the proposed revival. One correspondent, the Rev. Walter Archbold, of Brooklyn, cites the following utterance of the Bishop of London, recorded in a recent issue of *The Church Times*:

"The Bishop of London (Dr. Ingram) speaking at a public meeting, narrated an incident as follows: . . . He pointed out that there was an extraordinary longing on the part of sick persons for visits, and that there was in the inner being of everyone—and this had a bearing on Christian Science—a personality that could be strengthened to bear suffering, and even to recover health, by bringing the right influence to work upon it. As an instance of this he related the case of the wife of a clergyman who, at the prospect of a severe operation, lost all hope and faith and courage, and the great doctors of London were absolutely paralyzed, because they

dared not operate while the patient was in this state of utter collapse. By God's help, he (the Bishop) in the course of half an hour, was able to bring about such a change, that two days afterwards the patient walked from her room to the operating table without a tremor, to the utter astonishment of her physicians. 'What is it,' they asked, 'that the Bishop of London has done to you?' 'Something that it is beyond your power to do,' was the reply."

On this Mr. Archbold comments:

"The secret of that was that he, by Christ's immediate healing power, had been able to bring about a re-invigoration of her central being, and by that means had restored her faith, and hope, and courage; she became herself again a Christian woman, who could look death in the face. In many a case it would be found that, by invigorating faith, hope, and courage in the sick, a great effect was produced upon the bodily system of the patient. The Church honors the healing art as the gift of God. And surely the approaching festival of St. Luke, the beloved physician, is a good opportunity to bring this before the people of the Church."

Another correspondent, Mr. L. H. Grant, scouts the idea that "the age of miracles has passed," and that "the 'extraordinary gifts' of the Spirit ceased with the Apostles." He continues:

"It is easy to see why Protestants, who do not believe in the Church, should deny that she possesses this power [of healing], but how any priest, who has promised to uphold the faith, and especially one who calls himself a Catholic, can teach such things, is hard to understand. It is certainly contrary to the constant teaching of the Church, and is condemned by the most plain word of Holy Scripture. Our Lord says: 'Verily, verily I say unto you, he that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater

works than these shall he do; because I go unto My Father' (St. John xiv, 12). There is nothing here about miracles ceasing with the Apostolic age. Again: 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature'—surely none will presume to say that this commission has reference only to the Apostolic days; but notice that the next verses follow directly on the preaching of the Gospel: 'And these signs shall follow them that believe; in My Name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover' (St. Mark xvi, 15-18). He whose word cannot fail has spoken it, and true to His word these signs have, through all the ages, followed them that believe. The blind have seen, the lame walked, the lepers have been cleansed, the deaf heard, and the dead have been raised. Even the gift of tongues has been made use of in the Church whenever the Spirit has seen it to be needful (witness St. Louis Bertrand among the Indians and St. Philip Benizi at the Council of Lyons).

"We may feel sure that when all our priests teach the whole faith, and show themselves ready to obey the Word of God in using the Sacrament of Holy Unction, our people will not be compelled to ally themselves with the followers of Mrs. Eddy or Joseph Smith or other sectarians who manifest more faith in the power of the Christ than many who profess to be of the true Israel of God."

*The Living Church* lends its editorial support to the movement in these words:

"Churchmen are, we believe, seeing more and

more that cults outside of the church which perform physical cures by psychical and spiritual methods have obtained their foothold because the Anglican churches have been false to their own traditions in permitting that sacrament to fall into disuse.

"Technically and potentially the Anglican churches have never abandoned the healing office, for at the consecration of a bishop a part of the commission given is, 'Hold up the weak, *heal the sick*.' The bishop's authority to administer the *charismata* of the church is therefore explicitly recognized, while the commission to a priest at his institution into the rectorship of a parish gives him full authority 'to perform every act of sacerdotal function among the people of the same.' In theory and potentially, therefore, the Anglican churches undoubtedly vest the authority in their bishops and, by delegation from them, in their priests, to perform the healing office. It is only in practise that the rite has fallen into disuse; and it needs practise, therefore, rather than legislation, to revive it."

The Boston Baptist paper, *The Watchman*, also thinks there is much to be said in favor of religious healing. It comments:

"Even if one does not go so far as *The Living Church* in regarding the practise as a sacrament, there does not appear to be any reason why a common use of prayer for the sick in connection with the healing properties of oil should be objected to. It stands on the same religious basis as prayer in connection with the use of other remedies for disease and should be administered for such diseases and in such a manner as to realize its medicinal effects."

## A PLAYWRIGHT'S APPEAL TO CHURCHMEN TO SAVE THE DRAMA



ACCORDING to Henry Arthur Jones, the eminent English playwright, the "one great obstacle to the rise and development of a serious, dignified, national art of the drama" in England and America is the prejudice of religious people against the stage. "We owe the imbecility and paralysis of our drama to-day," he says, "to the insane rage of Puritanism that would see nothing in the theater but a terrible, unholy thing to be crushed and stamped out of existence." And he appeals to churchmen in behalf of a new crusade for the redemption of popular drama.

The appeal is made in the form of an impassioned address on "The Cornerstones of Modern Drama," delivered recently at Harvard University and printed in the *New York Times*. Mr. Jones deals at some length with what he calls the "present pitiable condition"

of the Anglo-Saxon stage. He echoes the exclamation of a book-collecting friend who pointed to three slim volumes in his library—"The Rivals," "The School for Scandal" and "She Stoops to Conquer"—and who said: "There! That's all the harvest of your English drama for the last two hundred years." He goes on to compare the dramatic output of England during the same period with that of the great French playwrights and asks: "Why have we made such a beggarly mess of our drama?" To this he replies:

"The fundamental reason is to be found in the character of our race. We are a dramatic race; we are also a deeply religious race. Religion easily runs riot to fear and meanness and madness, and creates abominable hells in its panic. After the mellow pomp of the Elizabethan age religion ran riot in England. We owe the imbecility and paralysis of our drama to-day to the insane rage of Puritanism that would see

nothing in the theater but a horrible, unholy thing to be crushed and stamped out of existence. Let our Puritan friends ask themselves how far their creed is responsible, by the natural and inevitable law of reaction, for the corruption of the national drama at the Restoration, and for its pitiable condition ever since. The feeling of horror and fright of the theater, engendered at the Restoration, is even to-day widely prevalent and operative among religious classes in England and America. It muddles and stupefies our drama, and degrades it from the rank of a fine art to the rank of a somewhat disreputable form of popular entertainment."

There must be thousands of religious people, continues Mr. Jones, who, having been nurtured to regard the theater as frivolous and empty and evil, have never taken the trouble to examine their stock prejudices against the drama, and to inquire whether there is any ground for them. To this large body of American and English citizens, to the heads and leaders of religious sects in America and England, to church-goers who, if not actively hostile, are cold and indifferent toward the possibilities of the dramatic art, Mr. Jones especially addresses himself:

"Brother Puritans, brother Pharisees, the dramatic instinct is ineradicable, inexhaustible; it is entwined with all the roots of our nature; you may watch its incessant activity in your own children; almost every moment of the day they are acting some little play; as we grow up and strengthen, this dramatic instinct grows up and strengthens in us; as our shadow, it clings to us; we cannot escape from it; we cannot help picturing back to ourselves some copy of this strange, eventful history of ours; this strange, earthly life of ours throws everywhere around us and within us reflections and re-reflections of itself; we act it over and over again in the chambers of imagery, and in dreams, and on the silent secret stage of our own soul. When some master dramatist takes these reflections and combines them and shapes them into a play for us, very nature herself is behind him, working through him for our welfare. So rigidly economical, so zealously frugal is she, that what is at first a mere impulse to play, a mere impulse to masquerade and escape from life—this idle pastime she transforms and glorifies into a masterpiece of wisdom and beauty; it becomes our sweet and lovable guide in the great business and conduct of life. . . .

"This, then, is the use of the theater, that men may learn the great rules of life and conduct in the guise of a play; learn them, not formally, didactically, as they learn in school and in church, but pleasantly, insensibly, spontaneously, and oftentimes, believe me, with a more assured and lasting result in manners and conduct. Is not that a wise form of amusement? Ought not every good citizen to foster and encourage it? Then why, Brother Puritans, why, Brother Pharisees, are you found in such bitter opposition to it? . . .

"Look at the vast population of our great cities

crowding more and more into our theaters, demanding there to be given some kind of representation of life, some form of play. You cannot quench that demand. During the next generation hundreds of theaters will be opened all over America and England. If you abstain from visiting those theaters, you will not close them. Millions of your countrymen, the vast masses, will still frequent them. The effect of your absence, and of your discountenance, will merely be to lower the moral and intellectual standard of the plays that will then be given. Will you never learn the lesson of the English Restoration, that when the best and most serious classes of the nation detest and defame their theater, it instantly justifies their abuse and becomes indeed a scandal and a source of corruption? Many of you already put Shakespeare next to the Bible as the guide and inspirer of our race. Why, then, do you despise his calling, and vilify his disciples, and misunderstand his art? Do you not see that this amusement which you neglect and flout and decry is more than an amusement; is, indeed, at once the finest and the most popular of all the arts, with an immense influence on the daily lives of our fellow-citizens? Help us, then, to organize and endow the fine art in all the cities of our Anglo-American race, wherever our common tongue is spoken, from London to San Francisco."

Passing on to broader ground, but still appealing in ethical and spiritual terms for a recognition of "this supreme art of Shakespeare's," Mr. Jones concludes:

"Your Nation has, what all young nations have, what England is losing, the power to be moved by ideas, and that divine resilient quality of youth, the power to be stirred and frenzied by ideals. If a guest whom you have honored so much, if your most fervent well-wisher may presume to whisper his most fervent wishes for a country to whom he is so deeply indebted, he would say, 'As you vie with us in friendly games and contests of bodily strength, may you more resolutely vie with us for the mastership in art and in the ornament of life; build statelier homes, nobler cities, and more aspiring temples than we have built; let your lives be fuller of meaning and purpose than ours have lately been; have the wisdom richly to endow and unceasingly to foster all the arts, and all that makes for majesty of life and character rather than for material prosperity and comfort. Especially foster and honor this supreme art of Shakespeare's, so much neglected and misunderstood in both countries; endow it in all your cities; build handsome, spacious theaters; train your actors; reward your dramatists, sparingly with fees, but lavishly with laurels; bid them dare to paint American life sanely, truthfully, searchingly, for you. Dare to see your life thus painted. Dare to let your drama ridicule and reprove your follies and vices and deformities. Dare to let it mock and whip, as well as amuse, you. Dare to let it be a faithful mirror. Make it one of your chief counselors. Set it on the summit of your National esteem, for it will draw upward all your National life and character; upward to higher and more worthy levels, to starry heights of wisdom and beauty and resolve and aspiration.'"

# Science and Discovery

## THE GREATEST CHEMICAL GENIUS IN THE WORLD



YPOTHETICALLY, the luminiferous ether, extending for millions upon millions of miles throughout the universe, is well known to be a medium of extreme tenuity. Beyond this we really know nothing as to the nature of this ether. Recently, however, the dean of chemical science, Professor Dimitri Mendeléeff, who was born in Siberia seventy-two years ago, has put forth a conception of ether as the lightest and simplest of the elements and a definite form of matter. Mendeléeff deems ether one of the inactive gases of the argon family of elements. He has gone so far as to venture a calculation of its atomic weight and to aver that ether has atoms which travel with inconceivable velocity. That noted American chemist, Professor Robert Kennedy Duncan, thinks Mendeléeff's speculations worthy of far more credit than they are receiving from scientists generally, who adhere to the old view that ether is a something quite different from ordinary matter. The Russian scientist's hypothesis is so contrary to all received notions, says the *Paris Nature*, that were it not for his established position as the greatest chemical genius in the world his views would be deemed puerile. Meanwhile, judgment in the scientific world is not finally made up until Mendeléeff puts his theories into more definite shape.

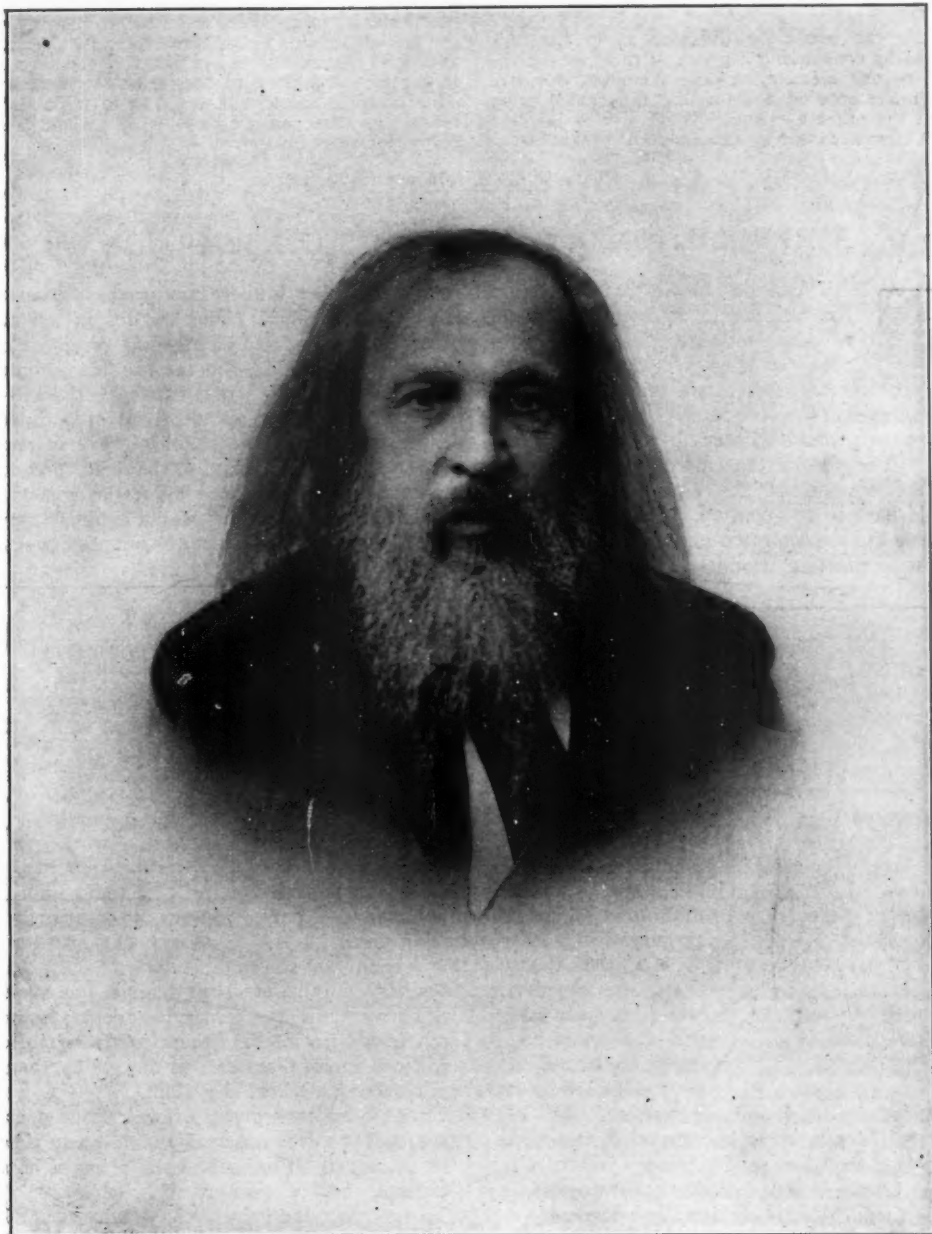
Assuming, for the sake of argument, adds the *Physikalische Zeitschrift*, that Mendeléeff can establish his new theory of ether, he will have achieved a second great triumph in the science which owes more to him than to any living man. For Mendeléeff is the father of the periodic law which has made his name familiar from one end of the civilized world to the other. If the elements be placed in the order of their respective atomic weights they fall into groups. Elements resembling one another in chemical behavior occur in the same column if placed in a certain tabular form. The number of elements between any one and the next similar one is seven. To put the matter technically, "the properties of an element are a periodic function of its atomic weight," which signifies that if we know the weight of the atom of an element we may know its properties. That is because those properties

are fixed. But when Mendeléeff enunciated the so-called periodic law in its final form and filled out his table of the elements, he met with a difficulty. He had to leave three vacant spaces for undiscovered elements. This left gaps in his theory which he boldly filled by prophesying that elements would yet be discovered to vindicate his own law. Amid much ridicule, Mendeléeff confessed that he did not expect to live long enough to witness the discovery of his "missing" elements. But he did live long enough. One by one the elements were found and each possessed the properties which Mendeléeff foretold for it. It was the highest flight of prophetic genius, observes *Paris Nature*, recorded in the annals of science. It is because of this achievement, together with his own supreme position in the world of chemistry, that Mendeléeff's hypothesis of ether in its final form is awaited with such intense interest.

Dimitri Mendeléeff, says *The Popular Science Monthly*, will, through his periodic law, remain for years one of the dominant factors in the world's scientific progress. He was born seventy-two years ago, and when quite young became an instructor at the University of St. Petersburg. He has devoted himself to the instruction of the youth of Russia in science with a disinterested patriotism. No offer from universities in other parts of Europe could tempt him to leave his native land.

A more striking, tho less dramatic, proof of the soundness of Mendeléeff's generalization is to be found in the fact that the inert gases of the atmosphere—argon, neon, helium and the like—find places in the classification, tho the possibility of there being such substances was not suspected in 1869. It is not too much to say that the periodic law of Mendeléeff is recognized to-day as the only basis for the classification of the elements. Only two contradictions have been found in nearly forty years. The atomic weights of the elements iodine and tellurium should be transposed to make these substances fit into the table. There is also no place for most of the so-called rare elements. The first difficulty will disappear if anyone can show that either tellurium or iodine contains an unknown impurity. It must be admitted





Courtesy of *The Popular Science Monthly*.

#### THE DISCOVERER OF THE PERIODIC LAW OF THE ELEMENTS

Dimitri Mendeleef, the eminent Russian chemist, formulated the principle in accordance with which it is possible to group the various elements in the physico-chemical world into something like a harmonious scale. The elements seem thus to occur in nature as if they formed chords in music. This discovery is referred to as "the periodic law."

that the chances of this are not good at present. Further:

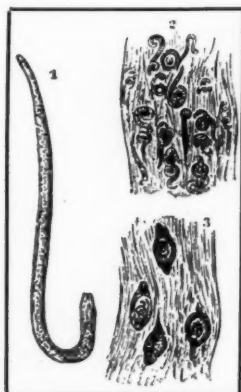
"We can avoid the difficulty as to the rare earths by considering a group of them as equivalent to one element. Doing this puts the rare earth elements on a somewhat different footing from the other elements. While this is justified to a certain extent by the chemical properties, it

cannot, in the nature of things, be a final solution. If we are not to throw over the periodic law, we must either split other so-called elements into groups of elements or we must show that certain groups of elements alone are possible. To succeed in the first would be to revolutionize chemistry. To succeed in the second would be to explain the reason for the periodic law—which would also revolutionize chemistry."

## A REVOLUTIONARY THEORY OF CONSUMPTION



IF IT can be shown that inhalation has nothing to do with the spread of consumption it must become obvious to even a casual student of the problem of tuberculosis that a revolution in therapeutics would ensue. The "open-air treatment" would be seen to rest upon a fallacy. The theory that infection is conveyed by the sputum of the consumptive patient would have to be given up. The care taken to destroy the expectorated matter of the inmates of the sanatorium would turn out to be pains wasted. The idea of contamination with the disease through kissing would prove nonsensical. The therapeutics of the malady would have to be altered in accordance with the new discovery—a discovery which, if established would be as remarkable as that of antiseptic surgery.



TRICHINA SPIRALIS

1, the adult worm; 2, wandering among the muscles; 3, the encysted condition.

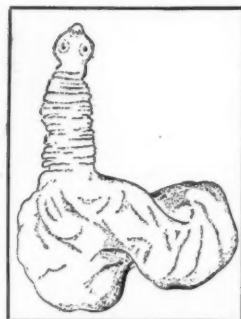
Now the theory that the medical world is attacking the problem of consumption by an utterly false route is advanced by a London physician, Dr. W. Pickett Turner, who has made a first-hand study of the disease for many years. His view, briefly stated, is that tuberculosis is an animal disease primarily derived, in all cases, from cattle. It belongs, he says, to the mycotic group of diseases, diseases in which the original source of infection is a plant. Bovine cattle derive tuberculosis from timothy and other allied grasses by natural affinity. Man acquires the disease by ingestion or inoculation, never by inhalation. It is not he-

reditary, neither is there any predisposition to it in the individual. The bacillus in a state of nature is a saprophyte, feeding on decay of the vegetable world. But the bacillus becomes pathogenic—capable of causing disease—in cattle when they are deprived of actinism or the property of the chemical rays in sunlight. It would, if all this be true, become reasonable to assume that by restoring actinism to cattle, the bacillus would again become a saprophyte, in which case consumption would be extirpated.

It is well known, observes Dr. Turner, that bacteria attack living plants. These plants, eaten by the herbivora as food, lead to the production of certain diseases. Moreover, the flesh of these animals so affected, eaten by others, including man, communicates the particular disease. As this group of diseases has never before been described as such, Dr. Turner finds it necessary to adopt a name for it in his work.\* He therefore calls it the mycotic group of diseases. In this group, then, the indispensable host is a plant.

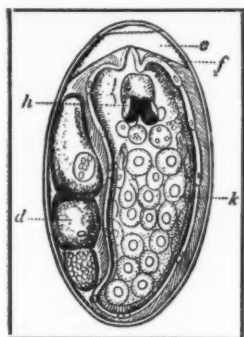
There is another group of which our present knowledge does not enable us to go further than to regard an animal as the primary host—example, rabies.

To represent the primary host, whether animal or vegetable, let us take a piece of brown bread. We cut, then, a slice from a newly baked brown loaf, expose it to the air for a short time, then place it in an incubator at a temperature of thirty-seven degrees centigrade.



LARVAL STAGE OF THE ARMED TAPE WORM

\*TUBERCULOSIS. ITS ORIGIN AND EXTINCTION. By W. Pickett Turner, M.D. Adam and Charles Black.



EGG OF FASCIOLA HEPATICA, CONTAINING A CILIATED EMBRYO, CALLED A MIRACIDIUM.

*d*, Remains of food; *e*, cushion of jelly-like substance; *f*, boring papilla; *h*, eye spots; *k*, germinal cells.

within the body capable of dealing with these poisons up to a certain point. This property is called phagocytosis, and it was discovered by Metchnikoff, who placed the web of a frog's foot under the microscope and injected anthrax bacilli into the frog, when he saw that certain of the leucocytes always present in the blood attacked the bacilli, ate them up and digested them. Hence he called them phagocytes and the process phagocytosis.

These experiments have repeatedly been confirmed by others and the doctrine is universally accepted. This power of the leucocytes is, of course, limited. There is a resistance point beyond which they are powerless. That point rises and falls with the general vigor of the constitution. In the event of the aspergillus injected being in excess of this point—being, indeed, too large to be dealt with by the phagocytes, being, in fact, a fatal dose—a very curious train of symptoms supervenes. The animal falls and lies upon one side, with the head placed obliquely, the eyes being di-

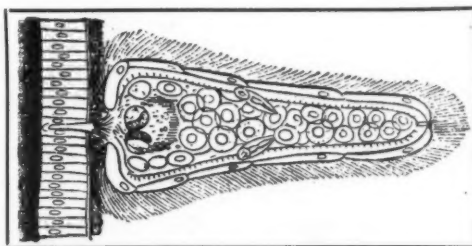
rected toward the same side. If the animal be moved or turned over, it will again and again resume its former position until death ensues.

It is, therefore, evident that there is some property

rected toward the same side. If the animal be moved or turned over, it will again and again resume its former position until death ensues.

This disease is mycosis. It is sometimes epidemic in zoological gardens. In a case that led to the death of a penguin, the "brown bread" of the illustration was wheat. Of rabies—hydrophobia in man—no germ has ever been found. The brown bread in this case is the dog. Again, glanders is produced by the *bacillus mallei* and the brown bread is the horse. It is certainly a mycotic disease, but the particular plant which gives rise to it is unknown.

In actinomycosis we have a typical mycotic disease produced by the presence of the ray fungus. The brown bread in this case is barley, as that cereal has been found in actinomycotic lesions in man. It must be present also in the straw, as the barley corn is not used to feed animals. There is one very important



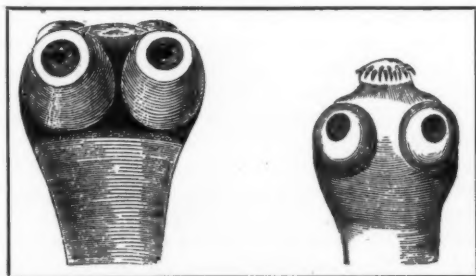
MIRACIDIUM BORING ITS WAY INTO A SNAIL

feature to be borne in mind in regard to this fungus. It is capable of finding its way to the human lung and setting up phthisis, indistinguishable clinically from that produced by the tubercle bacillus. This is a very recent discovery, but already several cases have been recorded.

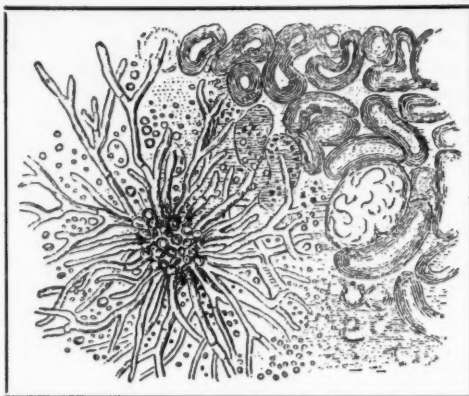
On the other hand, smallpox is not a mycotic disease, but Dr. Turner refers to it as a most striking example of the effects of environment upon disease. Here man himself is the "brown bread" and, by transmitting the disease to cattle, it becomes modified into vaccinia, and this again transferred to man completely modifies or prevents the original disease. This is vaccination.

The disease known as beriberi has quite recently been shown to be one of the mycotic group, the brown bread in this case being rice.

Of tuberculosis we know that it is produced by the presence within the body of the tubercle bacillus. Beyond this we have little but the



HEADS OF THE UNARMED AND ARMED TAPE WORM



SECTION OF RABBIT'S KIDNEY, SHOWING THE GROWTH OF ASPERGILLUS

confusion of conflicting opinions. What we must look for is the "brown bread." Now tuberculosis as affecting man and animals is one and the same disease, affirms Dr. Turner.

He points out that in Koch's great experiment nineteen young cattle that had withstood the tuberculin test were subjected to pure cultures of human tuberculosis. In some cases the sputum or bacilli were injected under the skin, while in others they were injected into the peritoneal cavity, in others, again, into the jugular vein. Six animals were fed with tubercular sputum almost daily for seven or eight months. Four repeatedly inhaled great quantities of bacilli distributed in water. None of them showed any symptoms of disease and they gained considerably in weight. From six to eight months after, they were killed. In their internal organs not a trace of tuberculosis was found.

These experiments have never been disproved, observes Dr. Turner. Koch holds to them to this day. This distinctly proves that man is not the "brown bread."

Is it cattle?

Dr. Turner's revolutionary theory affirms that it is not.

Tuberculosis is another of the mycotic group.

There has recently been discovered in timothy grass a bacillus to which the name of timothy bacillus has been given. It is an "acid fast" bacillus and stains in precisely the same manner as the tubercle bacillus. Injected into guinea-pigs it produces a disease resembling tuberculosis (but it differs in cultivation) and injected into the human subject it simply produces a local inflammatory papule. This is just what we might expect. Natural affinity has not yet come into play. But feed cattle

with the timothy grass in which this bacillus is present and you have true tuberculosis.

The "brown bread," then, is timothy and allied grasses. The intermediary indispensable host is cattle, from which all other animals derive the disease. We may have cattle, sheep, horses, goats and other animals feeding upon the same fodder, but by natural affinity the cattle only will become affected. The mode of development in this dread disease is first the primary host, then the intermediary host and finally the tertiary host. The grasses are the primary host, cattle are the intermediary host and man rounds out the life cycle of the process.

There is nothing in this that strains credulity. On the contrary, consumption can be studied only in the light of a disease produced by the presence within the body of lower forms of life. By this Dr. Turner means parasites, animal and vegetable. To illustrate their relations to the body, he glances first at a few entozoa, or worms. These are divided into three groups—the trematodes or flukes, the cestodes or tapeworms, and the nematodes or round worms.

The *Fasciola hepatica* or great liver fluke affects the liver and bile ducts of various animals, including man. Its life history is both complicated and interesting. The adult fluke is about an inch long and there may be hundreds in the liver of an animal. Each will produce some 40,000 eggs. These are deposited later upon the pastures. Many become dried and undergo no further change. Others are washed by rain or otherwise conveyed to water.

It is a noteworthy fact that the miracidium or embryo cannot escape from the shell in the dark. It requires light for its development, thus behaving after a fashion opposed to that of most bacteria.

Having escaped, it becomes a free swimming ciliated miracidium.

It now seeks a certain snail, the *Limna truncatula*, which it attacks, boring its way gradually into the body.

The germ cells now develop into individuals of a third generation, called radiæ, each of which has in its body germ cells, which in turn develop into the next generation, known as cercariæ.

These leave the body of the radiæ, remain in the snail for some time, then take to the water, ultimately attaching themselves to herbage.

The tail then drops off, the cercaria becomes encysted and remains here until swallowed by some animal, upon reaching the stomach of which the young worm wanders to the liver,



when it develops into the adult worm. The whole cycle takes some ten or twelve weeks.

The adult worm may reach man by the cercariae being deposited upon water-cress. Lovers of this vegetable need, however, fear nothing, as soaking the cress in salt and water for ten minutes kills the parasite.

The parasite that affects the giraffe is typical of the life-cycle witnessed in the case of the parasite giving rise to tuberculosis. Each of these creatures has a primary indispensable host without which it could not propagate. But it may be more instructive to consider one of the cestoids. The unarmed tape-worm in its larval stage always occurs in beef or veal, from which it is derived by man, in whom it grows to an enormous length. Next, we may consider the *taenia solium*, the armed tape-worm, so called from the hooklets which give it a characteristic appearance. This is the tape-worm most common in man. It is de-

rived exclusively from pork. The adult worm has never been known to exist other than in man. It may be said to play a game of helminthological battledore and shuttlecock between the pig and man. Its frequency shows that the legend of its being killed in cooking is nonsense. Another tape-worm sometimes found in man has as its natural affinity during the larval stage the pike and other fish. But by far the most dangerous cestoid to man is found in its adult stage in the dog and in its primitive stage in the sheep. Should the ovum be "intercepted" by man the result is a tape or other worm of great size that attacks the liver or the brain or the kidneys. It can be transmitted by so simple a thing as the licking of the face and hands by a dog.

It is evident, therefore, that there is nothing that requires a stretch of the imagination in the conception of tuberculosis as a disease of which man is the final host.

## IMPOSSIBILITY OF INFERRING CHARACTER FROM HANDWRITING



UST why handwriting should ever have been fixed upon as a guide to human character remains inexplicable to the eminent French savant, Dr. Binet, of the Paris Institute of Psychology. For many months this scientist has devoted himself to a comparative study of what is known as "graphology." But "graphology," he declares, is absurd.

Dr. Binet's method, as outlined in the *Revue Scientifique* (Paris), was to apply tests both to professed "graphologists" and to lay experimenters, with a view to ascertaining the limits of their ability to determine the sex, the age, the intelligence and the character of individuals from a careful inspection of their handwriting. He began by testing the ability of two professional "graphologists" to determine the sex of writers. The most successful of all living "graphologists," M. Crepieux Jamin, of Rouen, stated the sex correctly in four-fifths of the specimens submitted to his judgment. But a studious girl of seventeen, whose opportunities of acquiring a "scientific" knowledge of her subject were limited, successfully indicated the sex of writers in fully seventy per cent. of the specimens placed before her. It seems, too, that age is fairly well detected by experts from inspection of handwriting. Dr.

Binet is led to infer, indeed, that a woman's age may, after a due amount of experience, be estimated with surprising accuracy from her handwriting. At any rate, the experts were remarkably successful in this branch of the inquiry. On the other hand, the experts seemed to fail in a decided percentage of cases when called upon to estimate the age of a man from the handwriting. Apparently the feminine handwriting assumes the tremulous character of age at an earlier period than is the case with the male handwriting.

But when it comes to estimating character and intelligence from the handwriting, Dr. Binet reports that even the best experts were wildly inaccurate in many of their judgments. Nothing elicited from the investigations gave the slightest indication that there is any basis for a science of "graphology" in this particular field. Persons of indecisive character appear to write firm hands. No particular significance as to character or intelligence can safely be drawn from flourishes. But the kind of education given to any individual may often be safely inferred from handwriting. Lawyers tend to write one kind of hand, artists another and literary men a third. It is said that fickle women write the most beautiful hands, but Dr. Binet found it out of the question to test this

"graphological" principle by any satisfactory method of investigation. But Brown-Sequard, so famed for his capacity to generalize with lucidity, was declared by the handwriting experts to have a "muddled mind." One "graphologist" even said that Brown-Sequard's intelligence was below the average. Bertrand, the most brilliant mathematician of his day and a thinker of striking power, was pronounced "destitute of a clear view of things." Dumas—not the author of "The Three Guardsmen" or his equally famous son, but the eminent chemist to whose clear intelligence the world owes deductions of the first importance

—was said by the "graphologists" to have "a mediocre mind" and to be "unable to see anything outside his window." The German naturalist Kollicker—one of the most generous of men—was judged to be "credulous and suspicious." Renan was inferred from his handwriting to have a "small and narrow mind," to be "destitute of the power of reflection," to be "prone to over-credulity," and to possess "no form of capacity upon which any hope of distinction in life could be based." Nor were other estimates, formed from the handwriting of men fully as eminent, any more satisfactory or convincing.

## HOW THE PLANETS ARE WEIGHED



ASTRONOMERS distinguish between the weight of a body and its mass. The weight of objects is not the same all over the world and, as Prof. Simon Newcomb points out in his latest work,\* a thing which weighs thirty pounds in New York would weigh an ounce more than thirty pounds in a spring balance in Greenland and nearly an ounce less at the equator. This is because the earth is not a perfect sphere. The earth is, as we all now know, a little flattened at the poles. Thus weight varies with the locality.

If a ham weighing thirty pounds were taken up to the moon and weighed there, the "pull"—the attractive force of the moon upon the ham—would amount to only five pounds. There would be another weight of the ham for the planet Mars, and yet another on the sun. A ham weighing thirty pounds at New York ought to weigh some eight hundred pounds on the sun's surface. Hence the astronomer does not speak of the weight of a planet, because that would depend upon the place where it was weighed. But he speaks of the mass of the planet, which means how much planet there is, no matter where it might be weighed.

At the same time we might, without any inexactness, agree that the weight of a heavenly body should be fixt by the weight it would have in New York. As we could not imagine a planet in New York, because it may be larger than the earth itself, what we are to imagine is this: Suppose the planet could be divided into a million million million equal parts and one of these parts brought to New

York and weighed. We could easily find its weight in pounds or tons. Then multiply this by a million million million, and we shall have a weight of the planet. This would be equivalent to what astronomers might take as the mass of the planet.

Thus it is that when a planet, like Jupiter, has satellites revolving around it, astronomers on the earth can observe the attraction of the planet on its satellites and thus determine its mass. The rule for doing this is very simple. The cube of the distance between the planet and satellite is divided by the square of the time of revolution of the satellite. The quotient is a number which is proportional to the mass of the planet. The rule applies to the motion of the moon around the earth and of the planets around the sun. If we divide the cube of the earth's distance from the sun, say 93,000,000 miles, by the square of 365¼, the days in a year, we shall get a certain quotient. Let us call this number the sun quotient. Then, if we divide the cube of the moon's distance from the earth by the square of its time of revolution, we shall get another quotient, which we may call the earth quotient. The sun quotient will come out about 330,000 times as large as the earth quotient. Hence it is concluded that the mass of the sun is 330,000 times that of the earth—that it would take this number of earths to make a body as heavy as the sun. By the corresponding quotient the mass of Jupiter indicates that it would require 1,047 Jupiters to make a body as heavy as the sun. Jupiter's real weight in actual pounds, wherever the planet may be in its orbit, is another thing altogether, and might give rise to difference of opinion.

\*SIDE LIGHTS ON ASTRONOMY. By Simon Newcomb. Harper & Brothers.

## COMPARATIVE SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS OF MAN AND GORILLA

**U**PON that portion of the human brain to which the name of "neo-pallium" is given depends the finest part of the human feeling called self-consciousness. The full appreciation of the "self," observes Dr. J. B. Johnston, Professor of Zoology in the West Virginia University, has probably been the last and highest factor in the development of individual and social conduct.\* And the mechanism of self-consciousness, speaking generally, is the neo-pallium. Indeed, the specialization of the neo-pallium, avers that eminent anthropologist, Dr. W. L. H. Duckworth, is an indispensable condition of human survival, and it is hard to see how man's evolution in the future is to be accomplished except by increasing still further the complexity of what are termed the neo-pallial folds of the brain. Failure to comply with the conditions imposed by this fact will mean the extinction of our race.

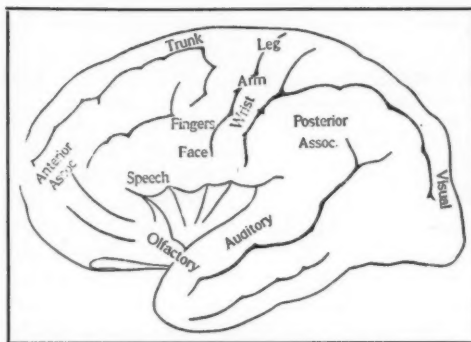
But the features of the brain of the gorilla very nearly reproduce those of the human brain. This fact, pointed out by Dr. Duckworth in his recent volume of anthropological studies,† brings the subject of man's evolution, from the standpoint of his self-consciousness, to a remarkable test. If we are to determine the future of man's self-consciousness we must try to estimate the past of that faculty. It may not be possible to state precisely the origin of the mechanism of self-consciousness in man. It is a mechanism varying greatly from the mechanism of self-consciousness in the lower animals. Only the rapid development of the neo-pallium in

primitive mammals led to the dominance of this class of vertebrates on the surface of the earth. The neo-pallium may be wholly absent, as Professor Johnston observes, from the brains of existing members of the class below mammals. This is not absolutely established, however. But the path of man's evolution from the time he was occupied in climbing the long and painful slope leading from prehistoric savagery to his present degree of self-consciousness is traced in the advancing complication of the neo-pallium. Did man get his self-consciousness from the brute?

The neo-pallium of the brute must give the answer. What is the self-consciousness of the brute in kind and in degree?

In that pathological condition known as microcephalus in man, accompanied by smallness of the head, occurs a state of the neo-pallium so analogous to that found in the gorilla that Dr. Duckworth calls special attention to it. In these cases of idiocy in the human subject the growth of the brain, he says, is arrested prematurely. The neo-pallium and its convolutions are involved in this condition. As a result, the growth of the cranium is aborted. The cranial form accom-

panying microcephalus is thus quite peculiar, since the facial parts may attain full development, while the cranium is disproportionately small. Without entering into further discussion of the relations of brain growth and skull growth, nor even entering into the possibility of discriminating between microcephalic individuals with a view to separating cases of mere disease from such as may imply reversion to remote ancestral types, it must be repeated, says Dr. Duckworth, that the result affects primarily the neo-pallium. From this point of view the resemblance between the idiot human



Courtesy of Messrs. P. Blakiston's Son & Company.

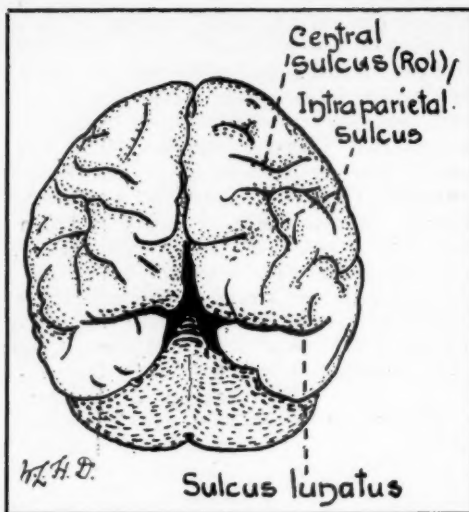
#### THE VARIOUS SEATS OF FUNCTION IN A HUMAN BRAIN

In this map of the brain, the anterior association field, observes Prof. J. B. Johnston, of West Virginia University, from whose "Nervous System of Vertebrates" the diagram is taken, is evidently concerned with individual experiences, with subjective states, with the emotions and with the will. This highly organized localization of function in the human brain attests the high stage of evolution of the neo-pallium. Man's future as a rational being is bound up with a growing complexity of the neo-pallial folds of the brain.

The posterior association field receives impressions concerning the external world. The objective relations of the individual are the peculiar province of this field. For conduct in the full sense the normal action of both posterior and anterior fields in harmony is required, whereupon the individual becomes a moral agent.

\**NERVOUS SYSTEM OF VERTEBRATES*. By J. B. Johnston, Ph.D., Professor of Zoology in West Virginia University. P. Blakiston's Son & Co.

†*MORPHOLOGY AND ANTHROPOLOGY*. By W. L. H. Duckworth, M.A., Cambridge University lecturer in physical anthropology. G. P. Putnam's Sons.



Courtesy of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons

#### BRAIN OF A CONGENITAL HUMAN IDIOT

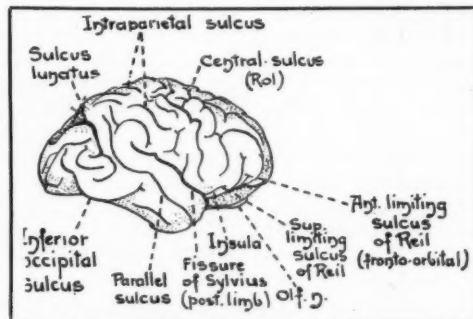
The brain is here viewed from above. Its striking resemblance to the brain of a gorilla is shown in the structure of the central sulcus, the intraparietal sulcus and the sulcus lunatus. There is no localization of function permitting the subject to co-ordinate his experience, to attain to self-consciousness in the human sense, or to form a moral idea. Nor, as is shown by Professor Duckworth, from whose "Morphology and Anthropology" the diagram is taken, is it possible to modify the surgical features of this subject by any operation upon the brain case.

brain and the normal gorilla brain is worthy of our closest scrutiny.

The anatomical differences between the brain of the gorilla and the brain of man are chiefly those of absolute size. The gorilla brain has not attained to such a high degree of development, as regards the amount and the complexity of convolutions of the cortex, as the brain of man. Yet, when compared with the other large anthropoid apes, the gorilla is seen to stand in a position nearer to man than that in which they stand. But the frontal lobes of the gorilla brain are less full and rounded, both absolutely and proportionately, than those of man. The occipital end of the hemisphere does not overlap the cerebellum to the same extent as in man. The cerebrum is smaller in proportion to the cerebellum than is the case with the human brain. The cerebellum, however, closely resembles that of man.

It is certain from these details that the gorilla is not adapted intellectually to an erect posture. It is likewise practically certain that the gorilla did not figure in the ancestry of man. The neo-pallium could not have survived in its human form an evolutionary pas-

sage through the brain case of the gorilla to the brain case of man. Man, it must be remembered, holds an absolutely unique position among the mammalia because specialization of the cerebrum has conferred an altogether exceptional development of self-consciousness. In the gorilla there exist no adequate mechanisms for the development of the human type of self-consciousness. Consequently, it could never develop the complexity of structure in the neo-pallium which would have to precede the training of the muscles of the tongue for the exertions essential to articulate speech. As for generalization, the brain of the gorilla, being structurally that of an idiot, is incapable of it. There are no such convolutions as would enable a gorilla to form memories of written words, to appeal to the instinct of co-operation among its kind or to specialize along any line of social activity. It is not easy to see how any great variety of association tracts could be developed in the gorilla brain apart from the phenomena of its contact with the external world. The only self-consciousness possessed by the gorilla must be akin to that found in the congenital idiot. Out of the stage of gibbering idiocy in which it is found in the wild state, the gorilla can by no possibility evolve. It could have handed no adequate self-consciousness on to man. Nor is it a physiological possibility for man to have derived his self-con-



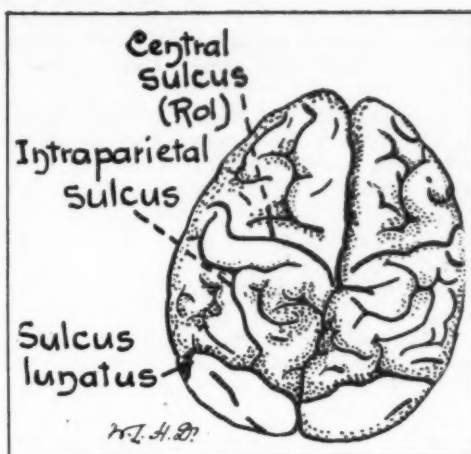
Courtesy of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

#### BRAIN OF A YOUNG GORILLA

This shows the lateral surface of the right cerebral hemisphere. The cerebral surface is remarkably well convoluted even for this species of anthropoid ape and recalls the appearance of the human cerebrum. The human cerebrum consists of two hemispheres which occupy the entire vault of the cranium, separated by a deep cleft called the median longitudinal fissure. Other fissures make deep impressions, dividing the cerebrum into lobes. Of these the chief are the fissure of Sylvius and the fissure of Rolando. There are numbers of shallower infoldings of the surface called furrows or sulci between which lie raised areas called convolutions. These divisions in the human brain are all paralleled, says Professor Duckworth in his "Morphology and Anthropology," in the cerebral hemispheres of the gorilla—with one important exception.



sciousness—or rather his human form of it—from the chimpanzee or from the orang-outang. The histological structure of these creatures might present any number of analogies. The brain structure might parallel all the convolutions in the human cerebrum. But these details are wholly irrelevant if the great mechanism of evolving self-consciousness, the neo-pallium, shows no adaptation for the work of the human mind. In the gorilla there can be no appreciation of the individual's personality. There can be no certainty of action and no persistence of will. The inhibitions are not of a character to develop even rudimentary self-control. The anterior association field in the brain cortex is not, humanly speaking, normal. The highest intellectual achievement of the gorilla is probably an organization of the experiences connected with the hand as a tactile organ. From the point of view of evolution, consequently, the gorilla has no future. It may be deemed almost a certainty that from a purely mental standpoint, the gorilla is not nearly as intelligent as the dog.



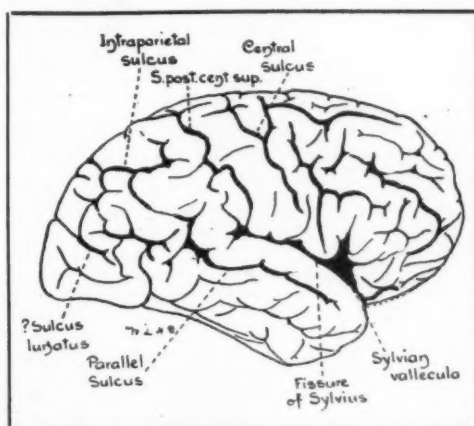
Courtesy of Messrs G. P. Putnam's Sons.

#### BRAIN OF A NORMAL GORILLA

This brain is seen from above. It affords, says Professor Duckworth in his "Morphology and Anthropology," an astonishing instance of the likeness between the cerebral functions of the anthropoid ape and the cerebral functions of a congenital human idiot.

### THE MOST SENSATIONAL OF THE SCIENCES

**N**EITHER astronomy, nor the canals on Mars, neither radio-activity, and its suggested transmutation of elements, nor bio-chemistry, with its hint of life originating in dead matter, can,



Courtesy of Messrs G. P. Putnam's Sons.

#### BRAIN OF A NEW-BORN INFANT

This should be compared with the lateral surface of the right cerebral hemisphere of a young gorilla, shown in another diagram, the diagram above being that of the lateral surface of the right cerebral hemisphere of a babe some few days after birth.

for a moment, compare in sensationalism with physiology to-day. The canals on Mars lose their sensational interest when it transpires that they may be natural phenomena. The transmutation of one element like iron into another like gold can only be talked about, not accomplished. The origin of life in dead matter is not taken seriously now by any scientist of the first rank in his own specialty. But the sensations of physiology, which have been in the past few years so numerous as to give force to the statement that it is a new science altogether, have not been discredited at all. So thinks that distinguished physiologist, Dr. Carl Snyder, writing in the *London Monthly Review*. Physiology is, according to him, the most sensational of the sciences to-day; but the sensations of physiology do not result in anti-climax. They are so legitimate that, declares Dr. Snyder, "a text-book of physiology or medicine ten years old is out of date." Yet it is difficult to realize how recent is our knowledge of the body and of life generally. So great a man as Bacon died doubting the circulation of the blood. Newton did not know what happens in taking air into the lungs. Franklin never heard of oxygen. Much of our knowledge of the more intimate proc-

esses of life has come within a very few years. The first example that occurs relates to the mere chemical analysis of the bodily constituents.

This was long ago supposed to be complete, at least so far as the recognition of elementary substances is concerned. Very recently, however, notes Dr. Snyder, it has been shown that such out-of-the-way substances as arsenic and iodine are normal constituents of the body, and not merely normal but absolutely essential. It is needless to remark on the importance of the recognition of at least one of these. Of the poisons with which murders are committed, arsenic roughly forms perhaps 95 per cent. When a person appears to have died of poisoning and traces of arsenic have been found, it is not very difficult to see that a chemist, ignorant of the fact that arsenic belongs in the body normally, might be led to believe that a murder had been committed. It would be foolish to exaggerate the importance of this. Nevertheless, it is entirely conceivable that from sheer ignorance, innocent persons have been condemned to death on this account.

Iodine, again, has been shown to be the important active principle of the thyroid, the little gland of the neck. This in turn has been revealed as one of the important regulating organs of the body.

If, proceeds Dr. Snyder, anyone had been asked what was probably the most important single chemical constituent in the life process, one would undoubtedly have answered oxygen. On a superficial view, life seemed, chemically, more or less a form of oxidation. Deprived of oxygen for but a few moments, we die. Nevertheless, forms of life have been found, the so-called anaerobic bacteria, which may live in an atmosphere oxygen free. Not merely that, but some forms have been found to which free oxygen is fatal. Obviously, then, oxygen is not absolutely essential to the intimate process of life. It seems as if this fact may shed a deal of light upon vital chemistry, and, indeed, the more advanced physiologists are coming now to believe that, so far as life is concerned, oxidation is rather a secondary or ulterior process, that the more essential vital processes do not involve the intervention of oxygen and that under some conditions the rôle of oxygen may be taken up by other substances.

The next great advance in the science of therapeutics, it seems to our authority, will have much reference to recent discoveries in organic chemistry. "It has been the dream of humanity," observes one scientist in the Lon-

don *Outlook*, commenting upon yet another aspect of the same theme, "to discover some agent which would have the property of prolonging life. With a therapeutic agent of rejuvenescence, old age is soon to be banished from the world. There is nothing in this to tax human credulity.

From the various tissues of the body some curious extracts have been made. For example, a very valuable addition to the list of local anesthetics recently made is adrenalin. It is a powerful heart stimulant. It has also an extraordinary effect of constricting the smaller blood-vessels and capillaries. Applied to any part, adrenalin consequently quite drives the blood away from it. This permits of many delicate surgical operations in which the effusion of blood would otherwise be a hindrance, if not a bar. This substance is simply a liquid extract from the pair of curious little bulbs, about the size of the thumb, which lie just above the kidneys and receive for that reason the name of the suprarenal capsules. And, says Dr. Snyder:

"Mention of these bodies recalls the singular rôle which they have been shown to play in health and disease. The suprarenal capsules belong to the class of so-called ductless glands whose functions in the body were so long a mystery, and of which the spleen, the thyroid, and the thymus are familiar examples. People who are accustomed to keep their eyes open have probably noticed now and then victims of a peculiar malady known as Addison's disease. The skin of the patient turns a curious pale greenish-bronze color, something in the same way as the victim of jaundice turns yellow. In all the centuries upon centuries—say for ten or twenty thousand years—in which medicine has been practised, the cause of this malady was an inscrutable mystery. Many facts go to show that it is due to the disease or atrophy or injury of these little suprarenal capsules which lie just over the kidneys. The new medication of the disease naturally bears in the direction of introducing into the body the active principle of these glands.

"A very similar discovery, but of far greater importance, is the extraordinary rôle played by the thyroid mentioned just above—the little glands which lie just in front of the windpipe in the throat. It has long been known that their inflammation or enlargement was associated with the familiar disease of goitre. More recently it has been found that the complete excision of this gland practically means idiocy, and that, moreover, many forms of idiocy are simply the result of the mal-functioning or absence of these little glands.

"It is so extraordinary as to be almost beyond belief. Nevertheless, the fact is to-day as well established as the circulation of the blood. What is more amazing still, extracts of sheep's thyroid fed to idiotic children very often means a normal mental development. It is one of the most amazing things in all the range of medicine."

## A CASE OF AGORAPHOBIA CURED BY AN ELOPEMENT



AGORAPHOBIA, as defined by Dr. Charles Mercier, of the Charing Cross Hospital, London, is simply fear of open spaces. Thus, if the victim of the disease be a business man he will, in going to and from his office or employment, walk through all the alleys, courts, lanes and narrow streets he can make use of. When he comes to a wide, open street he is seized with panic. It is a reasonless, groundless panic which the sufferer knows to be reasonless and groundless. He feels, none the less, as if something terrible were about to happen. Long, wide bridges, often narrow bridges of much length, are quite impassable to the sufferer from agoraphobia. If compelled to go over such bridges he will hail a passing car or vehicle and even keep his eyes shut as he passes across it. Claustrophobia, on the other hand, is the disease inspiring in its action a terror of closed spaces—railroad cars, elevators and the like.

The malady of agoraphobia, which, like claustrophobia, is far more common than the layman has any idea of, has a highly scientific basis, explains Dr. Mercier, from whose paper in the London *Lancet* we quote:

"When our ancestors were arboreal in habit, this habit was their salvation from extinction. Feeble in body, destitute of weapons and of defensive armor, devoid of means of concealment, their safety from carnivorous foes lay in the agility with which they could climb out of reach, and in the accuracy with which they could leap from bough to bough and from tree to tree. Whenever they descended to the ground, they were in danger. It is on the ground that the greater carnivora pursue their prey; and, adapted as our ancestors were to arboreal life, their progress on open ground was undoubtedly less rapid than among the tree tops, and most probably less rapid than that of their principal foes. Among the tree tops they were secure. There, no enemy could vie with them in activity, or hope to overtake them; but on the ground they were at a disadvantage. On the flat, they had no chance against the spring of the panther or the speed and wind of the wolf; but once let them attain the security of the forest, and they could grin and chatter with contempt at their helpless enemies below. The farther they ventured from their secure retreat, the greater the peril they were in; the nearer their refuge, the more complete their sense of security. Since instincts, using the term in the sense of mental cravings, become adapted to modes of life, which, in turn, they dictate, we may be sure that, in the arboreal stage of their existence, our ancestors had a very strong instinctive aversion to any extended excursion from their place of security and refuge. Near to trees, they were in safety; far from trees, they

were in continual danger, and therefore in continual uneasiness. In such a situation they had an abiding and well-founded dread and sense of impending danger.

"This is the state of mind which, as it seems to me, is reproduced in similar circumstances in agoraphobia. The craving of the subject of this malady is to be near, not trees necessarily, it is true, but near to some tall vertical structure. Away from such a structure, he has just the feeling of dread, of impending danger, of imminent disaster, of something dreadful about to happen, that a man would have who was walking through a jungle infested by tigers, or that a child has when alone in the dark. And this is just such a feeling as we may suppose our arboreal ancestors had when they were out of reach of their natural habitat. I have seen a woman affected with agoraphobia get from one side of a court to the other by not only going round by the wall, and touching it all the way, but squeezing herself up against it, and clutching at the bare surface. Sufferers from this malady cannot cross an open space. They cannot venture more than a step or two from some vertical surface. They feel no uneasiness in a colonnade, open all around them tho it be. Their reason tells them that their dread is groundless, but reason is powerless against instinct, and an imperious instinct shouts danger in their ears."

So it was for years with a sufferer from agoraphobia whose case came under the personal notice of Dr. Mercier. This sufferer had a daughter, an estimable young lady with whom an eligible young man was in love. The young man's parents approved of the match. There was no moral obliquity in the suitor, no personal characteristics or physical defect rendering him an unsuitable husband for any young lady. His attachment was evidently disinterested and sincere. But the sufferer from agoraphobia refused to permit his daughter's marriage with the object of her choice on the ground of a want of congeniality between himself and the parents of the young lady.

One morning the sufferer from agoraphobia awoke to discover that his daughter had eloped in the night with her lover. The youthful pair had been married and were now at the home of the bridegroom's parents. The shock sustained by the father was profound. But oddly enough, avers Dr. Mercier, the agoraphobia was swept away in the conflict of emotions that ensued and it has never returned. The patient walks through the widest streets and along the longest bridges without a trace of his old-time dread. Agoraphobia, in Dr. Mercier's experience, is "inveterate"—refractory to remedies, recalcitrant to treatment—in a word, incurable. What is the explanation?

# Recent Poetry



It has been nearly twenty years since Edward Rowland Sill passed over "the great divide," and the fact that two editions of his poetical works have been published (by Houghton, Mifflin & Company) in the last five years indicates that he has taken his place as one of the fixed luminaries in our literary firmament. He will never be rated a star of the first magnitude. There is nothing in this new household edition of his poems that bewilders with its radiance, but everything is aglow with the true poetical light, and we feel in communion with him much as we feel with Longfellow. His spirit was sane and wholesome and lovely, rather than daring and revolutionary, and he had the instincts of a true artist and a well-nibbed pen that seldom scratched or spluttered. "The Fool's Prayer" is his best-known and perhaps his best poem. We prefer, however, to quote other poems less familiar, and begin with one particularly appropriate to the holiday season.

## CHRISTMAS IN CALIFORNIA

BY EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

Can this be Christmas—sweet as May,  
With drowsy sun, and dreamy air,  
And new grass pointing out the way  
For flowers to follow, everywhere?

Has time grown sleepy at his post,  
And let the exiled Summer back,  
Or is it her regretful ghost,  
Or witchcraft of the almanac?

While wandering breaths of mignonette  
In at the open window come,  
I send my thoughts afar and let  
Them paint your Christmas day at home.

Glitter of ice and glint of frost,  
And sparkles in the crusted snow;  
And hark! the dancing sleigh-bells, tost  
The faster as they fainter grow.

The creaking footsteps hurry past;  
The quick breath dims the frosty air;  
And down the crisp road slipping fast  
Their laughing loads the cutters bear.

Penciled against the cold white sky,  
Above the curling eaves of snow,  
The thin blue smoke lifts lingeringly,  
As loath to leave the mirth below.

For at the door a merry din  
Is heard, with stamp of feathery feet,  
And chattering girls come storming in,  
To toast them at the roaring grate.

And then from muff and pocket peer,  
And many a warm and scented nook,  
Mysterious little bundles queer  
That, rustling, tempt the curious look.

Now broad upon the southern walls  
The mellowed sun's great smile appears,  
And tips the rough-ringed icicles  
With sparks that grow to glittering tears.

Then, as the darkening day goes by,  
The wind gets gustier without,  
And leaden streaks are on the sky,  
And whirls of snow are all about.

Soon firelight shadows, merry crew,  
Along the darkening walls will leap  
And clap their hands, as if they knew  
A thousand things too good to keep.

Sweet eyes with home's contentment filled,  
As in the smouldering coals they peer,  
Haply some wondering pictures build  
Of how I keep my Christmas here.

Before me, on the wide, warm bay,  
A million azure ripples run;  
Round me the sprouting palm-shoots lay  
Their shining lances to the sun.

With glossy leaves that poise or swing,  
The callas their white cups unfold,  
And faintest chimes of odor ring  
From silver bells with tongues of gold.

A languor of deliciousness  
Fills all the sea-enchanted clime;  
And in the blue heavens meet, and kiss,  
The loitering clouds of summer-time.

This fragrance of the mountain balm  
From spicy Lebanon might be;  
Beneath such summer's amber calm  
Slumbered the waves of Galilee.

O wondrous gift in goodness given,  
Each hour anew our eyes to greet,  
An earth so fair—so close to heaven,  
'Twas trodden by the Master's feet.

And we—what bring we in return?  
Only these broken lives and lift  
Them up to meet His pitying scorn,  
As some poor child its foolish gift:

As some poor child on Christmas Day  
Its broken toy in love might bring;  
You could not break its heart and say  
You cared not for the worthless thing?

Ah, word of trust, His child! That child  
Who brought to earth the life divine,  
Tells me the father's pity mild  
Scorns not even such a gift as mine.



I am His creature, and His air  
I breathe, where'er my feet may stand;  
The angel's song rings everywhere,  
And all the earth is Holy Land.

The same note of confident optimism rings out  
in the following stanzas:

STARLIGHT

BY EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

They think me daft, who nightly meet  
My face turned starward, while my feet  
Stumble along the unseen street;

But should man's thoughts have only room  
For Earth, his cradle and his tomb,  
Not for his Temple's grander gloom?

And must the prisoner all his days  
Learn but his dungeon's narrow ways  
And never through its grating gaze?

Then let me linger in your sight,  
My only amaranths! blossoming bright  
As over Eden's cloudless night.

The same vast belt, and square, and crown,  
That on the Deluge glittered down,  
And lit the roofs of Bethlehem town!

Ye make me one with all my race,  
A victor over time and space,  
Till all the path of men I pace.

Far-speeding backward in my brain  
We build the pyramids again,  
And Babel rises from the plain;

And climbing upward on your beams  
I peer within the patriarch's dreams,  
Till the deep sky with angels teems.

My Comforters!—Yea why not mine?  
The power that kindled you doth shine,  
In man, a mastery divine;

That love which throbs in every star;  
And quickens all the worlds afar,  
Beats warmer where his children are.

The shadow of the wings of Death  
Broods over us; we feel his breath:  
"Resurgam" still the spirit saith.

These tired feet, this weary brain,  
Blotted with many a mortal stain,  
May crumble earthward—not in vain.

With swifter feet that shall not tire,  
Eyes that shall fail not at your fire  
Nearer your splendors I aspire.

The following is one of Sill's latest poems (he died in Cleveland, O., in 1887), and it shows that the agnosticism of the period had touched but not overwhelmed him:

BLINDFOLDED

BY EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

What do we know of the world, as we grow so  
old and wise?  
Do the years that still the heart-beats quicken  
the drowsy eyes?  
At twenty we thought we knew it,—the world  
there, at our feet;  
We thought we had found its bitter, we knew we  
had found its sweet.  
Now at forty and fifty, what do we make of the  
world?  
There in her sand she crouches, the Sphinx with  
her gray wings furled.  
Soul of a man I know not: how should I hope to  
know,  
I that am foiled by a flower, or the stars of the  
silent snow;  
I that have never guessed the mind of the bright-  
eyed bird,  
Whom even the dull rocks cheat, and the whirl-  
wind's awful word?  
Let me loosen the fillet of clay from the shut and  
darkened lid,  
For life is a blindfold game, and the Voice from  
view is hid.  
I face him as best I can, still groping, here and  
there,  
For the hand that has touched me lightly, the lips  
that have said "Declare!"  
Well I declare him my friend,—the friend of the  
whole sad race;  
And oh, that the game were over, and I might  
see his face!  
But 'tis much, though I grope in blindness, the  
Voice that is hid from view  
May be heard, may be even loved, in a dream that  
may come true.

Sill was of Connecticut birth, but left New England in early manhood, going to Cleveland (and afterward to California) to reside. Sarah Chauncey Woolsey ("Susan Coolidge") reversed this process, being born in Cleveland and in her early womanhood going to Connecticut to labor as a nurse during the Civil War period, and remaining in New England afterward to prosecute her work as writer. Her death occurred less than two years ago and her pen-name is familiar to magazine readers of the present day. A volume entitled "Last Verses" is published by Little, Brown & Company, with a brief but very attractive biographical sketch. A lovely character is unfolded to us in the poems, as well as in the sketch. Her work is sweet and comforting rather than stimulating, but it is all sincere and breathes of hope and faith in the life that is and the life that is to be. We reprint two of her poems:

HELEN KELLER

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE

Behind her triple prison-bars shut in  
She sits, the whitest soul on earth to-day.  
No shadowing stain, no whispered hint of sin,  
Into that sanctuary finds the way.

There enters only clear and proven truth  
 Apportioned for her use by loving hands  
 And winnowed from all knowledge of all lands  
 To satisfy her ardent thirst of youth.

Like a strange alabaster mask her face,  
 Rayless and sightless, set in patience dumb,  
 Until like quick electric currents come  
 The signals of life into her lonely place;  
 Then like a lamp just lit, an inward gleam  
 Flashes within the mask's opacity,  
 The features glow and dimple suddenly,  
 And fun and tenderness and sparkle seem  
 To irradiate the lines once dull and blind,  
 While the white slender fingers reach and cling  
 With quick imploring gestures, questioning  
 The mysteries and the meanings—to her mind.

The world is not the sordid world we know;  
 It is a happy and benignant spot  
 Where kindness reigns, and jealousy is not,  
 And men move softly, dropping as they go  
 The golden fruit of knowledge for all to share.  
 And Love is King, and Heaven is very near,  
 And God to whom each separate soul is dear  
 Makes fatherly answer to each whispered prayer.  
 Ah, little stainless soul shut in so close,  
 May never hint of doubt creep in to be  
 A shadow on the calm security  
 Which wraps thee, as its fragrance wraps a rose.

#### THE PRICE OF FREYA

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE

(Freya, in the Scandanavian mythology, was the goddess of Youth and Hope. While she remained with the gods and fed them daily with her golden apples they were all powerful; but when Wodin parted with her as the price for the building of Walhalla, they suddenly became weak and weary, and a shadow rested over the world. Walhalla was of no worth without Freya.)

The towers are strong and the towers are fair  
 As they rise and gleam in the sunlit air,  
 With bastion and battlement and spire  
 Built for one rule and one desire;  
 Fain would we enter there and sway,  
 But the giant builder the door secures,  
 And mutters his price as he bars the way:  
 "Give up Freya and all is yours."

There in the citadel fancy built  
 Are the riches of ages heaped and spilt;  
 Diamonds glitter and rubies gleam,  
 And moon-like pearls front the pale moonbeam.  
 Golden the roof and gold the floor;  
 The glittering splendor woos and lures;  
 And the tempting voice repeats once more:  
 "Give us Freya and all is yours."

What! give up hope with its rainbow sheen,  
 Give up the sparkle, the song, the jest,  
 The vision of something dreamed not seen,  
 Which is sweeter by far than the thing possessed?  
 The flowers of May and the roses of June,  
 The sweet spring-breath of the April breeze,  
 The dew of morn and the light of noon—  
 When we give up Freya, must we give all these?

But we give; and we enter the towers of pride,  
 And we thread our gems and we count our gold;  
 And we bid our hearts to be satisfied  
 With so much to have and so much to hold.  
 But the smile is faded from the day;  
 Our drink is bitter, our bread is stone—  
 And amid the shadows we sit and say:  
 "Nothing is worth with Freya gone."

In *The Smart Set* appears a little poem by Madeline Bridges that is not "smart," but is very clever:

#### THE WAYFARERS

BY MADELINE BRIDGES

"Oh, little maid, the way is long,  
 And you are young, and none too strong;  
 For all the brightness of your eyes,  
 Your lips are meek, and sorrow-wise.  
 Your feet are slow, like pilgrim feet,  
 And white, with dust of field and street;  
 Should you not say your beads?—for lo!  
 Lonely and strange the road you go.

"The sun has set, and night comes down  
 Between us, and the far-off town  
 Shall you not fear a little? You,  
 So young and fair may sadly rue  
 To be alone with none to guard,  
 For hearts of evil men are hard,  
 And beauty works such sinful charm—  
 Surely, you need have fear of harm?"

Her face smiled through the dimness. "Nay,  
 Shall we not wend the selfsame way?  
 Like me, you seek the town, and so,  
 I fear not darkness, as we go,  
 Nor evil men. While you are nigh  
 Harm cannot reach me!" . . . With a cry  
 He caught her hand. "Good night! I pray  
 God shield you, dear!" and fled away.

Dialect poems, and especially Scotch dialect poems, are hard reading for many of us; but if the burr is very prickly the nuts are often very sweet. The poem below, from the *London Outlook*, is well worth the trouble it gives to come at it:

#### THE LANG ROAD

BY VIOLET JACOB

Below the braes o' heather, and down along the glen,  
 The road runs southward, southward, that grips the souls o' men,  
 That draws their footsteps aye awa' frae hearth and frae fauld,  
 That parts ilk friend frae other, an' the young frae the auld.  
 And whiles I stand at morning, and whiles I rise at night  
 To see it through the ghaisty dark run like a thread o' white;  
 There's mony a lad will ne'er come back among his ain to lie,  
 And it's lang, lang waiting while the time ga'es by.

And far ayont the bit of sky that lies aboon the hills,  
 There is the great town standing in the roaring  
 o' the mills,  
 Where the reek frae mony engines hangs 'atween  
 it and the sun  
 And the lives are weary, weary, that are just  
 begun.  
 Down yon lang road that winds awa' my ain three  
 sons they went,  
 They turned their faces southward frae the glens  
 they aye had ken't,  
 An twa will never see the hills wi' living eyes  
 again,  
 And it's lang, lang waiting as I sit my lane.

For ane lies where the grass is high upon the gal-  
 lant dead,  
 And ane where England's mighty ships sail proud  
 aboon his head;  
 They couldna' sleep mair saft at hame, the twa  
 that served their king,  
 Were they laid aside their ain kirk gate by the  
 fern and the ling.  
 But where the road is twisting through yon streets  
 o' care and sin  
 My third braw son toils night and day for the  
 gold he fain would win,  
 Where ilka man gropes i' the dark to tak' his  
 neighbor's share,  
 And it's lang, lang striving i' the mirk that's there.

The heart c' love can pierce the earth that hides a  
 soldier's grave,  
 And love that doesna' mind the sod will neither  
 mind the wave,  
 But it canna' see ayont the cloud that haps my  
 youngest down  
 Wi' its mist o' greed and sorrow i' the smoking  
 town;  
 And whiles when through the open door there  
 fades the falling light,  
 I think I hear my ain twa men come up the road  
 at night,  
 —But him that bides the nearest seems the  
 furthest aye frae me,  
 And it's lang, lang listening till I hear the three.

Poetry about books and book-writers is usually  
 of a second-hand quality. First-hand inspirations  
 come from life direct, not through the prism of  
 another man's genius. But here is a very bookish  
 poem that is not open to such an objection. It  
 is taken from *Appleton's*:

## WITH A FIRST READER

BY RUPERT HUGHES

Dear little child, this little book  
 Is less a primer than a key  
 To sunner gates where wonder waits  
 Your "Open Sesame!"

These tiny syllables look large;  
 They'll fret your wide, bewildered eyes;  
 But "Is the cat upon the mat?"  
 Is passport to the skies.

For, yet awhile, and you shall turn  
 From Mother Goose to Avon's swan;

From Mary's lamb to grim Khayyám,  
 And Mancha's mad-wise Don.

You'll writhe at Jean Valjean's disgrace;  
 And D'Artagnan and Ivanhoe  
 Shall steal your sleep; and you shall weep  
 At Sidney Carton's woe.

You'll find old Chaucer young once more,  
 Beaumont and Fletcher fierce with fire;  
 At your demand, John Milton's hand  
 Shall wake his ivory lyre.

And learning other tongues, you'll learn  
 All times are one; all men, one race:  
 Hear Homer speak, as Greek to Greek;  
 See Dante, face to face.

*Arma virumque* shall resound;  
 And Horace wreathes his rhymes afresh;  
 You'll rediscover Laura's lover;  
 Meet Gretchen in the flesh.

Oh, could I find for the first time  
 The "Churchyard Elegy" again!  
 Retaste the sweets of new-found Keats;  
 Read Byron now as then!

Make haste to wander these old roads,  
 O envied little parvenue;  
 For all things trite shall leap alight  
 And bloom again for you!

The poem that can give a new and lasting radi-  
 ance to a common, every-day object is performing  
 the true mission of poetry. Read the following  
 (from *The Independent*) and hereafter take off  
 your hat to the Italian fruit-vender:

## A ROMAN

BY W. G. BALLANTINE

'Twas in the crowded avenue; o'erhead  
 Thundered the trains; below, the pavement shook  
 With quivering cables. Everywhere the crush  
 Of horses, wheels and men eddied and swirled.  
 A river of humanity swept by  
 With faces hard as ice. I stopped beside  
 A little push-cart filled with Southern fruits  
 And dickered with the huckster, "Three for five?"  
 "No, two," in broken English. There we stood—  
 He shabby, stooping, wolfish, all intent  
 Upon a penny, I to him no more  
 Than just another stranger from the throng  
 Trampling each other in this fierce New World.

Then looking in his sordid eyes I said,  
 Using the tongue of Plato and of Paul,  
 "Art thou a Roman?" Never magic word  
 Of wizard or enchanter wrought more sure.  
 The man erect, transfigured, eyes on fire,  
 Lips parted, breath drawn fast, thrust in my hands  
 His double handful. Huckster? No, a king!  
 "Could I speak Roman? Did I share it all—  
 The memories, the pride, the grief, the hope?"  
 Then welcome to the best of all he had.

Wouldst know, self-glorified American,  
 The name that sums the grandest heritage  
 Race ever owned? 'Tis "Roman" spoke in Greek:

*Romaiós* they call it. Constantine the Great  
Fixed his new capital where East meets West,  
Brought Rome's imperial law, the Cross of Christ,  
The art and tongue of Greece—the whole world's  
best;

And in that fairest spot new Christian Rome  
Reigned queen a thousand years, until the Turk  
Fell like a blight, and darkness shrouded all.  
But still that name lives in the exile's dreams,  
All glories, Hebrew, Christian, Roman, Greek,  
Blend in that one unequalled *Romaiós*.  
Abraham, Moses, Homer, Phidias,  
Cæsar, Paul, Chrysostom, Justinian,  
Bozzaris, Ypsilanti, Byron, all  
Are his. O blest America, these men  
That come in rags bring jewels in their hearts  
To shine resplendent in thy future's crown!

The poem below is published, without the name of the author, in the form of an illustrated leaflet. The publishers (Hobbs & Sutphen, Chicago), are unable to give us the name of the writer. It is a sweet little thing which perhaps we ought to recognize at once. Some of our readers may know whence it comes:

#### A SLUMBER SONG

Sleep sweetly in this quiet room,  
O thou, whoe'er thou art,  
And let no mournful yesterday  
Disturb thy peaceful heart,  
Nor let to-morrow scare thy rest  
With dreams of coming ill;  
Thy Maker is thy changeless friend,  
His love surrounds thee still.  
Forget thyself and all the world,  
Put out each glaring light,  
The stars are watching overhead,  
Sleep sweetly, then,  
Good night.

The following verses, set to appropriate music, would make a very effective song for a Lenten service. Some of our composers ought to act upon the suggestion. The verses are taken from *The American Magazine*:

#### MEA CULPA!

BY SUSIE M. BEST

I dreamed I saw the Savior climb  
Up Calvary! Up Calvary!  
I sorrowed, oh, I sorrowed sore,  
To see the heavy Cross he bore;  
I cried, "Ah, Christ, and must it be!"  
He sighed, "This Cross was made by thee!"

I dreamed I saw the Savior scourged  
Up Calvary! Up Calvary!  
I wept to see the drops of gore  
Ooze from the cruel thorns he wore;  
But, lo, his Voice! It called to me:  
"The sharpest thorn was set by thee!"

I dreamed I saw the Savior slain  
On Calvary! On Calvary!

When thro his hands the hard nails tore,  
My heart was pierced to the core;  
But hark! A whisper from the Tree:  
"These spikes are but the sins of thee."

Here is something different. It is from the London *Spectator*, and rings with the clash of feudal combat and glows with the flame of elemental passions:

#### THE FEUDSMAN

(A Ballad of the Debatable Land, circ. 1450)

BY J. H. KNIGHT-ADKIN

Oh! I fared forth from my father's house  
Poor, naked and alone,  
A tattered cloak and a rusty sword  
Were all I called my own;  
The wind that whistled o'er the heath  
It cut me to the bone:  
But I turned my back on the kindly roofs,  
My face to the open moor,  
And my last farewell was the ruddy light  
That streamed from my father's door.

Oh! I came back to my father's house  
With spears on either hand,  
My charger blazed with gold and gems  
From shoe to chamfron band;  
My cloak was lined with the ermine fur  
And jewels decked my brand:  
But my welcome home was a roofless hall  
With a shattered shield on the floor  
And fire-marked walls that echoed back  
The creak of the broken door.

So I gave my spears their quittance and fee  
And sat me down with the gold  
That was paid in Byzant and Spanialand  
For the blood and the blade I sold  
To rebuild again my father's house  
As it was in the days of old:  
But I bade the masons leave their work  
And the joiners all go free  
Or ever the house was finished and done,  
—And the things it lacked were three.

(Now 'twas Harry o' Hartsbane burst the door  
And let the reivers in,  
'Twas Hugh of Hardriding couched the spear  
That slew the last of my kin,  
And Watty of Wanhope fired the hall,  
God burn his soul for the sin!)  
But the three things lacking are all made good  
For a sign to the world and me  
That the price of my father's blood is paid,  
—And the men who paid were three.

There was never a cap to the gable-end,  
There was never a ring to the door,  
And within the hall lay a broken shield  
On the broken beams of the floor:  
But I swore to finish the work myself,  
And I finished it as I swore,  
For Watty's skull is my roof-ridge cap,  
And the hand of young Hartsbane  
Is nailed to the door, and we buried Hugh  
Where my father's shield had lain.



# Recent Fiction and the Critics

**K**IPLING is always worth listening to. You may like him or you may not like him; he is sure to compel attention. Ever since he brought us his amazing tales fresh from the hills, good folks have been prophesying that he would sooner or later exhaust himself. There were, indeed, times of slackness in his work, but every now and then a new stroke of genius from his pen has delighted and startled his readers. Careless as he may seem at times, he is always an artist.

"Mr. Kipling," says the London *Saturday Review*, "almost alone among our makers of fiction has ignored the commercial demand for love-affairs of so many thousand words. He has refused to regard the novel as the only shape for romance in England and has succeeded—and it is a notable achievement—in making the short story, that pet aversion of our fog-numbered wits, the principal vehicle for his ideas. Of no other writer can the same be said. Other men whose quality and inclination were as pronounced as his have one by one sacrificed their art and struck their colors to the paralyzing demand for conformity."

There is certainly little conformity to hackneyed standards in Kipling's new stories,\* which have been characterized as "a cross between fairy-tales and historical romances of the elder Britain." The machinery of the plot is simple enough. Dan and Una, two children, act bits from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" three times over on a midsummer night's eve, in the middle of a ring, and right under one of the oldest hills in England, Pook's hill, which is Puck's hill. And Puck appears to them. "By oak ash and thorn," he cries, "if this had happened a few hundred years ago, you'd have had all the people of the hills out like bees in June." The children have "broken" the hills and Puck tells them tales of the Old Things of Long Ago. We hear of Weland's sword and what befell it, of the Picts and the Norsemen and of Roman centurions. And as the tale unfolds the author's purpose becomes clearer and clearer. In one of the most charming interludes he strikes the key-note. England, he tells us, is full of great historical associations. Every spot is a relic of a glorious past:

"She is not any common ground,  
Water or wood and air,  
But Merlin's isle of Gramarye,  
Where you and I will fare."

\*PUCK OF POOK'S HILL. By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page & Company.

We must attach the underlying purpose of re-kindling English patriotism to those stories, or else, says the New York *Times Saturday Review*, we'd be compelled to call this little book, with all its freshness and prettiness, quite unworthy of the author of "They" and "An Habitation Enforced." But, the same reviewer admits, we should not attempt to read all at a glance the symbolism of a story by Kipling. "Like Dante and Ibsen, he demands patient study."

Whether the British critics have failed to give it this patient study we cannot tell, but it is evident that much of their appreciation of Kipling's new mood is only half-hearted. The idea seems to prevail that the stories offer little scope for Kipling's special virtues. *The Saturday Review* (London), thinks that they might have been done, if not as well, at least as profitably by many another. "For these stories are at best but second-hand work. They plausibly deny their earlier origin, they cleverly elude the look of having been 'made over'; but each is only what it is by dint of another man's labors; behind each is less that rich observation of life which is what we desire most of its author, but studious sifting and compiling from things said and compiled before, and compiled, as here and there a hint discloses, not by the original authorities."

*The Academy* says that some of the tales are ill constructed and that the verses with which the author sprinkles his prose are, except in one lyric, distinguished by a wholesome mediocrity. The London *Outlook*, however, remarks that critical bargaining or haggling are out of the question: "Like the salesman with the whip-hand, the author can say to us, without more ado, 'Take it or leave it.' We must take it, for the very good reason that we want it; and the answer to all objectors is no better or worse than Ben Jonson's to his audience: 'By God, 'tis good, and if you like it you may.'"

Mr. Hichens, like Kipling, fails to conform to conventional standards. In fact, so far removed from conventionality is his new book, "The Call of the Blood,"\* that the editors of *Harper's Bazar*, in which it appeared serially, deemed it essential to make such expurgation as forced Mr. Hichens to declare publicly that his story was not printed as he had written it. And he had written it marvelously well, for of Mr.

\*THE CALL OF THE BLOOD. By Robert Hichens. Harper & Brothers.

Hichens's genius there can be no doubt. Ever since the publication of the "Green Carnation," which was, after all, a journalistic rather than a literary feat, he has been growing in vision and depth. Mr. Hichens, says the *London Tribune*, is a writer who progressed steadily in his art, beginning with a light touch, a little uncertain, and waiting, as it were, to find himself, but acquiring increasing strength until, with his "Garden of Allah" he discovered his power.

"And now, with 'The Call of the Blood,' he confirms his position in the front rank of our younger novelists, and he has given us a story in which the fine quality of his mind, his Greek love of physical and natural beauty, his spiritual sensuousness, if one may use the phrase, his modern understanding of primitive things, the glow and color of his language, and his subtle sympathy with the pain that exists beneath, and in, the joy of life are again revealed."

The tenor of the British reviews is appreciative, but a little disappointed. Mr. Hichens, it seems, has committed the strategic crime of not making his new novel even better than its predecessor. Yet "The Call of the Blood" is a good book, perhaps even a great book. If, says *The Academy*, Mr. Hichens had not written "The Garden of Allah," we might hail this work as the greatest novel of passion of the century.

For rich, luxurious effects few living English writers can rival Mr. Hichens. In fact, his brush is dripping with color. Says one of Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks: "Mr. Hichens gives me no credit either for a knowledge of Sicily, or for the meanest gift of imagination, or even (and here he seems to depreciate his own power of producing an impression) for being able to realize a picture until he has given me a dozen replicas of it. But, then, how few writers can give the reader credit for anything except an extreme patience."

The story of Mr. Hichens' novel is simple enough and might be told in a dozen pages. The heroine, Hermione Lester, is described as a woman of thirty-four, five feet ten in height, flat, thin, but strongly built, with a large waist, and limbs which, altho vigorous, are rather unwieldy. She is a "plain, almost an ugly woman, whose attractive force issues from within, inviting inquiry and advance as the flame of a fire does playing on the blurred glass of a window with many flaws in it." Her affections are bound up with two men, a friend and a lover. The friend is M. Artois, a French novelist of about forty-three, who unites, in the words of *The Spectator*, "a cruel brain with a tender heart." Her lover and husband is Maurice Delarey, a young gentleman who has inherited from a Sicilian grandmother no striking intellectual qualities, but great

personal beauty. It is that which fascinates her. "When I look at beauty," she says, "I feel rather like a dirty little beggar staring at an angel. My intellect does not seem to help me at all. In me, perhaps, the sensation arises from an inward conviction that humanity was meant originally to be beautiful, and that the ugly ones among us are—well, like sins among virtues."

But Artois, who is very wise and something of a cynic, cannot repress a feeling of impending tragedy. And he is not mistaken; for when Hermione and Maurice go to Sicily to spend their honeymoon, dormant passions awake in the man. It is the blood of his Sicilian grandmother that calls to him. He is swept away by the music of the peasants' pipes and, when Hermione deserts him for a while to nurse her sick friend, the novelist, the wild natural beauty of a peasant girl proves an irresistible charm. In a brawl that ensues he is killed by the girl's father. The circumstances of his death, however, are kept from the wife, who believes him faithful to the end. The moral of the book, says the *British Weekly*, in a rather disgruntled review, is not what the author would make it:

"To begin with, very plain women of thirty-four should not, as a rule, marry very handsome young men of twenty-four. If they do, they should get rid of their intimate male friends and correspondents after the marriage. Nor should they interrupt a honeymoon to go and nurse any of these gentlemen. Sicily or no Sicily, those who break these rules may come to trouble."

Mr. Wells is three novelists in one. There is, says the *London Bookman*, Mr. Wells the realist, who wrote "Kipps"; there is Mr.

IN THE DAYS OF THE COMET Wells the romancist, who charmed us with "The First Men in the Moon"; and there is Mr. Wells the idealist philosopher, to whom we are indebted for "A Modern Utopia." In the writing of "In the Days of the Comet,"\* this critic avers, all three of him have collaborated, with results that are in every way interesting, but in some ways unsatisfactory:

"Unsatisfactory because the three elements of which the story is fashioned are not really fused; they won't work or don't mix, and the one seems to be continually nullifying the effect of the other. There are daringly fantastic stories in which Mr. Wells has witched us into believing the unbelievable; but here, though he catches us again and again in the net of his illusions, there are holes in it, and he loses us every time."

In this novel, says the *London Outlook*, Mr. Wells has "found religion," as the phrase runs. "Once he was a vagrant, but now he has a pulpit." And the text of his sermon is socialism. For this

\*IN THE DAYS OF THE COMET. By H. G. Wells. The Century Company.

book is a severe arraignment of the world as it was "before the great change," as it is to-day. *The Times Literary Supplement* (London) observes, with regard to the nature of the arraignment, that Mr. Wells, like George Gissing, writes of the social condition of his time as if he had a personal grievance against society. Both writers, it says, may be described in Gorky's memorable phrase as "prisoners of life." Here, however, the resemblance ends:

"Gissing was a prisoner who remained under lock and key until he pined away, lamenting. Mr. Wells is a prisoner who has picked the lock, burst the door open, knocked down the jailers, scaled the wall, and reached a position from which he can safely and indolently tell his jailers what he thinks of them. In two or three novels, as well as in various contributions to social science, he has not only told them what he thinks of them, but instructed them how to put their house in order."

The hero of the story is a discontented young clerk, underpaid and humiliated by intellectual inferiors. Finally even his girl, Nettie, runs away with a young aristocrat, who has no intention of making her his wife. The hero hereupon steals money from his mother's lodger, a curate, and sets out in pursuit, contemplating a double murder and suicide. At this juncture, however, the Comet, the real hero of the book, intervenes. It strikes the earth, diffusing a marvelous green gas by which men are suddenly transformed into creatures not very different from angels. Germany and England were at war, at the time before the coming of the Comet. But now all warfare ceases. Society is reorganized on socialistic lines, or, as *The Times Literary Supplement* summarizes it, all the people in the Wells's Utopia society "live a common simple life in a clean garden city, occupying rooms in a building that will be a sort of compromise between an Oxford college and a row of almshouses. He foresees the objection that, even if men could be persuaded not to quarrel about property, they would still be liable to quarrel about women, and he is prepared with his solution of that problem also. Socialistic men's wives, we gather, are, no less than their goods, to be held in common." This remark called forth an irate letter from Mr. Wells. The socialism of the book, he says, is as incidental as the anatomy in Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," and the end is not socialism at all, but a dream of human beings mentally and morally exalted. "Given a great change of heart in human beings, and it is not my base imagination only, but an authority your reviewer would probably respect, that assures the world there would be 'no marrying nor giving in marriage.'"

There is, however, enough in the book to war-

rant the remark of *The Times* and the warning to Mr. Wells not to seem to commend bigamy in his Utopia. Nettie certainly proposes to her two lovers, for both of whom she has a tender feeling, a triangular marital arrangement, or, as the French would say, a "ménage à trois." This the hero refuses; but, after having himself married another woman, of homely exterior but infinite goodness, he finally renews affectionate relations with Nettie with the full consent not only of his wife but of Nettie's husband. *The Saturday Review* (London) inflicts upon Mr. Wells the unkindest cut of all by treating his novel throughout as a satire. Mr. Wells, it concludes, is so excessively satirical that we might almost doubt whether he has not in fact written a satire against socialism itself. "May we not understand him to hint that it would require at least the intervention of a comet to make men suddenly different from what they are; and that, as comets are rather shy of visiting the earth, nothing very remarkable is likely to happen for a considerable time?"

No little discussion has been excited on both sides of the Atlantic by a new novel\* written by

W. R. Maxwell, son of Mary Elisabeth Braddon. He has inherited from his mother the gift of telling a story and of telling it well.

#### THE GUARDED FLAME

When, says the *Washington Star*, two seasons ago his "Ragged Messenger" appeared, the English-speaking world began to feel that a new force had developed in modern fiction. This seems to be also the consensus of opinion of the English reviews. The "Guarded Flame," remarks the *London Spectator*, if it cannot be called great, is at least a serious and considerable achievement.

It took certainly some daring and no little power to make an old man the central figure of a novel. This at once raises Mr. Maxwell's book above the ordinary. Richard Burgoyne, his hero, is an elderly scientific philosopher of world-wide fame, who has been described as a sort of composite photograph of Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer. His life is the "guarded flame." It is guarded so as to preserve his strength for science. The guardians of the flame are his young wife, daughter of a fellow scientist, Burgoyne's assistant and secretary. As might be expected, a moment comes when the primal instinct asserts itself even in this rarified intellectual atmosphere. For, as one reviewer remarks, the dangers of mating May with December are not removed even when December is a philosopher and May his disciple. When the old philosopher discovers his wife's de-

\*THE GUARDED FLAME. By W. R. Maxwell. The Appleton Company.

ception, he has a stroke of paralysis. But he has the power to return to life once more and to continue his work. He even forgives and cherishes the woman who has betrayed him and the rest of whose life is spent in faithful service to atone for her transgression. The *Cleveland Plaindealer* finds in Burgoyne's attitude toward his wife "the all-embracing charity of a godlike man, a wonderful exemplification of the teachings of the Man of Nazareth." One point, however, seems to escape this reviewer as it has escaped the author. Is it, *The Evening Post* questions, a good or bad thought which leads elderly philosophers to deprive young women of the right to love with the love of youth? "Why did not Richard Burgoyne adopt his friend's daughter? Whose loose thinking is directly responsible for the catastrophe?"

Another fault of the story is pointed out by

the *London Outlook*. The philosophy of "The Guarded Flame," it remarks, appears to us to be misguided and reactionary, a weak retreat from the fighting line of the modern spirit in its attack on certain ideals.

"The transgression of the heroine of this story is dealt with in a manner that savors of clericalism, and her history, which amounts to a reaffirmation of the principle that a woman, whatever her ability and character, is only rightly adjusted to life in a position of self-sacrificing devotion to submergence in the personality of a man, seems to be put forward by Mr. Maxwell with a didactic intention."

Nevertheless, the same review concludes, taking it altogether, "The Guarded Flame" is a great triumph for Mr. Maxwell. "It is a tale told with the driving power and artistic intrepidity of the great novelists."

## In Memory of Columbine—A Story

This little tale, by W. M. Letts, was published in the *Pall Mall Magazine* recently. It is not, ostensibly, a Christmas story, but it is full of the Christmas spirit, very tender, not too pathetic, and with a somewhat old-fashioned theme artistically treated.



IN the bedroom of Monsieur de Courcelles one received an impression of great simplicity, but of a simplicity rich in many harmonious elements. Religion and art, spirit and form, were here blended into a beautiful unity.

An old Breton armoire stood against one wall, a large bookshelf against another. On the bookshelf was a small figure of Thorwaldsen's "Christ," on a bracket stood little busts of Dante, Savonarola, Shakespeare, Racine and Molière. There were bright vases in dark corners, and quaintly carved chairs; and on an easel facing the bed a portrait of M. de Courcelles' wife, who had died six months after their marriage.

Those who have seen this room declare that its dignity, its harmony, its air of thought, of culture, and of piety, made them feel that they were in the ante-room of M. de Courcelles' innermost mind, which was believed by those who knew him to be a very beautiful and rare mind. But there was one incongruous note—an object so crude and cheap and ugly that one imagined the whole room's protesting against it. Yet year after year it remained there, in a conspicuous position near the bed. Indeed, there is no reason to suppose that it is not there now. This object was a figure of St. Anthony holding the Blessed Child. It was about eighteen inches in height, and made of plaster, which was brightly painted. The dark brown robe of the saint was girded with a green

cord; his eyes were brilliant blue, curiously outlined with black; his cheeks were rosy; in his right hand he held a tinsel lily; in his left hand, which was slightly malformed, he clasped the Holy Child, who had no beauty whatsoever, but a very bright blue robe. Many people asked the history of the figure and the reason of its presence there. They suspected the saint of penitential origin. To some M. de Courcelles replied briefly that he kept it "in memory of Columbine"; but to one or two he told the story.

M. de Courcelles was intellectually a decadent. He loved dreams better than facts. He stood, as other Frenchmen stand, on the threshold of the infinite, waiting for a gleam, a sound from the untraversed vastness. He loved the shadows of things, the labyrinthine ways of dreams, the shades of emotion, the dim forests of fancy, the hints of sensation. He wrote books and poems that were understood by other dreamers, but pronounced by the homely *paterfamilias*, the man of affairs, to be "rot," or its equivalent in French.

But once M. de Courcelles wrote a children's play that was sufficiently definite in form to be universally admired. The play was called *La Folie de Jeanette*, but it is now forgotten, except, of course, by the few. At its conclusion there was a harlequinade, for M. de Courcelles saw in this old mirthful pantomime something world-old yet world-young, something that speaks to men of the world's springtime, of its childhood; of



men's laughter and tears. It pleased his fancy to introduce this harlequinade, with its types of mankind, at the end of his play; and it pleased his fancy, likewise, to assign its different parts to children. Harlequin, Pantaloon, Columbine, were all little children.

At the first there was some difficulty in finding a Columbine suitable for the part; but one day a friend of M. de Courcelles saw in a poor quarter of Paris a little child who was dancing to the music of a pipe. Tho the dancing of children is always beautiful from the idea of youth it conveys, it is not always graceful; but this child displayed genius. Inquiries were made, and it was found that she lived with her aunt, the wife of a ragpicker. These people, who were respectable but very poor, objected strongly to the idea of the child's taking any part in the harlequinade. The stage had been the glory, the temptation and the ruin of her beautiful, weak-willed mother, Jaqueline Mottoe, whose dancing had enchanted Paris a decade before this time, but whom Paris had forgotten when she died in poverty and shame, leaving her child, the little Marie, to her respectable, unadmired sister, the ragpicker's wife.

At last, however, their objections were overcome, and Marie took the part of Columbine, and reminded the world of the Jaqueline Mottoe whom they had forgotten. The play and the harlequinade were successful; they had a season of popularity. M. de Courcelles was pleased—so pleased, indeed, that he made a great self-sacrifice and invited all the children to a fête at his beautiful house. His sister, Madame Pélissier, and his housekeeper prepared the feast, and saw that the children had plenty to eat, and M. de Courcelles gave a pretty gift to each child and a new franc-piece. Altho he had a grave and dreamy manner, he possessed that rare, inexplicable charm to which children are so sensitive. His little guests deserted Madame Pélissier and clung to M. de Courcelles. They showed no inclination for games, unless he played in them also; and at last, in desperation, he conducted a few of them to his beautiful bedroom, that they might amuse themselves with a collection of clever mechanical toys which were stored away in the armoire.

He was asked for minute explanations of every object in the room. His chest of drawers was rummaged, his cupboards explored. At that time there stood near the bed another St. Anthony. It was of marble, excellently sculptured. The saint was represented as a boy; and the youthful, delicate face seemed, if you looked at it suddenly, to smile at the Holy Child, who was so tenderly held in the boy's arms. It was the work of an Italian who had died in poverty in the Quartier

Latin. But that morning an accident had occurred. A clumsy servant knocking over the pedestal, the figure had been dashed against the leg of the bedstead, breaking off the nose and the fingers of both hands, and entirely destroying the beauty of the work.

M. de Courcelles looked at this regretfully while the little Columbine clung to his hand. "See," said he, "how quickly the work of months, perhaps of a lifetime, may be spoiled. My servant has broken the dream of one who is now dead, and I have lost my dear St. Anthony."

Warm fingers tightened on his. "Cannot Monsieur get another?"

"No, little one, I cannot get another St. Anthony; and I shall miss him every morning and evening."

"It is a great damage, Monsieur."

"It is, dear child, but I must resign myself, unless the saints send me another like it."

"Perhaps they will, Monsieur."

The hours of M. de Courcelles's self-sacrifice ticked themselves away. The children went home and left him to his dreams and his warm self-satisfaction.

It was two years after the performance of his play that he received a visit from a stranger, who was announced as the Abbé Cadic. M. de Courcelles was vexed by the interruption, but he rose with a courteous smile to receive his visitor. He saw a young priest with a sweet and placid face, dressed in the ordinary clerical dress, but more shabby and worn and shiny than M. de Courcelles had ever seen it.

"I hope you will forgive me, Monsieur, for disturbing you thus," the young man said presently, with a blush.

"But certainly, M. l'Abbé. I am at your service."

"Do you remember, then, Monsieur, a little girl called Marie Mottoe?"

M. de Courcelles went to the cupboard of his memory, but found no Marie Mottoe. He shook his head.

"She took the part of Columbine in your harlequinade of two years ago."

"Ah! Columbine. Yes, now I remember the child—a dear little girl with a genius for dancing. I can see her again; she had such an eager little pale face and such a lively mind that her thoughts seemed to be written in her eyes. How is she, then, Monsieur?"

"She is dying, I fear—or rather I think I hope it, for she has an evil inheritance from her poor mother, and her life would be either too hard or too fatally easy."

"Dying, Monsieur? You grieve me. What is the matter with her, poor child?"

"Hip disease."

M. de Courcelles shuddered. "How ugly, how inexplicable a thing is all disease! And she who danced so well!"

"Her aunt thinks it the judgment of heaven for the part she played in your harlequinade, and for her mother's sins."

"Poor little one! How hard these respectable people can be! But how did she get it?"

"She fell and sprained her leg. It was not treated properly. She is a delicate child, and the disease began and has progressed very quickly. The end is inevitable, but I hope it may be quick. For the dear little one is quite prepared."

The Abbé Cadic bent to pat the poodle's shaven back and—tho this is not certain—to wink back his tears. For his monotonous, hard-working life knew one radiant passion, a singular devotion to children. He loved all his flock, even those sheep which were gray or black; but for the lambs he had a peculiar tenderness. He delighted to baptize them, to hear their confessions, to absolve their little childish offenses, to see them receive their first communion. He raised his head and looked at M. de Courcelles with wistful eyes. "This little one has a great devotion for you, Monsieur. Children cherish these ardent affections for those above them. The flame burns very brightly even when it is fed only by a dim remembrance. She has spoken of you often; it would please her very well if you sent her some message. She seems to have some little trouble on her mind—an anxiety, a restlessness which she does not explain; perhaps you could dissolve it by some kind words, which I would repeat."

He rose and stood there fingering his hat, looking at M. de Courcelles anxiously. The other rose too. "If M. l'Abbé will conduct me, I will go and see the little Columbine."

They went together to a poor street, and up a flight of stairs to a small but clean garret, which was decorated by a cheap print of the Crucifixion and a bright figure of the Madonna. A geranium stood in the widow-sill, and not far from it was the little bed where Columbine lay.

She tried to rise, but the cumbrous irons in which her leg was fixed prevented her from doing so. She turned a radiant face toward the two men.

M. de Courcelles kissed her. He stood by the bedside, holding her hand and talking to her tenderly and humorously, doing his utmost to cheer and amuse her. At last he turned to go, but a very bony little hand detained him.

"The saints have not sent Monsieur another St. Anthony?" she asked, with evident anxiety.

"But no, dear child, not as yet."

"Perhaps they may some day."

"Perhaps, dearie. Good-by."

"Good-by, Monsieur."

The priest conducted M. de Courcelles to the door and gripped his thin white hand so hard that the red marks did not fade from it for a minute or so. Then he ran up the stairs with quite unclerical speed.

As he entered the room Marie evidently concealed something from him under her pillows. The Abbé Cadic was grieved, but he said nothing.

"Now, little one, are you not happy?" he asked. "You have seen your dear friend, and he is going to send you grapes and wine and toys and pretty books." He held up his hands with a gesture that expressed a plenitude of good things.

"I am well content, Father," said the little girl. There was a shade of evasion in her voice, and her face as she turned it toward the window was marked with the anxiety that poverty and the consideration of money write on the faces of the poor, even on their children.

In the weeks that followed Marie grew worse; she had times of great suffering, and the sight of her worn little face saddened the heart of her friend the Abbé more than her death could have done.

A time came when she seemed so near death that he administered the last sacraments. But she rallied for a little, and the pain seemed to cease. But still her troubled little soul looked out piteously through her eyes, as though seeking dumbly something for which she would not ask. One day the Abbé was with her, and her sadness so grieved him that he determined to find out the cause. Marie always set aside some of M. de Courcelles' grapes for her friend. And these he accepted, to please her. He ate the grapes, then spoke, one big hand laid upon her little one. "Dear child," he said, "you are sad, and I would have you go into our dear Lord's presence with a smile. Is there nothing that I can do for you? Your conscience is clear, but something troubles you still; tell it, then, to your old friend, and see whether he cannot help you."

Marie raised her head and looked at him with intense eagerness. "O Father," she said, "would you, could you give me a franc?"

The Abbé Cadic started. This thought of money coming from a dying child shocked him. It seemed to him like a dark cloud obscuring the innocent child's soul. He fumbled in his pockets and produced a franc.

"Here is the franc, Marie."

Her thin, hot fingers seized it; then putting it beside her she began to feel in the mattress for something which was hidden there. To the priest's surprise she presently produced a little hoard of money.

"Count it, Father," she cried.

He counted the coins solemnly. "Six francs and twenty-five centimes.

She turned a radiant face toward him and clasped his hands with both hers. "Dear Father," she said, speaking almost incoherently in her haste, "go thou to Papa Lepage at the corner of the Rue d'Alsace; you will see there a beautiful St. Anthony; he is but six and a half francs, and Papa Lepage promised that I should have him for six, for I have waited to buy him for two years, and I thought I should never get the money, for once when I got it I gave a franc to Mère Coquelin because she had no food, and once I lost fifty centimes through a hole in my pocket. Go there, Father, quickly, lest the Père Lepage should have sold it."

The Abbé hurried away to Papa Lepage's. He had no artistic sense, this pure-souled, kindly young man, but he was struck by the ugliness of the plaster St. Anthony at his first glance. There it stood, in the sordid little shop, waiting for its child admirer to ransom it. An innocent but deeply-rooted love of bargaining made the priest haggle for some time over the price of the figure; and he was crowned with triumph when he came out of the shop with the bulky possession and a franc to the good. He returned to the child's garret and laid the parcel on the bed, then undid the string, because she was too weak to do so.

She gave a little cry of joy. "Ah! heavens, how beautiful it is, this St. Anthony! And when will Monsieur come and see it? I hope well that I shall live to see his pleasure."

"I shall fetch him now," said the Abbé, and away he went, striding through the rain and praying as he went. I do not think he knew that in his innermost heart he was jealous of Marie's love for M. de Courcelles. He wondered why this grave dreamer should win so easily what he himself persistently courted. But that is a riddle as old as mankind and as fresh as the morning dew. When he reached the big house he rang the bell and stood there, dripping with rain and panting. The servant, a supercilious varlet and an avowed priest-hater, told him that M. de Courcelles was engaged. The Abbé urged the importance of his message. The servant replied that his master was engaged with M. Saint-Simon, at that time the greatest philosopher in France. The Abbé grew angry. "M. Saint-Simon can wait, but Death can't," he said, and pushed his way into the hall.

The man showed him into the presence of M. de Courcelles and his famous guest, and for a moment the priest felt an overwhelming shyness. He was of another world, and his world was rainy and bleak and poverty-stricken, while

theirs was warm and cultured and smooth. He bowed awkwardly. There was appeal in his eyes.

"It is your little Columbine," he blurted out; "she is dying, Monsieur; can you not come with me?"

M. de Courcelles looked from one man to the other; perhaps he was noting the contrast. Then he turned to M. Saint-Simon. "You will excuse me," he said, and followed the priest out into the rain. They walked so quickly that the older man could scarcely find breath to speak; but his younger companion related to him the story of the sadness of Columbine, of her secret, and of the purchase of the figure.

"It is very ugly," he said.

"M. l'Abbé, I am not blind; I shall not fail to see its beauty."

As they went into the garret, Marie's aunt and cousin withdrew to the door. The child appeared almost unconscious, and she did not recognize M. de Courcelles until he bent over her and raised her in his arms. Then she opened her eyes and looked at him with rapture. "Monsieur, the saints have sent you another St. Anthony—oh, but so beautiful! They have colored him while they kept you waiting. See."

The priest handed him the figure.

"Dear child," said M. de Courcelles, "I have never had a present I valued so much. I shall put it in the place of the old one, and look at it morning and night, and remember the little Columbine, and—" His voice broke suddenly. He knelt beside the bed holding one wasted little hand; and the priest—jealously, one must admit—held the other while he knelt in prayer.

So Columbine, with a great content in her heart, fell asleep; and looking at her, they saw that she was dead.

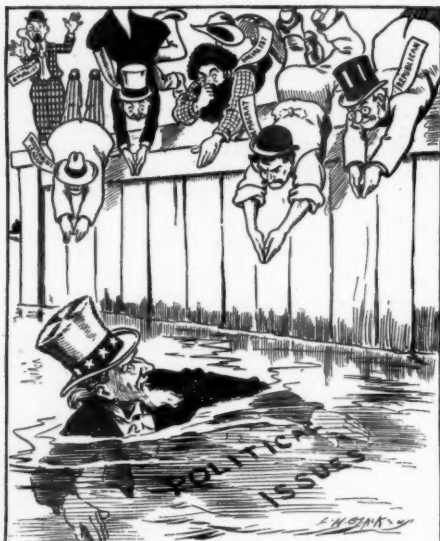
The Abbé and M. de Courcelles went downstairs. They were both weeping, and they did not try to conceal it. The Abbé wiped his eyes with a magenta-colored handkerchief. Then he fumbled in his pockets for string.

"I will fasten him up for you," he said huskily, and he took the figure from M. de Courcelles. "It was kind of you, Monsieur, to accept him, for he is an ugly fellow, and his cheeks are too rosy for a saint."

M. de Courcelles leaned against the door. "He is an ugly fellow, M. l'Abbé, as you say," he answered; "but he speaks to me of that which is most beautiful in the world—of the humanity of Christ, of child love and child innocence. He speaks to me of that which is real. He calls me out of dreamland to see what is lovely, and yet tangible, and common as the daisies in the grass. I have sought the light through dim and phantasmal places, I have looked for it with aching eyes; and now a little child and an ugly plaster figure have shown it to me. I shall not forget."

That is why the ugly St. Anthony stands beside M. de Courcelles' bed.

# The Humor of Life



THE ANNUAL RESCUE SCENE  
CHORUS OF HEROES.—Courage! We will save you!  
YOUR UNCLE SAMUEL.—Save me! Why, gol dern it, I  
kin swim!  
—From Puck.

## TWO OF THEM

Describing the effects of a squall upon a canal boat a critic says: "When the gale was at its highest the unfortunate craft keeled to larboard, and the captain and another cask of whisky rolled overboard."—*Tit Bits*.

## A GOOD SCHEME

SHORTSTOP: "I see Mrs. Crosspatch has married that oldest boy of hers to her maid."

MRS. SHORTSTOP: "Well, well, well! To what extremes people must go to keep their help these days!"—*Judge*.

## THE SONGS HE LIKED

MISS SKREECHER: "What sort of songs do you like best, Mr. Suphrer?"

MR. SUPHRER: "The songs of the seventeenth century."

MISS S.: "How odd! Why do you prefer them?"

MR. S.: "Because nobody ever sings 'em nowadays."—*Tit Bits*.

## WANTED A DARKER SHADE

Jacob Riis has a story of a little lad who shines shoes for a living. This boy went to a mission Sunday-school, and was keenly disappointed when, at Christmas time, his gift from the tree turned out to be a copy of Browning's poems.

Next Sunday, however, the superintendent an-

nounced that any child not pleased with his gift could have it exchanged. Jimmie marched boldly to the front with his.

"What have you there, Jimmie?"

"Browning."

"And what do you want in exchange?"

"Blacking."—*Harper's Weekly*.

## WHY HE WAS SAD

"No," declared the young man, with a touch of sadness in his voice; "it may be that some day I shall be happy, but at present it is beyond me."

His companions were interested.

"There is a girl I love dearly," he continued. "She would have me if I asked her, but I dare not. I really cannot marry and live on a thousand a year."

Consternation and pity were depicted on the faces of his friends.

"You can't marry on a thousand a year?" asked one. "Why not?"

"Why not?" echoed the youth. "Simply because I haven't the thousand!"—*Tit Bits*.

## NO GOLDEN RULE FOR HIM

CLERGYMAN: "You should do as you want to be done by."

YOUNG HOPEFUL: "But I don't want to be done by anybody."—*Tit Bits*.

## WANTED, A CHANGE

"Yes," said Stormington Barns, "I'm going to retire to private life."

"You'll be missed when you leave the stage," rejoined his friend, Walker Ties.

"That's just the reason I'm going to retire," explained Mr. Barns. "I'm tired of being hit."—*Chicago Daily News*.

## SENATOR HOAR'S REPLY

At a Fourth of July celebration in a Canadian town, where both English and American guests were assembled, the flags of the two countries were used in decorations. A frivolous young English girl, loyal to the queen, but with no love for the Stars and Stripes, exclaimed, "Oh, what a silly-looking thing the American flag is. It suggests nothing but checker-berry candy." "Yes," replied Senator Hoar, "the kind of candy that made everybody sick who tried to lick it."—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

## IN THE WRONG CHURCH

An absent-minded woman one Sunday morning walked into church, took a front seat and joined in the service vigorously, according to the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*. Then the collection basket was passed to her, and, putting a coin into it, she looked about. She cast glances in every direction, her mind cleared, and an expression of amazement overspread her face. She got up. She hurried down the aisle. She overtook the man with the collection basket. "I'm in the wrong church," she whispered, and, taking out the coin she had put in, she hurried forth.



## "Beauty is but skin deep."



A MERE glance at the faces we meet every day suffices to show the profound wisdom of this trite saying. The pride and glory of youth is the healthy, smooth, glowing skin which tells at once that circulation of the blood in the face is at its best and that the tissues are fed in the way they should be. But, as years go by, the skin loses its hardness, it seems to stretch, so to speak; it becomes too large for the flesh it covers and room must be found for the fullness thus produced. The result is that imperceptible furrows are formed at first which soon deepen into wrinkles. The forehead shows lines and the dreaded crow's feet become apparent around the corners of the eyes. Then the problem how to stop the ravages of time looms up.

The most deservedly popular remedy is a massage of some kind. Scores of instruments have been devised to apply this kind of treatment to the face and other parts of the body, but most of them are cumbersome, costly and of doubtful usefulness, as they tend to tear the epidermis and make it more tender rather than harden it.

The latest and best of all electrical massage devices is the **VIBROSIMPLEX**. It is small in size, very simple, extremely pleasant in use and moderate in price.

Its function is to restore proper circulation, thus giving nature a chance to work by its own means. It does not pinch or rub;

its action is a gentle tapping which rapidly calls the blood to the surface and revivifies the tissue without injuring it. It is so constructed that at each vibration of the instrument a slight induced electrical current reaches the skin, producing an exceedingly pleasant titillating effect. Thus it assists nature in repairing the minute cells of which muscles are composed, and by means of increased circulation restores muscular power and removes waste products. It makes the flesh firmer and gives vigor and new life to the whole system.

The **VIBROSIMPLEX** is very successful in facial treatment, because the muscles of the face are often sluggish, the tissues flabby and weak from lack of circulation and the skin sallow and wrinkled. A touch of the **VIBROSIMPLEX** gives nature a boost and soon restores health where decay was imminent.

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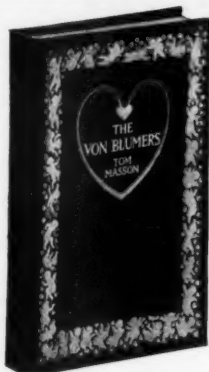
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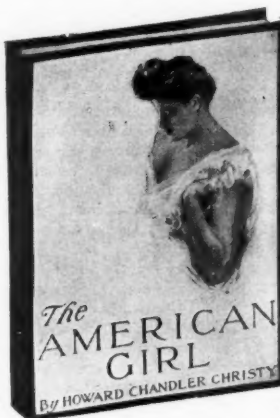
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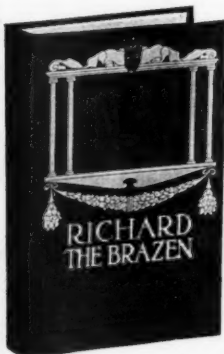
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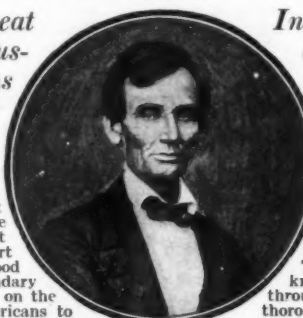
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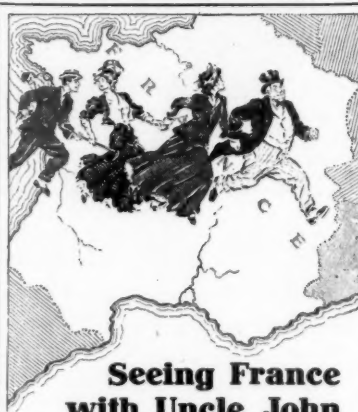
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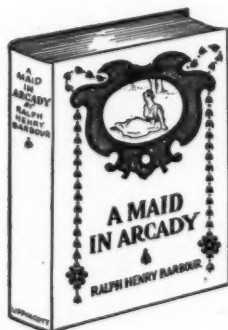
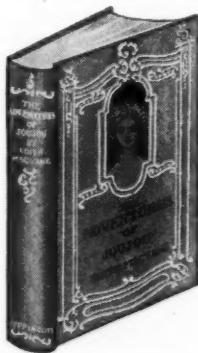
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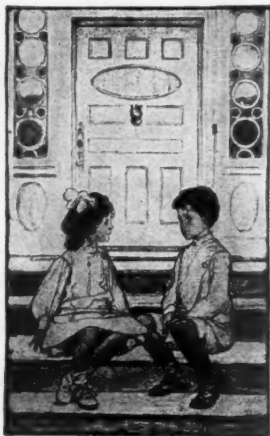
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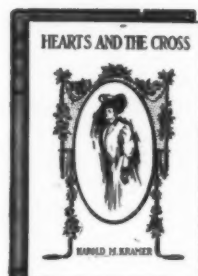


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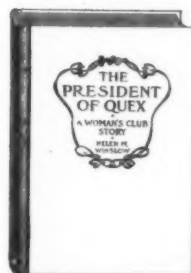


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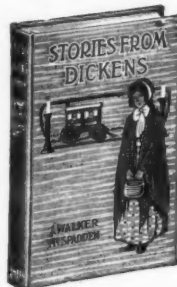
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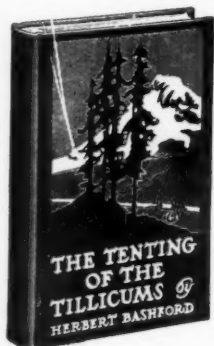
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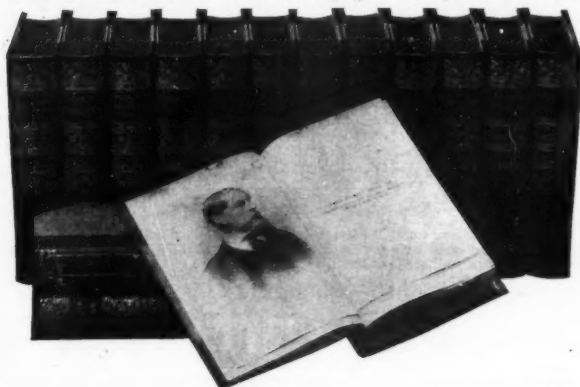


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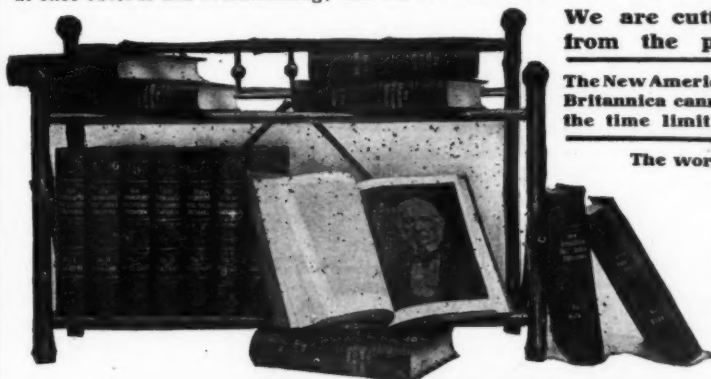
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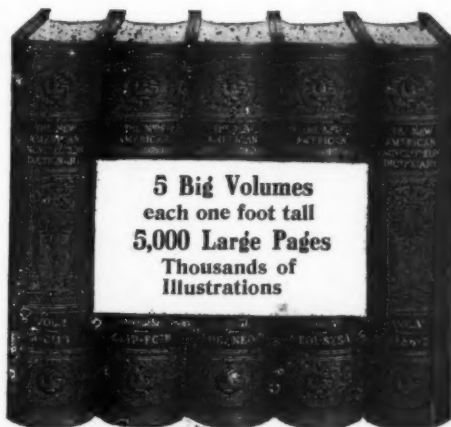
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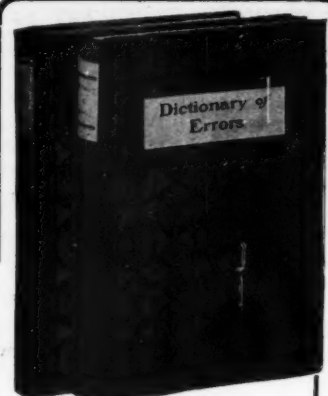
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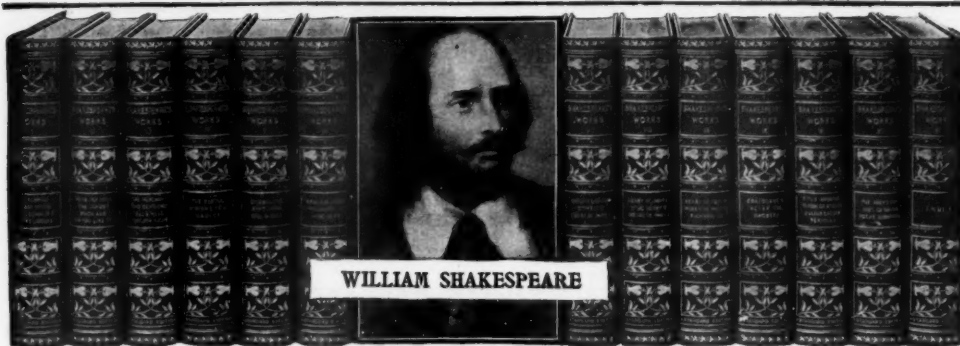
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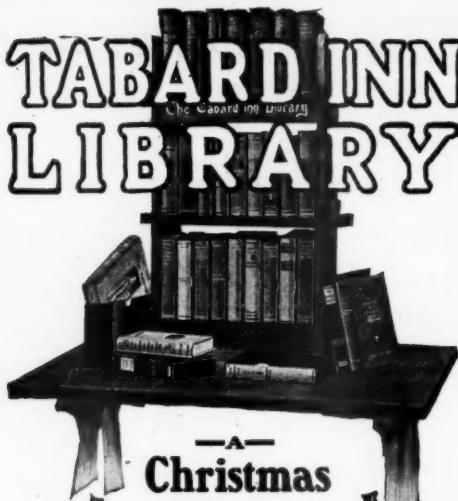
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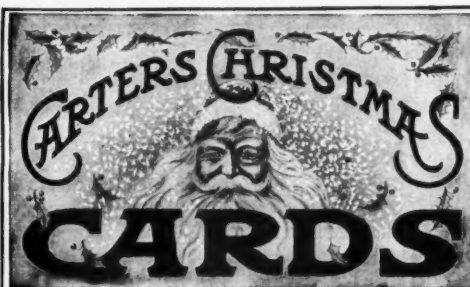
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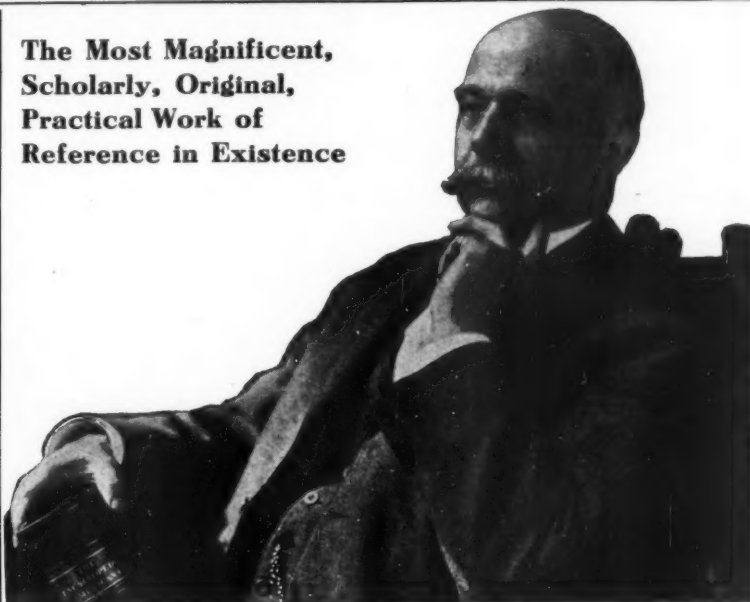
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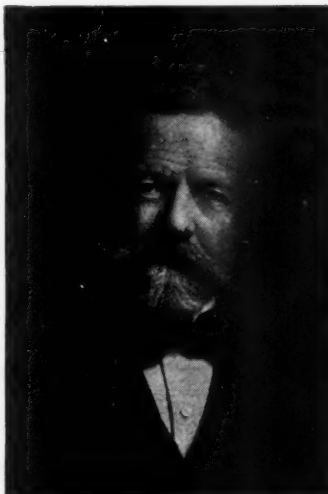
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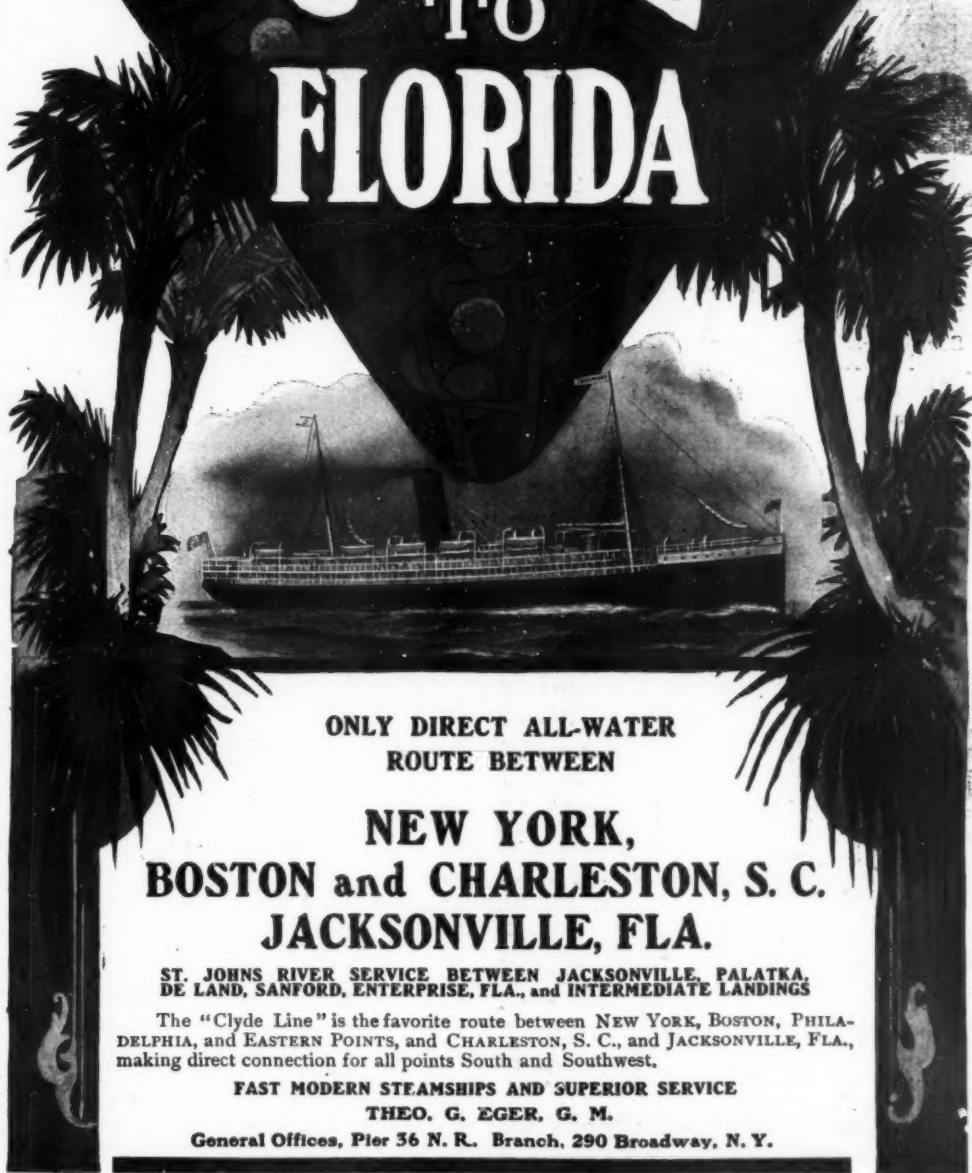
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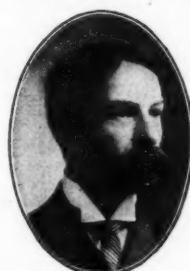
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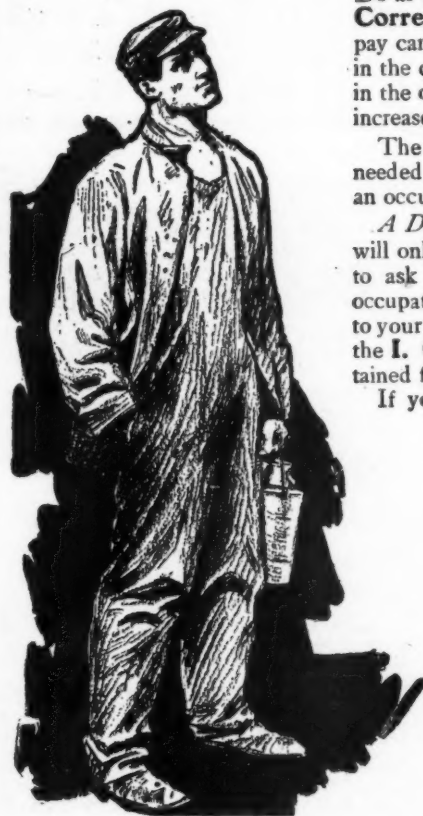
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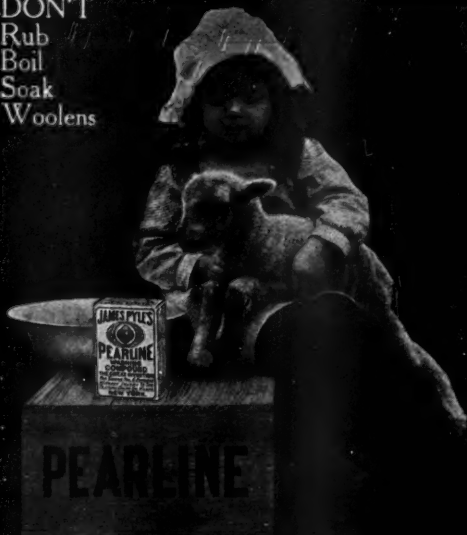
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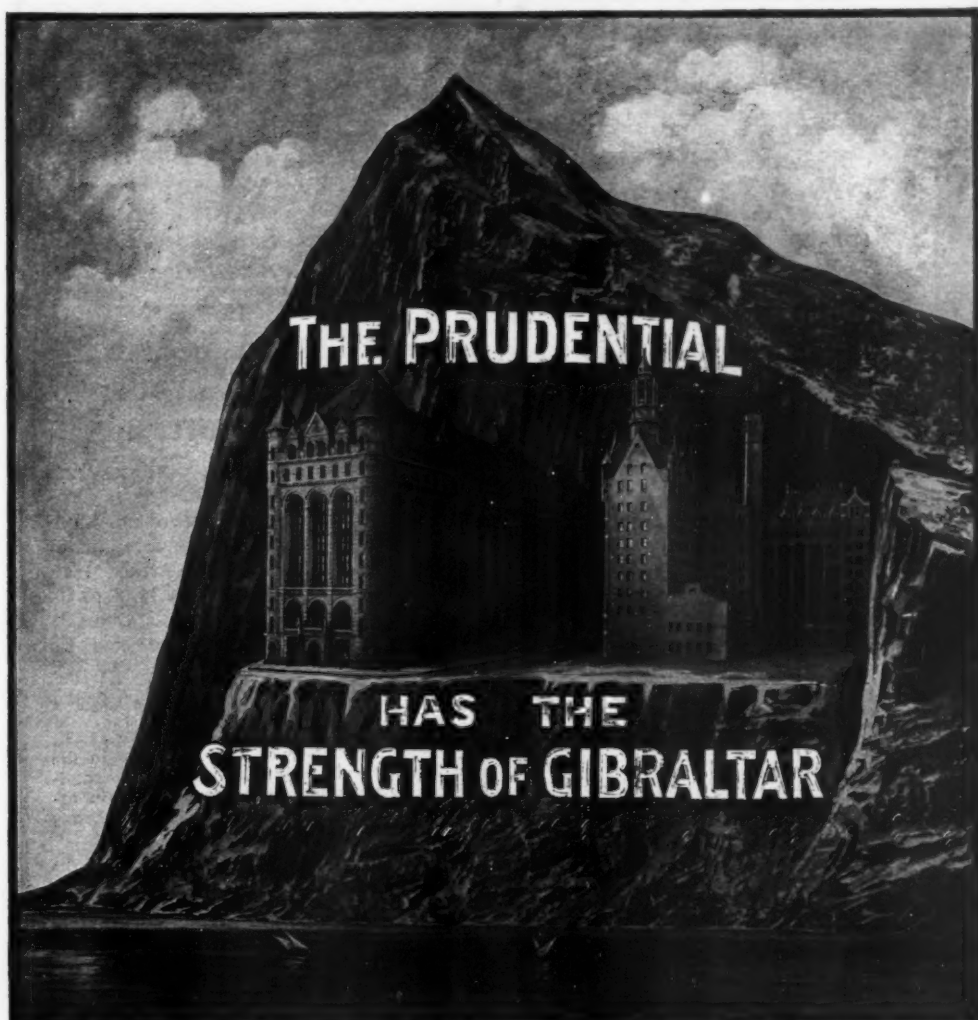
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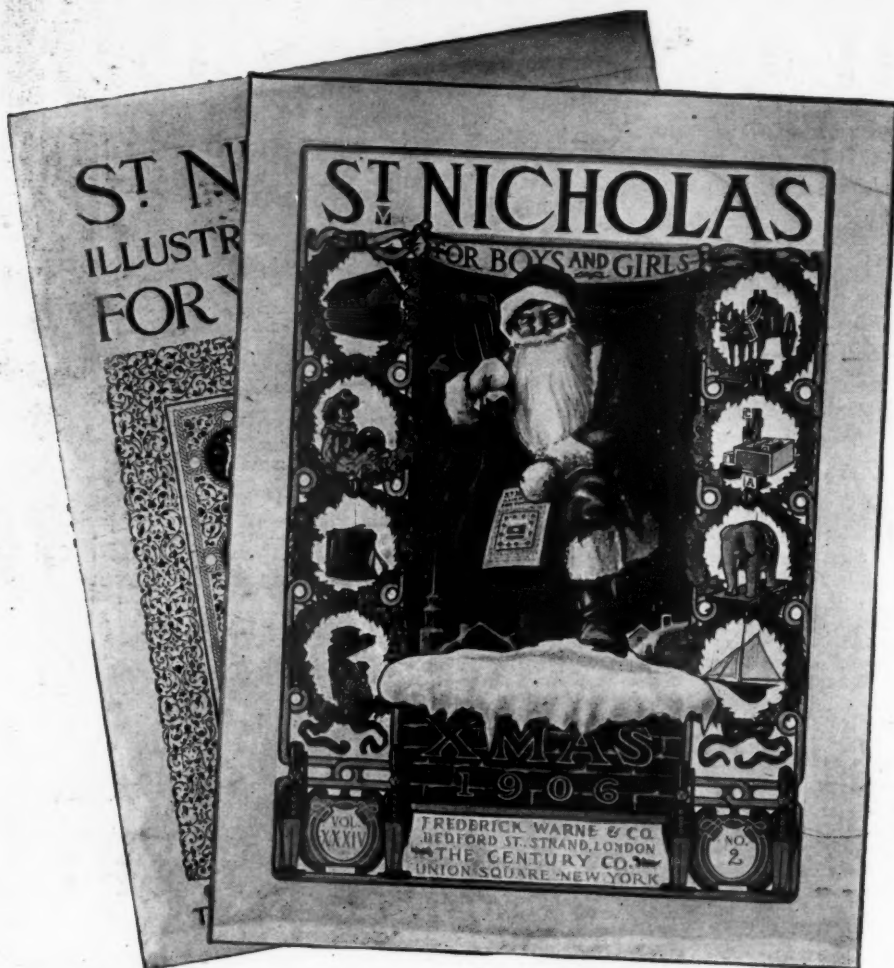
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## Heroines of Fiction

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## Some Favorite Dramatic Impersonations

The same distinguished artist, Mr. de Ivanowski, will contribute a number of drawings in color representing ideal or romantic characters as produced on the contemporaneous stage, beginning with Maude Adams as Peter Pan, in the Christmas number. The critic of the New York *Globe* says, "This portrait is the most successful and the most interesting one that has been made of a player for many a year."

## The Christmas Century

Sets a new standard of artistic beauty and of literary richness in the magazine world. Besides the beautiful illustration, in color, of Maude Adams as Peter Pan it contains also in color "The Belle of the Christmas Ball," by Miss Betts; "The Death of Eve" by Leyendecker, illustrating a poem by William Vaughn Moody, author of the theatrical success "The Great Divide"; "Ave Maria" by Horatio Walker; and other pages in photogravure and in tint. In addition to the important article by Secretary Taft on "The Panama Canal" there is a most suggestive paper on "Government Model Farms," by James J. Hill, President of the Great Northern Railway.

## New Subscribers

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*Illustration for Theodore Roosevelt's  
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(Continued.)

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paintings dealing with early Irish history by Henry McCarter, with an accompanying explanatory text by Dr. Douglas Hyde, the foremost Irish scholar.

**K**ate Douglas Wiggin contributes one of the most charming of her Rebecca stories, "The State o' Maine Girl"; **F. Hopkinson Smith** tells a tale of mystery, love and adventure, "The Veiled Lady of Stamboul"; **W. S. Moody's** "The Pickwick Ladle" is another of his popular "collector" stories. **Henry B. Fuller** is represented by a capital story of sentiment and travel in Europe, "Addolorata's Intervention." "Passing," by **W. L. Alden**, is rich in its humor and pathos.

**J**ames B. Connolly, the well known writer of sea stories, who was on the "Mayflower," will describe, in a spirit that will appeal to the patriotism of every American citizen, the great spectacle of the recent Naval Review at Oyster Bay.

*Other stories, articles and poems, and the usual departments.*

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